



S.H.

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① KEEFFE

Aged 85

O'KEEFFE'S  
LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTER,

BEING

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

**JOHN O'KEEFFE, ESQ.** *W*

THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

---

“ He dying bequeathed to his son a good name,  
Which unsullied descended to me ;  
For MY CHILD I've preserved it, unblemished with shame,  
And it still from a spot shall go free.”

The last verse of the Author's song, “ Ere around the huge Oak,”  
in his Opera of “ The FARMER.”

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TO THEIR

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTIES,

(KING WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN ADELAIDE,)

O'Keeffe's Legacy to his Daughter,

IS,

BY THEIR MAJESTIES' EXPRESS COMMAND,

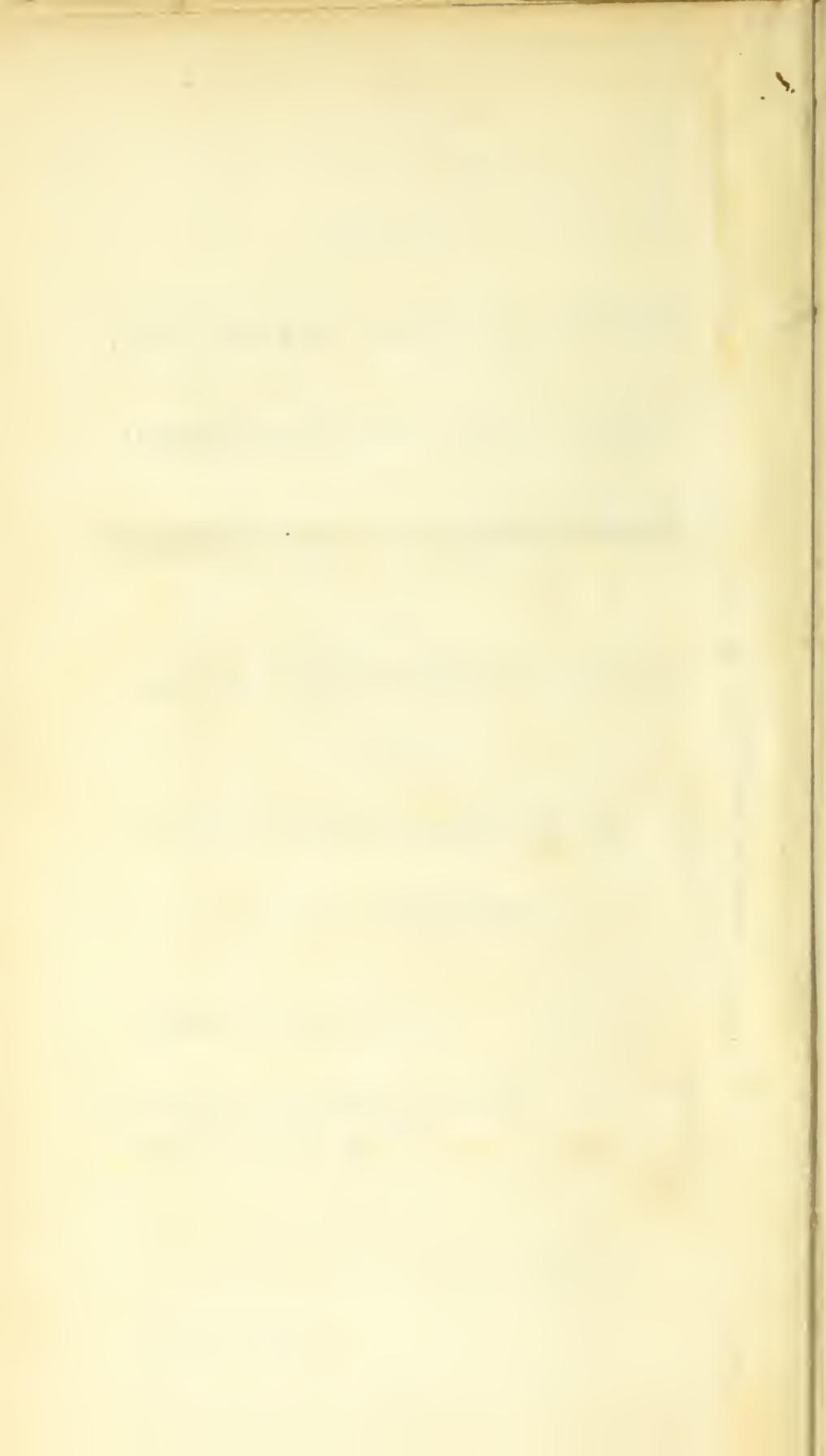
DEDICATED,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S DUTIFUL SUBJECT

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

ADELAIDE O'KEEFFE,

Editor of the Work, and only Daughter and  
surviving Child of the Author.



Ms. March 2/78.

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### O'KEEFFE'S LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTER.

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## MEMOIR.

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THE remark has often been made, that with the private affairs of public characters, the world is not authorised to interfere by inquiry or otherwise; but, as in the case of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and others, it has proved itself to be of a contrary opinion, by asserting a right to know even the minutest particular concerning those who, by talents or genius, have emerged from the crowd, and raised themselves to that world's notice: the following extract from a Dublin newspaper sent to the Editor, a few days ago, with the kindest intentions, by Lady Morgan, is a volume of explanation in itself.

“ It may be necessary to inform some of our younger readers that O'Keeffe is an Irishman, who, in the last generation, shed lustre upon his country by the brilliancy of his talent, the universal and enthusiastic popularity of his productions, and his blameless private conduct. Those only who are old enough to remember the joyous days when politics had not filled the cup of life with bitterness, when theatres were frequented, and men were not too refined to be amused, can conceive the “ inextinguishable laughter” with which O'Keeffe's numerous plays were received, raising their happy audience for the moment to the ranks

of the “immortal gods!” O’Keeffe also was the BERENGER of Ireland in those times, contributing towards the maintenance of public spirit by songs, whose honest independence was only equalled by their genuine humour. The rewards of literature were not at all commensurate with its social success,” &c. &c.

During the six years that elapsed between the publication of “O’Keeffe’s Recollections of his Life,” and his death, he dictated upwards of sixty pages of additional anecdotes, which, since his decease, the Editor forwarded as a present from the Author to Mr. Colburn, the publisher of the “Recollections,” that she might insert them in their assigned places, in any future edition of that work; but in those pages, when printed, will not be found any allusion to his family circumstances, more than in the larger work already published, which, on that account, disappointed many readers. His total omission of having been first an amateur performer, and subsequently (though for a very short period,) on the boards of the theatres of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, gave umbrage perhaps to the profession; but, if so, most unjustly, for in private he took pleasure in retracing how “Capital he was in Jaffier, Warwick, Jessainy, the 1st Spirit in Comus, Young Meadows, Linco,” &c. &c., and even describing the dresses he wore. In a letter from a contemporary of his, (still living,) are these words: “The fair and florid beauty of his youthful countenance, fine symmetrical person, though not

tall, and unequalled melody of voice, rendered him an excellent representative of these and such like characters." The sole reason of the Author omitting to mention his early theatrical engagements, was, their being intimately involved with others of a domestic and family nature; but as now, unhappily for the Editor, both *Father* and *Mother* are no more, she hopes she does not transgress the divine law commanding HONOUR TO BOTH, when for an instant, before her own final departure from this world, she for the first and last time raises the mourning veil which has hitherto involved their names in doubt and mystery.

In October, 1774, the Author was married in Limerick by a Catholic priest and a Protestant clergyman, to Mary, the elder daughter of Tottenham Heaphy, Esq. proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. She was young, and most beautiful, tall and finely shaped, and at that time the universally acknowledged graceful, elegant, and perfect resemblance of Juliet, Desdemona, Monimia, Isabella, Belvidera, &c., and for seven years their union was a most happy one. They had three children; Gerald, the second boy, died an infant; the eldest, John Tottenham, born in Cork, was from birth to his seventh year, brought up in the arms, or at the side of his fond and tender mother. He ever most affectionately loved his father, to whom he owed every thing from infancy; but the maternal heart-string had entwined itself into his very being, and when grown to manhood, he went with his

father's permission, and indeed advice, to Dublin, on a visit to his mother's relations (those of the author were all dead.) The consequence was, that on returning to England, and shortly after taking holy orders, in the expectation that the Fitzgibbon family, to whom he was distantly related, might bring him forward in the church (worldly apostacy never can prosper,) he thought it his duty to correspond with his still loving and beloved mother; and, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation between his parents. This attempt was as fruitless as it was pious and affectionate; for, although as a Catholic, his father could not marry again, (no legal separation ever took place,) his mother as a Protestant had considered her first union (with a Catholic) not sufficiently binding to prevent a subsequent marriage, which most unhappily for herself she had entered into, *unknown to her parents.*

The Author's third child and only daughter (the Editor,) born in Eustace Street, Dublin, the 5th of November, 1776, was early removed from a mother's arms, and consigned by her to the care of a healthy young nurse, (but lately living at Windy Harbour,) in whose clay and thatched cabin she was brought up until five years of age, the veriest untaught, wild little mountaineer, that the county of Wicklow could boast of; and thither it was the almost daily practice of her fond father to come and see her, to play with her, provide her with toys, stroke her flaxen curled head, kiss her large round red cheeks, listen to her lisping

brogue, and carry her in his arms up the sunny mountains, singing fine songs to her, not in *sotto voce*, but to the full *alto* of his sweet, yet sonorous voice. These early remembrances laid the foundation of that devoted attachment which, from her childhood to his lamented death, never forsook her. She never experienced a mother's care, she never knew the kindness of female relatives; her father was her first object of love, and when away from him, her brother her only protector. Be it here remarked, under the solemnity of a sacred protestation, whatever the world thought to the contrary, that neither son or daughter ever *voluntarily* quitted their beloved, their nearly sightless, and some time unhappy father.

In June, 1781, the Author and his wife parted for ever: he came to England a wreck of domestic happiness, and never again set foot in his beloved country! Like Milton's wife, however, (both equally conscious of innocence,) Mary O'Keeffe followed her husband, to seek forgiveness for her only faults, hastiness of temper, impatience of controul, preference of society blameless in itself, but disapproved of by him, and perhaps some instances of youthful extravagance beyond their means. Although her indignant father, her kind mother, her high-spirited brother, Gerald Heaphy (a lieutenant in the army,) during the space of three years, used every possible means to soften his bitter anger, and recal him to Ireland, (as numerous family letters in the possession of the Editor fully

prove,) all was to no purpose, which, when unhappily convinced of, and that his heart was steeled against her, (and only on suspicion, as the oath of a death-bed confession, the priest being authorized to reveal it, fully proved,) she some years after, as before-mentioned, contracted another marriage in Scotland, and thus was for ever separated from her husband and her two children. Neither the author, or his son or daughter were ever in Scotland, or farther in the north of England than Liverpool.

For thirty-one years he lived a widowed husband, and from 1813 to the period of his own death, *her* widower. Although he remembered her relations with esteem, and even affection, particularly her little sister Rachel (at present the wife of the Rev. George Alley, of Moymett rectory, Trim, Ireland,) whose portrait, as large as life, he drew, and often spoke of, he was never heard to mention the name of his *wife*: that hallowed and tender epithet, with the equally sacred one of *mother*, seemed banished the lips of both father and children; and when in 1814 the Editor received the news of her mother's death from the husband of her maternal aunt, such was the acute sensibility of the author's nature, that it was some days before she could summon courage to acquaint him with the circumstance. On their return from an evening walk, when close to the door of their house, she strove in a mutter, rather than in words, to say, (and though conscious he could not perfectly see her, her eyes were

fixed on the ground,) “ I have something to say to you—my mother is dead: she died the 1st of last January, at Dalkeith, and is buried there: you are a widower.” He stopped suddenly, and she felt the arm she held, tremble. On entering the house, he went straight to his room, which was unusual, as he generally walked into the parlour, and on going to him some time after, she found him already in bed. He only said, “ Not a word of this, be silent; and remember and get me the certificate of the death and burial.” The Editor, awed by his manner, and tone of voice, made no reply, and was leaving the room, when his call of “ Adelaide, come here,” caused her to return suddenly to his bed-side; she knelt down at his pillow, and stooping to kiss his forehead, her invincible custom at night and in the morning, found his face wet with tears. Thus involuntarily betrayed, he said, as if an apology for weakness was required, “ I once loved her—loved her tenderly, and but too well; I was too indulgent”—a convulsive sob followed, when he added, “ Good night, do not come in any more, and, remember—silence !” The next morning he had entirely recovered his usual self-possession and cold gravity of manner. When they were alone, he said, “ You are entitled to the reversion of the annuity of £40 on the theatres of Cork and Limerick, left you for your life, by your grandfather, Mr. Heaphy. See, and put the receipt of it in train,” (which annuity has not been paid the Editor since 1819;) and from

that hour to his own death, the name of wife or mother was never mentioned or alluded to.

The loss of his eldest son was, on the contrary, an everlasting pang of regret to his kind heart : he loved to talk of him : Tottenham had ever been his pride, his joy, his rational companion : he was tall, and very handsome ; a most accomplished scholar and a finished gentleman. Having received from his father a superior and expensive education in Paris, at Westminster School, and at Exeter College, Oxford, he took orders, and long officiated at Duke Street Chapel, Westminster, from whence he was unhappily decoyed by a wild scheme of obtaining a lucrative living in Jamaica, and exchanging it for one of inferior value in England. Thither he sailed, and shortly after died of *the* fever, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Ledwich, Port Royal, aged 28. By an unfortunate and singular delay in the arrival of letters, his bereaved father and sister received an affectionate letter from him, informing them of his disappointment, and determination immediately to return to England, ten days *after* they had learned a confirmation of the report of his death from Sir Edmond Stanley, and the governor, Sir George, and Lady Nugent. “ I have now only *you* on earth, my child,” was the remark of the deeply afflicted father, who for some time gave way to emotions of despair.

To return to an earlier period. Strangers who knew nothing of the author beyond his Lingo and Bowkitt, his Rover and Sadboy, could form but a faint

idea of the invincible reserve, and, at times, the sternness of his character; the placid dignity of his manners on other occasions, and the depth and acuteness of his observations on life and society in general. A trifling anecdote of what took place at a Boarding House where he lodged, about the year 1793, will best explain this assertion. His son's college tutor, with another Oxford gentleman, on their arrival in town, calling one morning on him, were ushered into the drawing-room, where were assembled in groups the different inmates variously engaged, some with books and maps, others in conversation, &c. and as it was the custom for the boarders to invite any of their friends as they pleased, a formal introduction seldom took place. They staid a considerable time, but not to dinner, and on ~~re~~aching the street, the former instantly remarked to his companion, " You seemed very much engrossed in talking, and rather loud, with that gentleman who sat with his back to the window, what might be the subject of your conversation ?" " Almost every subject," replied the other; the events of the day, law, physic, army, navy, universities, catholic question, India Board, Parliament, and languages; seems deeply read; an excellent scholar, if we may judge by apposite quotations, intelligent mind—shrewd, witty, but grave—who was he ?" " And yet," answered his friend, evading a direct reply, " I observed your eye wander to the door very often, for I had malice enough to watch you from first

to last; who did you expect to come into the room, and join the numerous party?"

"O'Keeffe, to be sure—where was he?—I wanted a laugh with him; I hoped to have seen him; I went with you on purpose, you know, to see *him*." The answer may be readily guessed, and will no doubt remind the reader of a somewhat similar anecdote, related of some French comedian and his physician.—"It was O'Keeffe with whom you have been prosing the last hour or two."

He was at this time at the full zenith of fame and popularity, (though not, or ever was, of fortune;) he was admired, courted, praised; and, perhaps, for selfish purposes, flattered. Pictures of him were in the Exhibition; he was respectfully accosted, or singled out in the streets, visited more than he wished at his own beautiful house in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, received with acclamations and enthusiasm when appearing in the boxes of the theatres, and courteously noticed by the royal family; but the mind was already wounded past all healing, which sad change proceeded from the domestic misfortunes detailed above, and a gradual decay of sight, which, however, never to his last day, amounted, as is generally supposed, to actual blindness; he could walk miles alone, distinguish light from darkness, the sun from the moon; a good or indifferent, or no fire; sometimes the features of the human face, a window-blind let down or drawn up, a pair or two pair of

lights, &c. ; but he could not see to read or write, or know colours, or calculate distances, depths, or heights ; his malady was neither the gutta serena, nor cataract, but simply inflammation of the eyes, produced at 27 years of age, by a cold caught in sitting up at a party, in wet clothes, and subsequently intense night-writing and studies. This at once settles the point so long disputed, of sight and no sight. He was, early in life, it is said, by his gaiety, wit, and cheerfulness, the very soul of conviviality, but when he lost his brother Daniel (his elder by seven years,) the reserve of his character became confirmed and habitual ; he had no one to confide in, to trust to, to walk with him, to converse with him on family topics, or his beloved Ireland ; he had been most affectionately attached to Dan, as he called him, from infancy ; after whose death, in 1787, he may be said to have long lived without a relative on earth. His brother, a widower, left a daughter, it is true, who died in 1799, but though amiable and gentle, she was herself of too reserved and timid a disposition to render the home of her uncle a happy one, and he had parted with his children. A few years previously he had sent for them from Ireland, and placed the boy with Dr. Burney, at Chiswick, and the Editor at Mrs. Reubell's school in Lincoln's Inn Fields ; but some time after, on hearing that their poor mother had visited both at night, and clasped them in her arms, and shed tears over them, the burning tears of grief and remorse, he suddenly, at a mo-

ment's warning, inflamed with jealousy, the master-passion of his mind, (that infirmity of the best hearts and noblest natures,) sent them to France with their uncle Daniel ; Tottenham was entered a student of the College du Plessis in Paris, and placed under the care of a private tutor, M. L'Abbé Halma, chaplain to the Duchess de Bourbon ; and Adelaide to her supreme horror and surprise, was given in charge of the Nuns of the Convent of St. Austrebeste, at Montrieul. There they remained until the breaking out of the first French revolution, when their father once more recalled them to himself, designing his son for the Austrian military service, and his daughter for his own amanuensis.

The O'Keeffes of Fermoy, and the O'Connors of Wexford, by their devoted attachment to the royal house of Stewart, lost the whole of their Irish landed property ; yet these very losses seemed to strengthen the fidelity of his ancestors, and both his parents, to that unhappy cause. Be it remembered, he was born in 1747, when the proceedings of that family were the universal subject of surmises, pity, censure, admiration, plots, and plans. His maternal grandfather raised and equipped a regiment at his own expense, to support "divine right," and the Author was at one time intended for foreign military service, in furtherance of which he studied fortification and drawing under the late Mr. West, of Dublin, and in process of time gloried in being marshalled a Dublin volunteer,

his own little son being in the Light Infantry corps, and his brother a lieutenant in the same. He owned to the Editor, that, when a youth, he took a rash vow to a Catholic young lady, never to marry any other than a Catholic. For many years the fondest wish of his poor heart was again to breathe his native air, to revisit his native land, and there die—and yet—man indeed proposes, and heaven disposes, or rather *instinct* would lead us to happiness, when perverted *reason* proves a wretched snare! The events of his life show that he passed through every opposite extreme. War was not to be his vocation, but the jocund *Drama*; instead of one of his own faith, he married a *Protestant*. After 1781 he never again saw his beloved Ireland, and he was destined to owe, not to the Stewarts, but to the royal house of Brunswick, the blessings of independence, however humble! We may repeat the word, *independence*, in answer to cavil, for “to a pension acquired by superior talents or genius, both or each of which have claimed a world’s admiration, a pensioner has as much right as the landed proprietor to his acres, or the fundholder to his dividend.” This opinion, though contrary to Dr. Johnson’s explanation of the term, are the Author’s own words; yet previously he had agreed with him by declaring, with infinite humour, “When a man becomes a pensioner, he is no longer a poet: the gag is on his mouth: now as my Pegasus is as yet uncurbed, I am still a poet!”

With the name of O'Keeffe has been associated, for more than half a century, the idea of humour, laughter, high spirits, fun, frolic, farce, and drollery ! Such be it owned, his mind appears in his youthful productions of *Tony Lumpkin*, *the Agreeable Surprise*, *the Son-in-Law*, *the Dead Alive*, *the Little Hunchback*, *the Poor Soldier*, *Love in a Camp*, *Modern Antiques*, &c. &c. But to these essential qualities, (the life of the comic drama,) must be added some of far more importance:—who of the many admirers of his works can forget the excellent and pleasing lessons of virtue and morality which adorn his maturer plays and operas: for example, *Wild Oats*, *the Castle of Andalusia*, *Fontainebleau*, *the Highland Reel*, *the Farmer*, *the Young Quaker*, *the Prisoner at Large*, &c. Not one of these but might be read, or seen represented, by the eye of youth, purity, and innocence.

On the first coming out of “ *Wild Oats*,” a complimentary observation in the Green Room of Covent Garden Theatre was made by Mrs. Pope (Lady Amaranth,) who in the hearing of the manager, the performers, and other company, said,—“ *Our Friend O'Keeffe hath verily improved since the time when he appointed his little daughter to be his amanuensis.*” So lady Amaranth might decide, but the vile spelling, unintelligible scrawl, and careless arrangement of her pages, tried the patience of managers and transcribers severely; and the former often assured the author they preferred his own hieroglyphics to hers, and that

he had much better send his “little amanuensis” to a boarding-school, to learn to spell and write. Mr. Harris recommended Mrs. Hannah More’s, at Bristol, and Mr. Colman that of Miss Lee, of Bath.

On giving up the ungrateful and unprofitable profession of writing for the stage, the Author endeavoured in 1798 to create a fund for himself, with a reversion to his children, by the publication of his dramatic works in four volumes, previously to which he had allowed his mind to take the early bent of youth, and indulge itself in political writing, but without the hope of emolument, had even such been the custom to offer on the part of newspaper proprietors, of which he was not at that time aware. Both Mr. Perry, and his Greek or Roman correspondent, (the Editor forgets what were the signatures,) are now no more; but while the files of the Morning Chronicle exist, the bold, fearless, energetic denunciations and prophecies of the *Seer* (who sometimes descended to humourous verse,) can never die. Little could the play-goer imagine, that the absurdities of Lingo, which convulsed him with laughter the previous night, and the masterly political essay he was the next morning gravely pondering over in deep cogitation, were from the same pen.!

The extent of the Author’s genius and acquirements has never been fully appreciated, chiefly owing to the invincible reserve, and sternness of his nature, and well-known aversion to learned parties of either men

with!" He took up the MS. again, read attentively for a few minutes, and again laid it down, saying, "Dante himself may stoop to this—it is too good for the stage—print it, publish it—it is awful, moral, sublime, admirable! but it will not do!" "So!" replied the Author, a man may write *too well*: fewer praises, and £100 would be more acceptable to my sublimity!"

But it was the fate of this original dramatic poem, which bore the simple, and unpretending title of "**THE CAP**" to be neither acted, printed, or published; the author, on mature reflection, as a matter of conscience, destroyed the MS. and kept no copy, he could only repeat a few verses of it. The admired last scene may be thus briefly explained. He represented Pluto on his throne of fire, with a burning **CAP** of hellish honor perched on the top of his huge pronged fork: a gang of devils, or evils, (synonymous,) returned from earth, whither he had sent them to tempt mankind, rushed into his presence, when each in a verse of four lines only, long metre, but in a language the most nervous, masculine and comprehensive that could be imagined, claimed the reward of the **CAP**. Each crime, such as avarice, infanticide, sacrilege, perjury, &c. &c. was distinctly understood by the reader, and yet not a single word introduced that could offend the eye or ear of perfect innocence. A sudden crash of thunder strikes the demons silent,

and Pluto, rising hastily, in four lines of powerful effect, gives the CAP to the sin of INGRATITUDE.

Mr. Harris, when questioned on the subject, remarked, with characteristic humour, “Had I attempted to produce it on the stage, half the ladies might have fainted, and the other half miscarried.” This terrific vision still floating on the imagination of the author, he at length *laid the spirit*, by shifting it into its present far more gentle, but still most awful form. His son read the poem on “War,” and greatly praised it as the very essence and spirit of poetry; but asked him, did it not want relief; he was ever open to counsel, and on this slight hint from one whose taste he justly depended upon, he wrote his admired and beautifully contrasted poem of “Peace, or the Halcyon.”

The origin of “Bona the Rake,” is to be dated from domestic circumstances of no consequence, and which may be explained in a few words, first premising to the young and rising generation, that as Bonaparte though emperor of France, was not *born* to empire, but set out in life a subaltern of artillery, there is no miracle in the fact, that with one or more of Napoleon’s military relations and friends, the Author should be, some thirty years ago, most intimately acquainted. He took long walks with them, listened to their campaigns, improved their English, and his own French, and visited them at their boarding house, and invited them to his own board and fireside, which intercourse

happily chequered the monotony of his own life, and eventually produced this admirable poem. With respect to the “LEGACY” in general, the Editor may here remark, that she has not presumed to touch a Corregio, by altering a line of the original. As her father’s amanuensis (not secretary), she was only a machine worked by the power of mind, the mere preserver of the overflowings of a memory and imagination which habit and necessity had rendered so retentive, (not always having a friend with pen and ink at his elbow) that he could dictate above ten or twelve verses, *mentally* corrected, which seemed to flow like inspiration from his lips.

Composition was in truth the master-spring of his life; he preferred it to every other amusement, and indulged in it almost to the last few weeks of existence. Let the reader suppose a stranger to come accidentally into his drawing room; he would perceive, lying at full length on the sofa near the fire, or opened window, according to the season, a figure covered nearly to the chest with a scarlet India, or other shawl, above which is visible a noble and venerable countenance, apparently about 60 years of age, but in reality upwards of fourscore. A high, white, and bare forehead, wholly free from wrinkles, streaked with veins of ultra-marine blue, the grey hair behind mixed with brown, and powdered; that on the temples and cheek, a silvery white; the complexion ruddy, the eyes blue, much too prominent of late years; smooth dimpled chin, a

beautifully formed small mouth, the teeth wholly gone, though not apparently so; a high arched nose; in length above 5 feet; 8 but from stooping, not so much in height; of well-proportioned limbs; feet, arms, and hands, particularly delicate; one of the latter might be observed under his sunken, but not withered cheek, and the other arm thrown carelessly on the shawl.

At the first casual glance, this figure might appear an object of helpless malady, or deep dejection, or forlorn neglect, but a second and more attentive look would happily undeceive the stranger, and he would perceive the light blue eyes lit up with satisfaction at having caught a happy idea or turn of verse, the half-opened smiling lips, conscious of the innate pleasure of what is soon to be dictated, the finely-shaped and latterly wax-like hands and fingers scanning syllables; in short the whole picture revealing the *HAPPY POET*, a subject not to be pitied, but envied, and were the stranger to remain long enough unnoticed, he might hear the laugh of delight, and cheerful call of “*Adelaide, where are you? where's “neighbour Sea-cole and her pen and ink-horn?*” I have five or six capital for you.”

It was frequently the same out of doors, father and daughter, arm-in-arm, would sometimes walk from Bedford Cottage to the third milestone, on the Winchester road, and back again, without exchanging a dozen words; or he would sit on his camp chair, whilst she traversed to and fro a few yards, during his

rest, and neither of them scarcely speak to each other ; but the glow of his countenance, the unconscious smile, the motion of his lips and fingers, and sparkling intelligence of his eyes, satisfied her as to what was the employment of the mind. On their return home, it was in vain to tell him that his dinner waited ; he could enjoy nothing until his “imagination was unversed.” The Editor hastily wrote down what he dictated, and he was then happy and contented.

With respect to mingling in society, a painful disorder which he had laboured under for some years, does not exonerate him wholly from the charge of ungratefully secluding himself from the friends, acquaintance, and many kind strangers, who wished to visit him, if only for ten or twenty minutes at a time. The Editor has been often accused, and most unjustly, of being the adviser of this strict *la Trappe* seclusion, on the contrary she opposed it, and sometimes successfully, as one most remarkable instance will sufficiently prove.

In January 1826 the Bishop of Chichester called with a kind message from his late Majesty, and was shown up stairs, whilst the Editor went into her father’s room to apprise him of the visit. He had for some days been highly and most justly irritated by the refusal of Covent Garden Theatre to pay him his life annuity, which has never been paid since December, 1825, and a letter received only that morning had greatly increased his indignation ; the consequence

was, he refused to leave his room. “ I’ll not see him, I’ll see no one, I’m dressing myself, I’m shaving myself, (his invariable practice from youth, to the Friday previous to his death on Monday.) What have I to do with bishops, or they with me. I care nothing for the king; he has neglected me,” &c. &c. His feelings, however, gradually became more calm, and he did consent to go into the other room, where he received his lordship with complacency, and finally expressed his gratitude; thus his privy purse pension of £100 depended, perhaps, on his taking exactly six steps from his chamber to the adjoining apartment; and yet his accepting the royal bounty produced prophetic fears on his part, which, since his death, have been most fully and fatally realized.

Hesitation and delicacy on the part of the Editor must now give way to TRUTH; and as a fearless biographer, without one tie or relative on earth, (of her aunt and cousins in Ireland she knows nothing, never having seen or heard from the former since her own childhood, or ever any of the latter.) She does not hesitate to relate *for the first time*, what passed on the departure of his lordship. Her father sat for some moments on the sofa, his hands clasped between his open knees, his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed—he was speechless, and the swelled veins of his forehead appeared like thick blue ropes: much alarmed, she endeavoured to arouse him, though feeling mentally oppressed herself. He spoke at last,

and with energy—"I see how it will be--this stops Robins and Winston--their London subscription for me will stop on hearing this. I hoped to have funded a good round sum at once, or increased the Westminster annuity with a reversion to you; but now that bubble is burst; the pension comes in by driplets, the king may die to-morrow, and this dies with him; I am nearly 79, I may die to-morrow, and this dies with me; the Treasury pension may also be stopped, and you are left to the mercy of a selfish and callous world."

Much more of the same nature passed; but he was at length soothed to patience, and the following June he received from Messrs. Winston and Robins £188 (round figures,) being the sum kindly collected for him by them; a considerable part of which was *well* expended in paying off the few small debts unavoidably left by the Author's son, when he quitted England for Jamaica twenty-two years before, and which had he lived to return, he himself would have defrayed. True, it was the wish and advice of her father to lay by a part of the pension; but had she done so, and thereby abridged their mutual comforts, by hoarding for an hereafter any part of an income reduced by losses *even with this additional income*, to £227 a-year, it would have been only an exemplification of the well-known fable of Esop. The king gave it to her father to spend, not to the Editor to lock up for herself, when he should be no more. The total

loss of both the pensions, and the three annuities (so unexpected and undeserved), soon verified her parent's words. His furniture and effects were sold last July, by public auction, and her beloved home, where she had lived for the last fifteen years (no matter the locality,) given up for a small lodging, &c.

For many years the fondest wish of the Author's kind heart was to return to his beloved native land, there to pass the remainder of his days, and so late as the year 1829, one of his frequent amusements was to arrange the practicability of going thither. "I think, Adelaide, that you and I, and our two beagles, (the housemaid and the Editor's own maid servant were ways thus designated,) might ride or FLY down High Street to the Quay, and get on board a Dublin Packet, and wake at the Pigeon House, and sleep in Sackville Street. Our pensions could be paid at the Treasury there (in money affairs it was always plural;) and I would show you Dublin, and we would go to Cork and Limerick;" all this was spoken calmly, when starting up, he would continue with animation, and marked gesture, "If ever I again set foot in Ireland, let who will see me, be they hundreds or thousands, I'll kneel down and kiss the ground, the blessed ground!" When the subscription for Ireland was raised, he said—"Give two sovereigns for you and me; Ireland exports plenty, and imports charity."

The day before his death was Candlemas Day:—at eleven o'clock, as he lay on the sofa, the Editor sitting

close to him, read the Catholic service, when he observed at the words, "to the perfection of wax," as they both held a small taper in their hands, "You always burn wax, I hope?" "Most certainly," I replied, "We do, and have, for many years." On reading the words, "after having finished the darksome passage of this life we may come to never-fading joys," and "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace," could she have foreseen that before nine o'clock the next evening he would be no longer on the earth! At eight o'clock he as usual sung his hymns, which he had touched on the piano, and she written down some years before: and, had his death been expected, could more appropriate aspirations have been selected for a departing spirit? 1. *Lucis Creator, (Author of Light!)* 2. *Ora pro Nobis, (Pray for us!)* 3. *Venite adoremus, (Come and adore!)* 4. *Hallelujah!* and 5. *I would rejoice! Jubal's Lyre.*

Although attendance on public worship was utterly impracticable from his painful disorder, and latterly extreme weakness, a more pious and religious mind never existed; for many previous months, mental prayer seemed incessant, and though still cheerful, he appeared at times aware of speedy dissolution, yet resolved to conceal his opinion from his daughter, who, to this day, looks back at his death as sudden and unexpected, though certainly not unprepared. He never kept his bed, but rose as usual at eight o'clock on

Monday morning the 4th of February. Having finished dressing himself, he was endeavouring, as it afterwards appeared, to reach his table, near the window, when a faint cry of “Adelaide!” brought her instantly to him, and he sunk from her arms gently to the floor, where he lay senseless for a few minutes, the eyes closed, the speech gone, the pulse almost at rest, and the hands and nails livid and purple. Medical assistance came as soon as possible, and he was removed to the sofa in the other room; but though he rallied in a wonderful manner, no hope was given, for none remained. On the return of speech, his first words were, “There is nothing the matter with me, I am very well.” In about half an hour after, another fit came on, and he was carried back to his bed, over which the last sacred offices were speedily administered by the Catholic priest of St. Joseph’s Chapel. Absolution and extreme unction were imparted, with consciousness on his side, but (as it appeared, at least shortly after,) he was already too far on his journey to heaven to receive the holy Eucharist: hard breathing, or rather gasping for life, intervened; his lips moved frequently and fervently; of what was not prayer only a few unconnected words were heard, excepting two or three sentences firmly pronounced “God bless you,” (perhaps, “Sir,”) to the priest, and “God bless you, my darling child,” to his daughter, who shortly after giving him a few spoonfuls of arrow root, heard him distinctly say—“This is my last supper;” remarkable words, as he never took that meal, and must have alluded to not having received

the holy communion. In less than ten minutes after, at a quarter before before eight o'clock, whilst his daughter sat at the head of his bed, his hands in hers, her maid servant and an aged woman called in for the first time that morning, being the only persons present, he breathed his last. His fervent prayers were granted, his daughter closed his eyes, and under the direction of the nurse, passed the fatal white binder round the calm and serene countenance, which, after death, assumed a kind of holy smile. He left the world in full possession of every earthly comfort, with a mind and heart resigned and purified, and his mental faculties still in perfection ; without a pang or convulsion, like holy Simeon, he passed away in peace.

Four days after death, a cast was taken of the face ; this, and the pictures of him, will ever be, while life remains, her dearest treasures.

There being no Catholic burying ground nearer than Winchester, and his daughter not having sufficient fortitude to bear the removal of his beloved remains beyond the limits of a walk, the rites having been previously performed by the priest, over the shell which rested on his bed, they were, on the 11th of February, deposited in the burial ground of All Saints' Church : four persons only attended the funeral to the grave. His daughter, supported on the right and left by the priest and the surgeon, and followed by her maid servant. The service performed by the rector.

Requiem æternam dona ei Domine,  
Et lux perpetua luceat ei !

# O'KEEFFE'S LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTER.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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## LINKS \*

On the Venerable Archdeacon CAMBRIDGE having a Seat placed  
for the Author under a large Elm in his Meadows at Twicken-  
ham, 1803.

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ALONG this mead should fervent sunbeams heat thee,  
As walking on to Twickenham or to Sheen, †  
Forsake the path, upon this rude block seat thee ;  
Cool is the shade, enjoy the rural scene,  
And think nor couch nor throne, so safe, or so serene.

\* The author set them to music, and often sang them.

† Richmond.

From this calm spot, fly far all things unholy !

Light fays and guardian sylphs assemble here ;  
But most is welcome, pensive melancholy,  
With wounded mind, tho' soften'd, yet austere,  
To make upon a world remarks not too severe.

For numerous as the boughs and leaves above thee,  
Poor mortal, are the faults to which thou'rt prone ;  
Take comfort, tho' a bad world cease to love thee ;  
In candour let its numerous faults alone ;  
Here contemplate the means to rectify thine own.

Here Peace bring health, hence sullen pale Dejection !  
Here dreams of grief to waking joys give way :  
List to yon thrush ! his song chides sad reflection ;  
Soft Consolation pours from every spray,  
To charm the soul resign'd, with full harmonious lay.

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ON THE AFORESAID SEAT BEING DESTROYED.

SURE 'twas some rustic base, some savage hand,  
That from beneath yon elm my rude block tore :  
Now must I drag my limbs, or wearied stand,  
And seek repose on that lov'd spot no more.

Ah, dull ingrate! to harm His sylvan haunts,  
Whose jocund Muse was thy true friend ere now :  
She turn'd the rich man's eye upon thy wants,  
Bade him relieve thee, and she taught him how.

When Winter's angry brawl swell'd loud the storm,  
Ta'en had my seat been, on thy hearth to blaze,  
The crackling flame thy shivering babes to warm,  
Pity had turned my anger into praise :

But were those ample meadows spread with snow ?  
Were leafless boughs in icicles arrayed ?  
Say, was it chilling cold ?—thou caitiff, no !  
The sun struck hot, and grateful was the shade.

And much I loved to walk those fields alone,  
Where with my children \* I've their sorrows shared ;  
I do not grieve that thou art gone, my son !  
In this our world but sadly hast thou fared.

Much learning hadst thou, early-fated youth !  
Highly accomplished wert thou, too, my boy ;

\* Tottenham and Adelaide.

With grace and fervour came the words of truth,  
When in the duties of thy blessed employ. \*

My soul is told—my gladdened soul believes  
That my young Curate is, O Lord, with Thee !  
No Living had he here, yet now he lives  
To intercede for Porteus† and for me !

My SEAT is gone ; then be it ne'er replaced ;  
Let suns strike hot, fall cold the evening dew,  
By foot of mine this path be ne'er retraced,  
Though circumscribed my rural walks, and few !

\* The Rev. John Tottenham O'Keeffe, A. B. of Exeter College, Oxford, and Chaplain to his present Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, 1803. He died in Jamaica, whither he went to take possession of a living, given him by General Nugent.

† Bishop of London, to whom the author applied for a small living for his son ; but ineffectually, as it had been promised.

## WAR AND PEACE.

## A POEM.

NEVER INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION DURING  
THE AUTHOR'S LIFE TIME.

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The following Poem was wholly composed whilst walking in Twickenham Meadows, and sitting under the elm. When the author had mustered about fifty or sixty lines, arranging, altering, and improving them in his mind, his habit was to hasten home, write them in his own hand, throw them in his desk, and return to his walk in the public meadows, which are situated between Twickenham and Richmond. Thus he could with ease compose about three hundred lines a-day; but sometimes such was the rapidity of invention, that many were lost by the inability of the hand to keep up with the thoughts.

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“Thou shalt not kill.”

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## PART I.—WAR, OR THE FALCON.

## EXORDIUM.

SAUNTERING as I ruminate  
On my portioned mortal state,  
Out of hearing, out of ken,  
Are the crowded haunts of men.

Opening glade and shading tree,  
Made and planted were for me :  
Thus as time I wile away,  
Gliding goes another day,  
And my days all numbered are,  
Certain is my given share.

Back to me thou canst not post,  
Day mis-spent, for ever lost ;  
This memento, useful, kind,  
Sent is in the coming wind :  
From the distant village bell,  
Listening as the strokes I tell,  
Not innate, though apt the thought,  
Thus to apprehension brought :

Here, remarks on good and ill,  
Soul with imagery fill !  
Yet not mine—to Heaven belong  
Strains that harmonize the song :  
Strains which sacred are, tho' mine ;  
Humble, tho' from theme divine,  
Stand these numbers consecrate,  
Proof to prejudice and hate.

Theme to God devoted!—child, \*  
Tho' neglected, nay, reviled;  
Tho' by man contemned and spurned,  
By Oblivion's hand inurned,  
Like the Phœnix shouldst expire,  
Sink in life-creating fire,  
Yet like new-born Phœnix rise,  
Live in aromatic skies!

Song! on earth canst thou be prized  
Whilst thy theme is here despised?  
Gentle herald of her choice,  
Of her trump the breathing voice,  
Pleasing agency fulfil,  
And to man pronounce her will.

Sing not thou as bard of old, †  
Who the woes of ILIUM told;  
Come, not sense to undermine,  
Nor to dress up murder, fine,  
Giving draughts the brain to rend,  
Making Philip's son a fiend. ‡

\* Peace.

† Homer.

‡ Alexander the Great.

Our soft balm of holy Chrism  
Fiends expel, an exorcism !  
Grant that seer his giant power,  
Fame, that time can ne'er devour,  
He a sun, and I a star ;  
I'm in subject brighter far !

For thy thesis, gentle muse,  
What the implements to use ?  
This my text, "Thou shalt not kill."  
Dip in milk thy pliant quill,  
Taken from the cygnet's wing,  
Pen such strains as seraphs sing,  
When for man they intercede,  
And for grace and mercy plead !  
Nor presumptuous the thought,  
Mortals whom such flame has caught,  
Catch from heaven the lambent fire,  
Which the seraphim inspire.

Sacred warfare we shall hold,  
Aid, O God, thy champion bold,  
Bold with prejudice to cope,  
In thy truth exists my hope.

Into ether tho' I spring,  
Soar on waxen hinged wing,  
Flight of Icarus, tho' mine,  
Cherish, Lord, my pure design ;  
And my fall in mercy break ;  
Save me for my motive's sake !

Star of Bethlehem ! let thy ray  
Light again the devious way,  
Nor in clouds thy lustre hide ;  
Star of Bethlehem thou didst guide  
Wise, and simple, heretofore,  
Where they should their God adore.

Let thy light the gloom dispel,  
That I may to others tell,  
Why a Saviour came on earth,  
Why a Virgin gave him birth ;  
Why her heel the Serpent crushed,  
And the voice of hell was hushed ;  
Why were prophecies fulfilled,  
Why his church did Christ thus build  
Upon a rock that cannot fail,  
Nor against it hell prevail !

From that first important hour  
When the rabbies owned his power,  
As the green and tender youth  
Spake the sapient words of truth ;  
Every miracle he wrought,  
Every precept which he taught,  
Till his death sealed man's release,  
Shone in clemency and PEACE !

When the master of the fold  
By the faithless sheep was sold,  
Swoln with sacerdotal pride,  
When Caïphas truth decried,  
Spite and envy from him sped,  
By the arch-apostate led  
To where stood the Christ resigned,  
With intent to take and bind,  
And for show the victim try,  
Whom they had prejudged should die,  
Loyal and courageous zeal  
Made the wound for Christ to heal !  
Sure, if ever beam'd a cause  
Worthy heaven and earth's applause,  
Zealous Peter had to plead  
Such a cause for such a deed.

All Christ's precepts, grace divine,  
From an apt occasion shine ;  
Evil tho' by Peter's sword,  
Thus proceeds the sacred WORD—  
“ Those who for redress apply  
To the sword, by that shall die.”  
Such shall perish. Fools ! why brave  
Death that goes beyond the grave ?

## PRAYERS FOR VICTORY.

At thy church—not on thy knees,  
Sinner, sitting at thy ease  
In thy comfortable pew  
Thinking every good thy due :  
Erring Christian ! do not dare  
To insult the Lord with prayer,  
Asking him to deal the blow,  
Giving victory o'er thy foe !  
At the time thou may'st suppose  
Prayers ascend from thousand foes,  
Wishing the divine decree  
Give them conquest over thee ;  
They as thou his creatures are,  
Equal all his mercies share :

Who creates, and not destroys,  
Steady holds the equipoise :  
Canst thou think the Judge supreme  
Partially will touch the beam ?

From the heaven-devoted place  
Fled is sweet celestial grace !  
From the Ark the cherub flown,  
And the Altar Moloch's throne !  
Gush, salt tear, from Pity's eye,  
Heave, involuntary sigh ;  
Troubled bosom undulate,  
Sicken, soul, at Abel's fate !  
From his wound streamed murders wide,  
Source of war was fratricide ;  
Thence the inundation spread,  
Making thence " the green, one red."

Whether cursed assassin's knife  
In the dark purloining life,  
Or the traveller o'er the heath,  
In the bullet meeting death,  
Or mistaking honour's call,  
In the duel Valour fall ;  
Glory or revenge inspire,  
Tho' Apollo string the lyre ;

Atticus, the good and wise,  
Sing a Churchill to the skies ; \*  
Boadicia's cruel doom,  
Regulus, thy spiked tomb,  
Noble Bragandina flayed,  
Burn'd alive the patriot maid ;  
Mercy to the fall'n denied,  
Stain to Henry, England's pride ;  
Wrong'd Uriah's hope forlorn,  
Naz'rine babes from mothers torn,  
For the jealous monarch's fear  
Tossed upon the soldier's spear ;  
Storm'd Warsaw, Oczakoff sacked,  
Torture made an Holy Act ;  
For sad truths in Cambria sung,  
Bards from steeps of Snowden flung,  
Jael's nail, nay, David's sling,  
Turkish mute, and fatal string,  
Casca's dagger, Cæsar's steel,  
Felton's blade, and Damien's wheel,  
People's rage on Dutch De Witts, †  
Jewish Gordon's hare-brained fits ;

\* Addison's poem of "The Campaign."

† The two brothers, torn in pieces by a Dutch mob.

Platform where a Sydney bled,  
Block where lay the royal head ;  
All the dire heart-rending throes,  
Ancient sorrows, recent woes,  
Which the weeping Muse can tell,  
That humanity befel ;  
Battle, skirmish, or affray,  
Sprang from that ill-fated day  
When by MAN a MAN was slain  
On the scaffold or the plain,  
From the sin of first-born Cain !

For, once passed the Rubicon,  
Men in blood marched boldly on ;  
Innocence in terror fled,  
Man must bleed, for man hath bled !  
Crimson ways, so hacknied trod,  
Till must bleed the Son of God ;  
Bound, who came for our release,  
Slain, who came to bring us peace !

#### WOMEN NOT TO ENCOURAGE WARS.

Dames of Rome, prepare the urn !  
See your beauteous sons return

From Pharsalia, from the war,  
But disguised by many a scar :  
Thus shrewd Cæsar gave the word—  
“ Soldiers ! *upward* point the sword ;  
Those are of Narcissus’ race,  
Vain in lineaments of face ;  
Spare the body, spare the limb,  
Tender, delicate, and trim ;  
Mar the face, and all is done,  
Pompey flies ! the day is won !”  
Dames of Rome, prepare the urn,  
Let the bones to ashes turn ;  
Blanched bones are all you have,  
All the relicks you can save  
From the harpies of the air ;  
Vulture’s beaks have left them bare !

At thy breast this babe once hung,  
Charmed thee with its lisping tongue ;  
Looked upon thy face and smiled ;  
Was he not thy darling child ?  
Was his sire to thee more dear ?  
Centre of thy hope and fear,

Fearful lest the summer gale  
In respect to him should fail,  
Fearful of the rose's thorn,  
Fearful of the vernal morn ;  
Fearful of the shallow stream,  
Fearful of the noon-tide beam ;  
Noblest precepts form his mind,  
Make him gentle, good, and kind ;  
Taught an insect not to harm,  
Soft beneficence his charm ;  
Nature's donatives improved,  
All accomplished, all beloved,  
Like the gayest flower full blown,  
Comely, fair in stature grown,  
See the youth the Muse's heir,  
Justify maternal care ;  
Expectation hails him given  
For some favourite work of heaven ;  
Formed for life, fond mother, why  
Dost thou send him forth to die ?

“ Go abroad, thy mother's joy,  
Kill our enemies, my boy !

Bravely fight ; thy country save,  
O'er the field this ensign wave ;  
Of thy MARCIA worthy prove,  
She embroidered it, my love :  
Struck with terror at thy sight,  
Soon they fly my soul's delight :  
Foes to Rome are base and vile,  
Deep in perfidy and wile ;  
For destruction marked above,  
All abhorred of mighty Jove ;  
Themis wields the sword of fate,  
Fight, pursue, exterminate !  
Come with victory and spoils,  
Marcia's hand rewards thy toils ;  
An ovation's bright renown  
Decks thy brow with mural crown ;  
Nay, a triumph ! rapturous bliss,  
Take my blessing in a kiss !”

Labour, brain, and sinews bend,  
Lovely woman to defend ;  
Let it be our glory still  
To preserve the Fair from ill ;

Brightest form of manly pride,  
In our core of heart abide ;  
When that flame shall cease to glow,  
Gods, no good on man bestow !

Gentleness thy shield and spear,  
Woman, thou hast nought to fear ;  
Looks so timid, modest, meek,  
For thee eloquently speak :  
Why abet, unthinking Fair,  
Dangers thou'rt forbid to share ?  
Why, a priestess thou of Mars,  
Urge our youth to causeless wars ?  
When, alas ! too prompt and free,  
Is it generous of thee  
To assume the spear and goad  
On the thorn-besprinkled road ?

Thou a woman ! Roman dame !  
What protection is thy claim ?  
Or should none thy sex dispute,  
Art thou human, art thou brute ?

Woman, with a wolfish heart,  
Act thy sanguinary part ;

Savage qualities display,  
Make thy young a whelp of prey ;  
Patriot ardour thou canst plead,  
Dire Invasion's wondrous dread ;  
Constitution and the laws,  
Blest Religion's righteous cause ;  
These the sweetly sounding notes,  
Such the melody that floats  
O'er the land and o'er the seas,  
But a syren's songs are these.

Canst thou to thy judgment trust,  
Or decide which cause is just ?  
Neither, for were either right,  
Far would fly the hour of fight ;  
Hard are tied the statesman's knots,  
Deep are laid his under-plots :  
Ere an hostile bow was bent,  
Who appied for thy consent ?

By thee, lady, be it known,  
Ere one fatal javelin 's thrown,  
Military art, profound,  
Settles who must bite the ground ;

What the lives to fling away,  
To secure the glorious day ;  
Likely on the sable roll  
Stood the darling of thy soul :  
Let this thought thy grief restrain,  
Matron, do not now complain ;  
Thou didst send him forth to kill,  
Thy command he would fulfil ;  
Man thou mad'st an homicide,  
By the hand of man he died.

'Mong the demigods of old,  
If their heroes were enrolled,  
*Female* virtue why preclude  
From their dues of gratitude ?

Sacred honours, rites divine,  
Be Hersilia, ever thine ! \*  
Strife that composition spurned,  
Fierce the flame as ever burned ;  
Anger hot as e'er belonged  
To the wronger and the wronged ;  
Front to front the warriors stand,  
Each a sure death-dealing band ;

\* The Romans and the Sabines.

To the field Hersilia flew,  
'Tween them she the olive threw !  
Brandished weapons nobly braved,  
Fathers, brothers, lovers saved !  
Bade their strength by love increase,  
*This* was glory—it was peace.  
Female world, or maid, or dame,  
Emulate Hersilia's fame ;  
Fan not you the flaming brand ;  
Dash the weapon from the hand !

## THE CRUSADES.

Star of Bethlehem illustrate  
Why should Christian Christian hate ?  
Why, professing saving faith  
Deal in massacre and scaith ?  
War the act, and peace the word,  
Contradiction strange, absurd !

Blest Religion's brave compeer,  
Camel-driver, do not fear : \*  
Elevate thy Koran book,  
Arab, down with triumph look

\* Mahomet.

On the Christian's holy rood,  
By them steeped in Christian blood !  
Bid thy crescent ride sublime,  
Paramount in western clime !

Should the Saracen look back  
On Jerusalem's attack,  
Might he not with justice say,  
“ *To our* God do Christian's pray ?  
Why then league, and, sword in hand,  
Thrust us from their holy land ?  
Pious zeal was mere parade :  
In their maniac crusade,  
Which committed reddest sin,  
Sainted Guy or Saladin ?  
How was *our* religion taught ?  
Mahomet both prayed and fought ;  
Yet his all-convincing blade  
Sure the firm foundation laid :  
But *their* prophet, how taught he ?  
By forgiving clemency :  
Nay, his precepts recommend  
To a foe to be a friend :

From his lips they have a prayer,  
Excellent beyond compare :  
Here they supplicate their God  
To withhold th' avenging rod,  
And their sins that he'd remit,  
And their debts that he'd acquit :  
What forgiveness, then, their due,  
Whilst resentment they pursue ?  
Hypocrites ! to cant and whine  
Words of lenity benign !  
Whilst their breasts with fury burn,  
Prayers to imprecations turn.  
Hear, great Alla ! prophet hear !  
Let thy justice now appear,  
Hurl them down perdition's steep,  
On the cursed, curses heap !"

## AMERICAN SAVAGE WARFARE.

Lo ! the iron gauntlet's thrown ;  
Frighted is the dove, and flown !  
And that bird with gaffs of steel,  
Which not sense of death can feel,  
Dear to Pallas and to fame,

Trumpets out the fierce acclaim.  
Monarch of the Lybian plain,  
Rouse, and shake thy shaggy mane ;  
Yawn, and to thy couch again,  
Leaving war to cruel men.

Hopes of heaven, poor Indian, fix  
In thy god of tied up sticks ;  
Scour the forest, plain, and lake,  
Bind the prisoner to the stake ;  
Grief nor terror let him show,  
Torments yet advance but slow ;  
Close him, warriors, in a ring,  
Dismal joys his requiem sing ;  
Raise in yells the anthems dire,  
Verge him close in crackling fire ;  
Flesh of foes thy fair reward,  
Revel in the feast abhor'd ;  
*Sans* remorse his heart devour ;  
He'd gnaw thine, were his the power.

Or, ferocious Indian, hold,  
Answer make thou, warrior bold,

Hast thou heard from Sinai's hill,  
That thy kind "Thou must not kill?"  
In one God dost thou believe,  
Sacred truths didst thou receive?  
Blessed gospels hast thou read,  
Or thy soul on manna fed?  
Had thy parents, honour'd pair,  
Brought thee up with tender care,  
Early inclinations watched,  
Seen to which then most attached;  
Which might weeds, which flowers bring,  
Nourished virtues in their spring;  
Cast out weeds or ere they root,  
Pruned the wild luxuriant shoot;  
Or with skill the vagrant trained,  
And the stubborn passions reined?

Indian! when thy brain was ill,  
Frenzy-rack'd, thy head-strong will,  
Were there offered thee for cure  
Wholesome precepts—morals pure?

In large cities hast thou been,  
Social order hast thou seen?

There how trade and science thrive,  
To what heights the Arts arrive,  
What munificence can do,  
Soft benevolence in view ;  
Institutions wise and great,  
Sorrow to alleviate ;  
And the bed of sickness cheered,  
To the friend the friend endeared ?  
Where a godlike ALFRED reigned,  
And the legal code ordained ;  
Bade the Muse's seat emerge,  
From fair Isis' flowery verge,  
Where an altar AUSTIN \* blessed,  
And the faith of CHRIST profess'd ?—

Since the orbs their course began,  
Thou alas ! poor Indian man,  
These advantages hadst not,  
Savage, wild, how hard thy lot ;  
Yet, if punishment must fall,  
And thy crimes thy soul enthrall,  
*Christian* where from vengeance hide ?  
Bigot, warrior, homicide !

\* St. Augustine planted Christianity in Great Britain, A. D. 597.

Peaceful Calumet when smoked,  
Who again the strife provoked?  
Who sent scalping parties out,  
Raised the war-inciting shout ?  
From the skull, when snatched the skin,  
For the most of those brought in,  
Who held up the dazzling prize  
To the ruthless Indian's eyes ?  
Saviour ! could a Christian chief  
Crimes set on that strain belief !  
Yes, nor Gauls, nor Britons, then,  
These were French, and English men !

Clear the night, the post was hard,  
Shivering stood the piquet guard :  
Past him rushed the Indian scouts,  
Eager on their scalping bouts ;  
From the camp they nightly went,  
By their friend the colonel sent :  
Full authority had they,  
Hopes of praise, and drams, and pay ;  
Now the Cogniac canteen  
Made them hot, and fierce, and keen.  
Twarth the wood the party spied  
Females two, with Indian guide ;

Of another nation he,  
After him *our* Indians flee :  
As impelled are dogs and deer,  
Those with fury, that with fear,  
So their game and hunters run,  
By the first the race is won :  
Fear escaping swift as thought,  
Leaves the blood-hounds all at fault ;  
Baffled, mortified, chagrined,  
Each transfigured to a fiend,  
Disappointed of their prey,  
Back they bend their hated way ;  
Now their teeth in raptures grind,  
Lo ! the ladies left behind !  
Joy is doubled by surprise ;  
Gladness flashes from their eyes.

'Tis a woman ! savage, stay !  
Fling that instrument away ;  
She gave birth, and gives us love,  
Best donation from above !  
Honied drop that Heaven lets fall  
In our spacious cup of gall.

Look ! some pitying angel save !  
'Tis a woman ! coward ! slave !  
From his lair the tiger strides,  
From his couch the serpent glides ;  
Wonder raise the dazzling crest,  
Wonder strike the mottled beast ;  
Horrible the work ! gaze on !  
See yourselves by man outdone :  
From the thought recoil, my soul !  
Chronicle of human dole,  
On thy leaf the act appear,  
And the reader's eye-balls sear !

Captains debonair and gay  
Solemnized the natal day  
Of their colonel's lady fair,  
But the lady was not there ;  
Safe from bayonet and ball,  
She was left at Montreal :  
In the colonel's tent was met  
This polite, yet jovial set ;  
Omens black in wine they drowned,  
Choruss'd, " Push the glass around."

Letters now the colonel tell  
That his best beloved is well,  
But his absence cannot bear ;  
To the camp she must repair,  
Through the forest, cross the plain,  
And this night they meet again ;  
Song, and sentiment, and toast,  
All congratulate their host.

Horrid screams their ears invade,  
Indians clam'rous to be paid,  
For fresh scalps in newly-brought,  
Such good service must be bought.

Indians show the reeking prize,  
For ill luck apologize ;  
“ Females, by the hair so long,  
Scalping females rather wrong ;  
Eh ! these ringlets, not amiss,  
An unpleasing duty this !  
Serjeant, pay the men their fee ;—  
Ha ! that scalp ! oh let me see !”

Yet he hopes—with trembling haste  
Plucks a locket from his breast ;

All in turn the scalp compare  
With the crystal-covered hair ;  
Then to see if space is left,  
Of the precious lock bereft.

Wretched husband ! 'tis the same !  
When the hour of parting came,  
Which, in constant love sincere,  
Thou didst take, thy soul to cheer,  
Now dissevered from her arms,  
Sole dear pledge of all her charms !

Whilst a stranger felt the smart,  
Duty kept it from thy heart :  
Were his torments less acute ?  
Swallow thou the bitter fruit ;  
Cruelty hath reached its home,  
Now repaid the mighty sum.  
Banish doubt, and meet despair,  
From its root thy tongue now tear ;  
Words more keen than Indian knife  
Have destroyed thy hapless wife !

Such like ornaments of war  
Decorate Bellona's car !

Precedent, in law reports,  
Blind itself, may lead the courts :  
Custom, usage, reconcile ;  
Still the conscience for a while ;  
Rigid duty authorize  
All but flattering surmise ;  
Let the truth be understood,  
Nought can render evil good ;  
Human motives, fair and bland,  
Supersede not God's command.

Then is tried the sophist's art,  
" In the deed *I* took no part ;  
Why, then, lay their crimes to me ?"  
Insufficient, futile plea !  
Didst thou know the ill intent,  
Or endeavour to prevent ?  
Interest laid thy powers supine,  
Thus approved, the guilt is thine ;  
Foul accomplice in the fact,  
Base connivance makes the act :  
As thy mortal hour shall close,  
On thy pillow no repose,  
Then remembrance points the sting,  
And thy cherished hopes take wing ;

When thou'rt cited to appear,  
And to give thy reasons clear ;  
Why crossed thou the land and seas  
To commit such crimes as these ;  
Will, whom thy commission signed,  
Will thy country, grateful, kind,  
Say, " For us in foreign climes  
He committed all these crimes."  
Will thy judge this plea receive,  
Bid thy soul for ever live ?  
Will the sickle that destroys,  
Reap for thee eternal joys ?

## WAR DECLARED.

See the jovial rustic now,  
Whistling drive, or guide the plough ;  
Knows he long ere set of sun  
That his daily work is done ;  
Knows he that his evening's claim  
Is to sit with babes and dame :  
Or, unmarried, he can go,  
Suitoring her he well doth know ;  
Wedding, too, shall come to pass,  
With his love next Martlemas.

War's declared ! the fresh'ning gale  
Brings along the furrowed vale  
Sound of fife and distant hum,  
Seems the pleasing tapping drum ;  
Fortune, fame, he can't resist,  
No, the ploughman must enlist ;  
“ Mother, spouse, goodbye to ye,  
Delve the earth who will for me.”

Battles he now sees a few,  
Kills, perhaps, his score or two,  
To those slaughters he's inured,  
Of humanity he's cured ;  
In the land of enemies,  
To maraud no harm he sees :  
Foraging first taught him this,  
Then to steal was not amiss ;  
Thought himself a simple ass ;  
Now he wears a face of brass :  
He's a hero ! and anon  
All his <sup>honesty</sup> is gone ;  
Drunk, and absent from parade,  
Of his punishment afraid,

From his regiment then absconds :  
Robber now—and shameful bonds  
Wait on man the once-esteemed,  
Much as, prince, thy God's redeemed !  
Is thy fate, then, honour's boon,  
Parching in the blaze of noon,  
The voracious raven's fare,  
Must thy carcase hang in air ?

Trader, yeoman, honest tar,  
Such protection comes from war,  
As when robbers take their post,  
On our highways, and thus boast :  
“ Here we loiter, sneak, and lurk,  
Arduous in our useful work ;  
Vigilant we surely are,  
Of all travellers taking care ;  
We in safety keep their purse,  
Guards are we, our fraud no worse.”

O'er the burning tawny sands  
Roam Bedouin lawless bands ;  
Looks for guard the caravan  
In the wild and roving clan ?

Threatening dangers off to ward,  
War to trade is such a guard !

War is such a guard as these,  
Whilst his cruizers rove the *seas*.

Now the bark hath shipped her freight,  
In the port she must not wait ;  
Scuds she now the sea along,  
Whilst the seaman trolls his song ;  
And the merchant for his pains  
Calculates his honest gains.  
War's declared ! the laden bark  
Now becomes the cruizer's mark ;  
Cargo plunder'd, bark is ta'en,  
And the honest merchant slain.

Now from t'other side our ball  
By its science nautical,  
Comes the gallant great ship round,  
Merry is she homeward bound !  
Stood she had some heavy gales,  
Split her masts were, rent her sails ;

Much ado herself could save  
From the rock and from the wave ;  
Sailors had a tedious bout,  
Having now been three years out,  
Wearied much with duties hard,  
But at home their fair reward :  
Thoughts of England, much loved place !  
Light the eye, and lume the face.

War 's declared ! the great ship moored,  
Desperate ruffians leap on board ;  
Forth the wretched seamen hale,  
Nor beseeching can avail ;  
Nor his weather-beaten face,  
Nor well-told his piteous case ;  
Tho' poor Jack descends to tears,  
Cutlas stroke, and biting jeers,  
Answer all his tale of wrong,  
By the press-gang dragged along :  
Wounded, bleeding, off he's rowed,  
In the tender safely stowed,  
Mutiny is death he's told,  
Down he's flung into the hold :

Three years out, yet never more  
Shall poor Jack set foot on shore;  
Wife or mother bid adieu,  
Dream he's killed, your dream is true !

## THE WEDDING.

SCENE—*The West Coast of Ireland.*

White the walls, they're only clay,  
Who built up that cabin say?  
Dermot 'twas, with flaxen hair ;  
He with Kathlene will live there ;  
Kathlene his intended spouse,  
She who owns those bracked cows ;  
Yet such portion had not she,  
Dermot would her husband be ;  
Joists well fitted, rafters squared,  
Oak the timber, black and hard :  
In the bog that oak appears  
To have lain a thousand years ;  
Yes, and Dermot dug it thence,  
Labour hard, his sole expence ;  
Cars were lent by neighbours round,  
All to help were duty bound.

Thatch'd how neat, tho' close that eve  
Shall the sparrow's egg receive :  
Who can there with rains be drowned ?  
Dermot's hand those withies bound :  
Equal with the chimney top  
Is the clamp where martins hop ;  
Dermot cut it from the deep,  
Drew it home and piled the heap.

Hoarsely let the winter brawl,  
Torrents from the mountain fall ;  
Blazing turf the hearth shall cheer  
Of the girl he loves so dear !  
Rushes o'er the floor are strown,  
And the piper stops his drone ;  
Chaunter speaks the sprightly tune,  
Says, " we shall have dancing soon :"  
Every one is gaily clad,  
Every shining face is glad,  
Distant is the laugh you hear,  
Gales and footsteps bring it near.

What occasions all this joy ?  
'Tis to join the girl and boy ;

Links of roses soon must bind  
Kathlene fair and Dermot kind ;  
Open door that has no lock,  
'Tis the priest, all round him flock ;  
Some may drink, and some may smoke,  
But the jester nips his joke :—  
Has the faltering “ Yes” been said ?  
Is the lovely Kathlene wed ?  
Ring upon her finger put,  
Is the breviary shut ?  
Is the candle lighted up  
In the room where they shall sup ?  
All is ready, every bliss,  
Nought that comes can come amiss.

Whence, and what those hideous groans !  
Is it not the dog that moans ?  
On the cabin roof he lies,  
Opening mouth to blackening skies ;  
All in white that woman see,  
Sure a *Rath* or sad *Banshee* ! \*

“ Save us ! hark, her dismal song ;  
Some one here will die ere long ;

\* A white figure, foretelling death.

What a storm !” they all arose,  
“ Lord, how terribly it blows !  
What’s that noise, a cannon was’t  
From some ship ?—it must be lost :  
Hark ! they’re signals of distress ;  
Save them, Lord ! thy servants bless !”

See the holy pastor kneels,  
Generous flock compassion feels ;  
Can their pity aught avail,  
Calm the fury of the gale ?  
“ Follow me !” the bridegroom cries,  
From his wedded Kathlene flies ;  
Men by his example run  
Where is heard the signal gun ;  
Nor the tempests howl they dread,  
Nor the craigs their course impede.

Dermot agile, strong, and brave,  
Foremost plunges in the wave ;  
Those with skill the billows ride,  
Dashing fear and surge aside.  
Doubtful yet the track they take,  
And determined way they make ;

Danger makes the honour great,  
They but fear to come too late :  
Hoping that the ship may live  
Till they some assistance give ;  
Some are faint, some nearly spent,  
None the noble task repent ;  
Human pity bids them save  
Sufferers from a watery grave.

Here they find a skiff afloat,  
Which they reach, 'tis Dermot's boat :  
From her moorings all at large ;  
Quick they board the precious charge ;  
Dangers on this coast abound :  
As the welkin on it frown'd,  
Ever did they take delight  
To relieve on such a night ;  
For their rocks they make amends ;  
Those were foes, but these are friends.

Now they hear th' imploring cry,  
Now a quivering light they spy ;  
Lustily they tug the oar,  
Far and farther from the shore ;

'Gainst another boat they knock  
Hard, and sudden was the shock ;  
Men with pistol and with sword,  
And with curses leap on board !  
Shipwreck all decoy and jest,  
Dermot and his friends are PRESS'D !!  
Spouseless Kathlene ! now deplore—  
Dermot shall you see no more !

This the honour of a tar,  
This the gratitude of war !

#### A SHIP OF WAR.

War's grim offspring I have seen,  
In a warring ship I've been  
Crippled by the recent fight ;  
Troth, 'twas but a piteous sight !

From the deck I must descend,  
Balls had swept from end to end :  
Where the Fates had been employed  
Now is left one dreary void ;  
Ye who boast the “ melting mood,”  
Think, that if you walk in blood,

From your eye must gush the tear,  
Soft compassion, come not here.

Stumps of mast, the fore and main  
Stuck with hair, and skull, and brain ;  
Then the potent slaughter-smell,  
To the loathing sense may tell  
What this butchering in June  
Is, at fervid glow of noon.

Aye, poor youth ! both eyes are gone !  
That discarriaged gun lie on :  
Let their names be over-hauled,  
Which yon beam a splinter called,  
Headless made their number, nine  
Fairly standing in a line ;  
Steady keep the boat below,  
Limbless trunks to Haslar go !

Statesman ! sitting o'er thy wine,  
Would my feelings then were thine !  
Black the killed and wounded list,  
In the papers thought 's dismissed :

Thought shall meet thee in thy bed,  
There the letters read in red :  
When the sun of life is set  
Who will pay the mighty debt ?  
On thyself when death shall wait,  
With him comes remorse too late ;  
Peace and health and friendship lost,  
For thy country was thy boast ;  
Shallow statesman ! did thy zeal  
Work thy country woe or weal ?

## THE SOLDIER.

Yet in war who take delight,  
Are the men who *never* fight :  
There are those, and brave men, too,  
Who the ills of war can rue ;  
Warriors valiant, yet humane,  
Manly tenderness no stain ;  
False vocation ! duty strange,  
That can make this monstrous change ;  
By profession tigers, then,  
Tho' by nature they are men.  
Such as when in converse free,  
Opened was the mind to me,

As the grove and mead we walked,  
Whilst his tune the blackbird talked :  
And the thrush sang sweet and loud,  
And the lark beside the cloud,  
And the linnet's modest chaunt  
Conscious seemed of powers scant ;  
Flower-scented was the air,  
And the humming-bee was there ;  
Mental joys were in their prime,  
It was Peace and summer time.

Smoothly did the moments glide  
As we rambled side by side,  
Tho' a fighting man my friend,  
Oft he could the bow unbend :  
Features told that heart was glad,  
Tale of sorrows yet he had ;  
Tender sentiments expressed  
That compassion filled his breast :  
Yet erewhile gazettes had told  
Him to be a warrior bold.

He with present scenes much pleased,  
The occasion fair I seized ;

Frankness gave his mind sincere,  
Tho' as life his honour dear ;  
Tho' in graceless act and rude,  
Oft his hand in blood embrued,  
Had the laurel snatched and won,  
And the nation smiled thereon,  
Yet the *man* now disapproved  
Of those feats the *hero* loved.

For your country whilst you bled,  
Self-ambition have you fed ?  
Felt you not some little pride  
To be demi-deified ?  
Did you not anticipate  
You might one day prop the state,  
Seven generations traced  
With Patrician honours graced,  
In a future Gibbon read,  
In a fane your marble head ?

Have you at grim Moloch's call  
Hurled the red-hot hissing ball ?  
On a crimson sea afloat,  
God's own image have you smote ?

Pierced the heart with kindness warm ?  
Him, who never did you harm ?  
Arm or leg-bones have you cracked,  
Human flesh or chopped or hacked,  
Cleft a stripling's skull in twain,  
Smeared your forehead with the brain,  
Laid the mangled liver bare,  
Tossed the limbs into the air,  
Stormed the fortress, sprang the mine,  
Quenched the burning corpse in brine ;  
Groves of laurel thus to reap,  
Have you made the seraphs weep ?

Man, thy apprehension wake,  
Retrospect, brave warrior, take,  
Who hath sent to heaven thy slain,  
Thro' the narrow gates of pain ?  
Or into oblivion cast  
All those horrors that have past,  
Like grim spectres twarthy sight ?  
Summon back thy soul's affright ;  
For affrighted sore thou wert,  
Tho' thy duty might divert

Thought, from such relaxing pang  
As are wont round hearts to hang ;  
Thorns which pierce the generous mind,  
Forced to do a deed unkind ;  
Thou and him, thy foe no more,  
Bring the slain thy sight before ;  
View, or poor boy killed untime',  
View the man in full of prime,  
Cut from life but one short day,  
Is thy hand all guiltless, say ?

Churlish query prompts to thee,  
Stranger was he not to me ?  
Kin and country disavow,  
He was man, and what art thou ?

Soldier, soften into thought,  
Form the fancy thou hast caught ;  
Form it into image so,  
As must make thine eyes o'erflow :

Cast away suppose thyself,  
On some rock or sandy shelf ;

Verge of country not thine own,  
Distant, and to thee unknown ;  
This strange land suppose we call  
Britain, Afric, India, Gaul ;  
Illustration makes the claim,  
Else no matter place or name :  
Friendless stranger, woe-lorn quite,  
Naked you, and cold the night :  
At some door, in sad bewail,  
You narrate your piteous tale ;  
On your billet of distress  
You're admitted, questionless :  
Bolt drawn back, and key quick turned,  
And the ready faggot burned ;  
Friendless stranger, roofed you stand,  
Welcome takes you by the hand ;  
Squeeze of cordiality  
Makes you of his mansion free ;  
Hope when lost, to life restored,  
On thy knees, oh thank the Lord :  
  
By concurrence of event,  
Brought to this predicament,

Might not that poor slaughter'd foe,  
If your host, have acted so?  
Might not he who from thy sword  
Met his death have said the word—

“ Welcome, stranger, to my roof !  
Grief and sorrow stand aloof :  
Welcome, stranger, to my home,  
Like an angel dost thou come !  
Sweet occasion thou bring'st here,  
A felicity most dear ;  
Giving me the blest employ,  
To my soul the sovereign joy ;  
Grief and sorrow stand aloof,  
Welcome, stranger, to my roof !”

Contrast heaven and hell, compare !  
View thy act, and come despair :  
Ere his corse as clay is cold,  
Splashed with blood his face behold,  
Rent by death's insatiate fangs,  
Writhe his limbs in quivering pangs ;  
Pangs convulsive, not grimace,  
Have disguised his piteous face :

Murdered was by thy sharp sword,  
He who would have spoke the word—  
“ Welcome, stranger, to my roof,  
Grief and sorrow stand aloof!”

That more truly blessed part,  
Which illumes the GIVER's heart,  
Might have fall'n to THEE *his* host,  
(Finding all his comforts lost,)  
And repaid by tenfold good  
In his sigh of gratitude :  
He who might have been *thy* guest,  
Given thy soul that angel-feast,  
Which fruition cannot cloy,  
Which God's almoners enjoy ;  
Contrast heaven and hell, compare,  
Thou hast slain him, come despair !

Blood-stained warrior, walk that grove,  
Hear those birds, their song is love ;  
And inhale the cooling air,  
Perfumed by those flowers fair :  
Or thy limbs at noontide lave  
In that stream without a wave :

Down the sun doth westward bend,  
Gaze, he'll not thine eyes offend :  
Or view Dian's paler ray  
Dancing on the blossoms' spray,  
On the woodbine, haw, or lime  
Philomel may chaunt the time.

Let this thought approach thy mind,  
Ah, conceive that balmy wind,  
Scent of flowers, and sweet birds' tune,  
Ray of sun, and beam of noon ;  
Cool refreshment of the brook,  
Every text in Nature's book ;  
Blossom, joy of smell and sight,  
And her plaintive strain at night,  
Making sense in rapture swim,  
Likely were designed for him,  
Whom thou, cruel one, didst slay,  
Pushing him abrupt away,  
From his certain portioned share  
To a future doubtful fare ;  
Churl, if suffered to partake,  
Thine he could not lesser make !

Nor diminish could a jot  
Thy most ill-deserved lot!  
For thy act comes quaint pretence,  
Offers plea of self-defence,  
That to battle who advance  
Of th' event must bear their chance :  
Ere was cast the fatal die,  
Pre-advantage none could spy :  
Tho' for him up-turned the loss,  
Yet your peril equal was,  
That to him fell equal blame,  
As to take your life he came,  
And by you were he not kill'd,  
You might dead have bit the field.

Specious pretext, fade away !  
Ghost of argument to lay,  
To the purpose, not event,  
Is the shaft of stricture sent :  
Not because thou dost survive,  
But that *one* doth cease to live :  
Censure is not thine alone,  
Censure follows him that's gone ;

But we're tender of his shade,  
Who with life his debt hath paid :  
Cause, effect, the evil all  
Lies in war—"the great axe fall"  
On those men who wars promote,  
Keeping sulphur'ous flames afloat,  
On the hot Tartarean sea,  
Cauldron of calamity !

## THE FRAUDS OF WAR.

PEACE, in *thy* alluring guise  
Yet a harpy mocks our eyes ;  
She assumes thy claimant throne,  
Calls thy attributes her own ;  
With professions fair and kind,  
Formal treaties sealed and signed,  
Crafty, overreach intends,  
Thro' a flaw attains her ends ;  
Lets again the war-dog loose,  
Proves herself a subtle truce ;  
For her truth appeals to God,  
But the harpy's name is FRAUD.

Griped by war lean Famine howls,  
Millions die, no death-bell tolls ;

Open grave thy portals wide,  
Beadle, ounce of bread divide ;  
Nourishment that bread must lack,  
Bitter let it be, and black ;  
On the husk and offal dine,  
Take thy commons with the swine ;  
Buy, or sell, subscribe, debate,  
All must to the war relate !  
Without war it is ennui,  
Dull life dragging apathy !

Lo ! a world to Peace inclined, .  
In the nest is left behind  
One poor Viper's egg, so small,  
Which a MALTA let us call :  
By a Basilisk when hatched,  
With a Scorpion see it matched,  
Spitting venom in the scar,  
To break forth a dragon war !

See two wretched men engage,  
Naked fight with cruel rage,  
Each disfigure and despoil,  
Covered o'er with blood and soil.

Do we stop to ask the cause  
That they violate the laws ?  
Do we prize their paltry fame ?  
No, we turn away with shame ;  
We despise and we detest  
Acts which render man a beast.  
In this ruffian pair we see  
Nations in epitome !

Declarations can we trust ?  
Never yet was qnarrel just :  
We, superior in mind,  
Think such men debase their kind :  
How must spirits pure look down  
On the field with discord sown !  
On the heaps of mangled dead,  
On the deck with carnage spread !

Gaily now the merchant ship  
'Cross the channel takes her trip ;  
Views her port without a fear  
Of the rascal privateer :  
Scudding like a fish of prey,  
What but sea-freebooters they ?

Robbers licensed to annoy,  
Harrass, plunder, and destroy !  
Rooks that cloud the tainted air,  
Over camps those wretches are ;  
Skulking, prowling, thro' the flood,  
Gleaners in the field of blood ;  
Hired to rob on high-way seas,  
Hired by avarice and ease ;  
Such, on gain to speculate,  
Sit and fling the darts of fate.

Sea-beasts deep in ocean swim,  
Ships its glossy surface skim ;  
Great fish on the lesser prey,  
Ships infest the watery way ;  
Jaws extend, the prey in view,  
Ships the flying prize pursue ;  
So let war's voracious maw  
Trade within a vortex draw ;  
Thus shall naval glory dare,  
With the shark his triumph share ;  
Valour, if thou wouldst be great,  
Water-monster emulate ;

With rapacity afflict,  
Partial Commerce interdict ;  
War endowed is with the gift,  
Funds to sink, insurance lift ;  
Under-writing whilst it props  
Trade—its generoue victim drops ?

Vexing blasts the trumpet sends,  
And the grieved welkin rends,  
Ocean rises, for the noise  
His intended rest destroys ;  
Asked the cause these routs arise,  
“ For our commerce,” War replies ;  
“ Traffick’s quarrel up I take,  
And for trade my lance I shake ;  
Commerce knows no fair increase,  
If assisted not by Peace :  
Till sweet Peace shall be restored,  
In this hand I hold the sword ;  
Commerce glitters on its blade,  
War the guardian is of trade.”

By smooth stream, or prattling brook,  
With or net or barbed hook,

With his pouch of various baits,  
Patiently the angler waits ;  
Lovers of a wily sport  
Must to stratagem resort ;  
To the nature of that fish  
Present object of his wish :  
What for food it most affects,  
Now his master-skill directs ;  
That most likely to decoy  
So the bait he must employ :  
These deceptions have the form  
Of some frog, or writhing worm,  
Or a larger fish's fry,  
Scarlet rag, or gilded fly.

Shall we credit have, or blame,  
Giving each some other name ?  
Conquest that, or Commerce this,  
Is Religion's name amiss ?  
Constitution, Colony,  
Independence, Liberty ;  
All those baits, how fair they look,  
Hiding each the deadly hook ;

Nations the duped fishes are,  
As the ANGLER's name is WAR !  
Avarice employs his arts,  
Smooth Ambition lauds his parts ;  
And the produce of his sport  
Is served up in plate at Court.

Once Religion was the bait ;  
Commerce is of later date ;  
Some pin's head upon the chart  
Must enrich, or spoil the mart ;  
Spot, inhospitable, drear,  
In the green sea disappear ;  
Spot, athwarted wave could wash  
O'er thy face in foaming dash ;  
What the wiser gull forsakes,  
Man a point of contest makes ;  
Leaves his own wide waste of plain  
To the lapwing's sad domain ;  
Nothing rising on the wild  
But Stonehenge, fantastic child  
Of the antiquary's dream !  
Where nor heard the owlet's scream,

Nor the raven's social glee ;  
Left 'tis to sterility !  
For some far off tiny place,  
Wart upon the ocean's face.

What must anger and amaze,  
On our heaths few cattle graze !  
Here might lowing herds be fed,  
Here might num'rous flocks be spread ;  
To the poor an altered case,  
Now an half-starved, puny race ;  
If this policy at length  
Sap their stamina and strength,  
Dwindling downwards, what are they ?  
Husks of animated clay !

Thus degenerate and mean,  
So unlike to what they've been,  
Where our pride of yeomanry ?  
Strong, courageous, cheerful, free ?  
Is their strength our coat of mail  
'Gainst a foreign foe's assail,  
Can their lords expect they've still  
Spirit to repel, or will ?

From their calling, art, or trade,  
Man, if taken, soldiers made ;  
Work they might have done must be  
Lost to the community.  
Low is sunk the general stock,  
Opulence can stand the shock ;  
Scarcity proceeds from thence,  
For extortion trite pretence ;  
Armies idle, yet must eat,  
Nations groan beneath their weight.

Fraud first agitates the fear  
That the ravenous wolf is near ;  
Panic terrors catch the cry,  
“ Call the dog, the wolf is nigh !”  
Useless is the guard, tho’ fed  
With the silly shepherd’s bread ;  
Flocks and shepherds simple, tame,  
Fraud hath yet another game ;  
Should the wolf to rest be laid  
In his chamber, under shade  
Of the brawny sinewed oak,  
Where his slumbers are not broke ;

Thorn and briar, and such as those,  
Form his curtains woven close,  
Drawn by Flora round the beast,  
(She affects this sort of jest,)  
Tho' a goddess, she as soon  
(Cooler night, or fervid noon,)  
Bed would dress, and fresh and clean  
For a wolf as for a queen.

Harmless as the monster lies,  
Fraud unto his covert hies,  
Round and round the thicket beats,  
Then for safety quick retreats :  
Chased thus forth the savage springs,  
With his howl the forest rings ;  
To the fold, nor let nor bar,  
Fraud lets " slip the dogs of war !"  
Tho' the foe the villain raised,  
This to quell he's paid and praised.

#### THE SUPPLIES.

When for war a nation cries,  
Government must have supplies :

“ Give us war,” contractors roar,  
This the giddy mob encore ;  
War reverberates around,  
Thousand echoes swell the sound ;  
War for them at length procured,  
By manœuvre well insured,  
At the price they murmur, then,  
And inveigh with tongue and pen :  
Reason-void, the multitude  
Turn with saucy voice and rude,  
And their rulers now decry :  
Asked the charges to supply,  
Eagerly for peace they cry.

War is an expensive toy,  
Why then blubber like a boy,  
If, for what you made this rout,  
All your money is laid out ?  
He who cries, “ Let war be mine,”  
Must not at a tax repine ;  
Nor when had, with mad caprice,  
Think as soon they can have peace :  
Peace enjoying, peace maintain,  
Gone, she may not come again ;

So the stream with tranquil grace  
Shows a heaven on its face ;  
But, disturbed with wrinkling frowns,  
Gentle aspect long disowns.

Crystal goblet ! tipped with gold,  
Fit the drink of gods to hold !  
Yes, loved Peace, but by a stroke  
Subject art thou to be broke,  
Or in fragments or in twain,  
To rejoin thee effort vain ;  
Think then yet, unthinking boy,  
War a dagger, not a toy !

Faithless calm before a storm,  
Fair delusions beauteous form,  
Lets thy treachery upbraid  
War, sweet lovely seeming MAID. \*

Smiling looks, and witching face  
Lure us to the close embrace ;  
Draw us to thy balmy breast,  
Fragrant seat of love and rest ;

\* The Machine of Death, called the "Maiden."

Clasp'd, then from the curst machine  
Issue poignards all unseen ;  
Pierced thus by thy cruel charms,  
Thus we die within thy arms !

Glory, honour, conquest, fame !  
Lofty words, and much the same :  
On his nimble finger gaze,  
Whilst his tricks the juggler plays,  
Senseless jargon catch your ear,  
“ Presto there, and presto here !”  
Your attention they confound,  
Hammered by the empty sound,  
Whilst into your purse he dives,  
At your folly laughs and thrives ;  
Yet his laughter is not seen,  
No, he laughs behind his screen ;  
War is just this juggling knave,  
But War's jargon is so brave,  
“ Honor ! conquest ! glory ! fame !”  
Hey, pass presto ! all the same !

Other frauds fell war employs,  
Spider webs and quaint decoys ;

This the mask of Commerce wears,  
That by splendid show ensnares ;  
One draws ships into your ports,  
That brings strangers to your courts :  
War starts out ! embargo claps,  
Prisoner-guests are caught in traps.  
This is Commerce, liberal, free,  
This is Hospitality !  
Then steps in that foe to trade,  
Swaggering, paltry, mean blockade,  
Corking up the vital pores,  
Thus engend'ring blains and sores ;  
This, not partial ill bestows,  
All the system tainted grows.

#### FOREIGN ALLIANCES.

War, rude bully ! struts and strides,  
With inflated cheeks and sides ;  
And himself to anger brings,  
Dauntless round his arms he flings :  
Thinks to strength the right belongs,  
Still to do unpunished wrongs ;  
Deals about his threats and strokes,  
Till the sufferer he provokes ;

Rouses ant, and bee, and wasp,  
States alarmed, the weapons grasp ;  
To expel, their first design,  
Soon to punish they combine ;  
View the formidable host,  
Where is now the tyrant's boast ?  
Scorpions now, they are not flies,  
Now for help the bully cries ;  
Of existence sore afraid,  
Offers millions now for aid ;  
Trembling with dismay and doubt,  
Still he offers—they hold out :  
When the price is screwed up high,  
Then consents some good ally,  
To oblige, his money takes,  
And his wretched cause forsakes ;  
Others prove a solid friend,  
And support him to the end ;  
To the very end indeed,  
Till of freedom he is freed !

Once call'd in, the sure reward,  
Your protector turns your lord ;

With the sword he brings a chain,  
And a scourge if you complain :  
Bits you with an iron hand,  
Takes your water, takes your land ;  
You must eat the grass, and toil  
Takes possession of the soil ;  
'Ware Hyperborean hoard !  
West, use not a Northern sword !  
Let such fall of nations teach,  
Better 'tis to patch the breach  
With concession or amends,  
Than implore protecting friends :  
Western Islands, tempting, fair,  
Britain of the North beware !

## HUMANITY.

Ever good and ever kind,  
See Humanity enshrined ;  
In her dryad olive groves,  
With the Graces and the Loves !  
And her handmaids every Muse,  
In their robes of various hues ;

In some office of her state  
All the sciences await :  
Guardian Lares of her home  
Flutter round her sheltered dome ;  
Naïad of the freshened flood,  
Faunus of the hazle wood :  
Flocks in flowery pastures were,  
Silver streams rose here and there ;  
Cottages lie near unto,  
Their inhabitants not few :  
As they nothing have to fear,  
Melancholy comes not near ;  
Of a straw the oats, when ripe,  
Pan had made himself a pipe ;  
Not that reed which could proclaim  
Midas' ears, and Midas' shame ;  
But a pipe whose mellow trill  
Can with joy the hearers fill ;  
Can accompany the song,  
Or to dance can move the throng ;  
Yet it stops if any sigh  
In the passing gale comes by ;  
That is carried to her ear,  
Such her general orders were ;

Tears let fall of grief or shame,  
She must know who wept the same :  
Grief within the shell was crushed,  
And the mourner's sorrows hushed ;  
In her panoply is seen,  
That she reigns a little queen ;  
Blessings mark her character,  
Sacred Peace anointed her ;  
Sovereign friend, and parent she,  
Such was Queen Humanity !

Up a bootless quarrel springs,  
'Twixt a group of wrathful kings ;  
And the cause, or wrong or right,  
All determined were on fight ;  
That is, that their vassals should  
Treasures waste, and shed their blood ;  
For her reason and her rules,  
Dulness singles out her tools ;  
Round her Manifesto flew,  
And her Declaration true ;  
Chipped and chizzled out was that,  
This was hammered smooth and flat ;

Some of bronze, and burnished bright,  
Dazzling to the weaker sight ;  
This of high relief and bold,  
Cast in *Manifesto* mould ;  
There you see aggressions shine,  
Perfidy to grace the line.

Now is hid the vivid ray,  
And obscured the face of day ;  
Now the air bestriding hag  
Makes the vital current lag !  
Murky clouds the land o'ershade,  
Blossoms wither, flowers fade ;  
Struggling, hopeless yet of breath  
Nature wrestling is with death ;  
Blasted, scorched, she faintly sinks,  
And her blood the vampyre drinks :  
Scream and yell, and howl and shriek,  
Carnival of War bespeak ;  
Concert pleasing, rich repast,  
See the demon smiles aghast ;  
With a baleful scowl around,  
Views the carcase-covered ground !

Writhing snakes his temples bind,  
Giving taint unto the wind ;  
Looks of envy now he throws  
On the mansion of repose ;  
Where, in happiness serene,  
Sits the peace-enthroned queen ;  
Sovereign friend, and parent she,  
Gentle Queen Humanity !

#### NEUTRALITY.

Thus exclaim the battling powers,  
“ Rest supine in rosy bowers !  
Neutral ! none must neuter sit,  
Measure which we can't admit :  
You must take an active share,  
And for me, or me, declare ;  
Good ally, auxiliary,  
Send your quota quick to me :  
Good auxiliary, ally,  
We require your quick supply :  
In your towns our troops receive,  
We protect you, that believe ;  
All the charges we defray,  
You find clothes, and food, and pay ;

To your coast our ships resort,  
Safe embayed within your port;  
For your welfare, then, are we  
Signed and sealed your guarantee ;  
Else our army and our fleet  
Burn and capture all they meet.”

Neutral fields are now the stage  
Whereon hostile powers engage ;  
In that ocean, near whose brim  
Oft Leviathan doth swim ;  
Which hath hidden groves below,  
Where those trees of coral grow ;  
Currents in their adverse course,  
Rushing on with mighty force,  
Meet, nor either side will bend,  
But in “roaring war” contend ;  
All around, or dash’d or tost,  
Are in vast destruction lost :

So two imp-inspired bands,  
Bring their troops to foreign lands ;  
Trampling field and breaking mound,  
Flinging devastation round ;

Making those the war deplore,  
Who the God of Peace adore :  
In the cause who had no part,  
By effect to suffer smart ;  
Making Ceres' favourite haunt  
Drear abode of squalid want ;  
Doomed for years her fields to see  
Mourning in sterility.

God demands the dread account,  
And requires the gross amount,  
When all items up are cast,  
Men and treasures, thus, at last,  
Total sum of war's event,  
Millions killed, and millions spent ;  
Broke in character and purse,  
Bankrupt all, except in curse ;  
When the sun is veiled in night,  
And in blood the lunar light,  
Then is near the dreadful day  
When our worlds shall pass away ;  
Such the signs, not vain our fear  
That the day of reckoning's near !

## POPULATION.

War ! thou usher of finance !  
Now *thy* specious plea advance,  
“ People multiply apace,  
War must thin the human race,  
Or our earth will be o'er-run ;  
Draw the sword, and load the gun.”  
Stop, fell War, thy mad career !  
Hath not God who placed us here,  
Be our numbers great or small,  
Fixed the means of our recall ?  
From the font unto the grave,  
Or the freeman or the slave,  
Rich or poor, or high or low,  
Coming fast, as fast they go :  
What the fever’s boiling rage,  
What the palsy, plague, or age,  
What is each death-giving ill  
But the weapon of his will ?

Tho’ in childhood, youth, and prime,  
Many drop, yet only TIME  
Holds the sickle of the Lord ;  
Death in age is God’s award :

Gently gliding, then, and slow,  
Down the hill of life we go ;  
Free from sickness and its pains,  
So a saving Heaven ordains ;  
In the vale nor dark nor deep,  
Fall we like a babe to sleep :  
Temperance, discreet and staid,  
Of the man half angel made ;  
Full of honoured years mature,  
By temptations tried, and pure,  
Hope pronounces, blest are they,  
Who so late are called away ! \*

War uncouth ! thou monster rude !  
Why thy ruffian self obtrude  
On the peace-devoted time ?  
While the youth the hill doth climb,  
Why in haste his footsteps track,  
And abruptly pull him back ?

Or if MAN, he gain the top,  
In descent forbid to stop,

\* Such was the death of the Author of this Poem, in the 86th year of his age, 4th of February, 1833.

Downwards why precipitate,  
And his death accelerate ?  
Loiter must he not, nor stay  
In his smooth and onward way ;  
Yet of body, or of mind,  
Heaven for him some work assigned ;  
Heaven of good thou dost prevent,  
Rend'ring nought the great intent !

Virtue flows from man's free will,  
Else would cease this mighty ill ;  
If that man could do no wrong,  
Good would not to him belong :  
Proof on value can decide,  
When by principle 'tis tried ;  
On this proof will God reject,  
On this proof will he elect ;  
Tho' in wrath a chastening rod,  
Evil does not come from God :  
Certain ills our wayward lot  
He permits, but sanctions not.  
Cruel sickness, if it waste,  
Early if adown it haste,

Where did malady begin ?  
Doubtless with some ancient sin ;  
By first innocence unknown,  
By the sons of Belial sown ;  
Thence thro' veins from age to age,  
Tenure of our heritage :  
Burns the taper to its end,  
So our life did God intend ;  
Else say why, with noblest art,  
Calculated every part  
Of this heaven-contrived machine ?  
Answer, impious sceptic spleen,  
Membrane, muscle, bone, and nerve,  
Self-existence to preserve ?

Bold blasphemer ! answer why  
E'en the Good are loth to die !  
Hail, Creator ! yield Him praise,  
To his creatures who thus says,—  
“ I give life, and place thee there ;  
Mark ! that life is in thy care ;  
Slayer, thy existence mourn,  
Better thou hadst not been born.”

This the Lord of Peace hath said,  
MUSE repeat, and not dismayed,  
Duty to thy office suit,  
Not thy office to be mute,  
When the wounds of peace require  
Balmy comforts not for hire.

Since was Chaos' veil withdrawn,  
Since Religion's twilight dawn,  
Every form by God prescribed,  
Whence our virtues are imbibed,  
Formed to give our years increase  
By the rules of health or peace,  
Temperance ! thrice blessed state !  
Pending ills procrastinate ;  
Manifest and justify  
Ways of Him who sits on high.  
Luxury nor find the seat,  
Nor thy rose-embowered retreat ;  
Nor thy low-roofed cot approach,  
Nor on calm of morn encroach ;  
When without or pain or guile  
In the mead thou tak'st thy mile ;

Or on hawthorn-bordered road,  
Thanking him who health bestowed.

Thou, unless that some ill-hap  
Come thy vital thread to snap,  
Canst give age a chance, and fair,  
Tho' peep forth the silver hair ;  
Chance to reach the goal, and win,  
And to live thy soul begin :  
Ruddy Age, this truth advance,  
That the vaunting warrior's lance  
(Ever be our Maker praised !)  
Never by our God was raised.

He whose mercy, prompt to spare,  
The Physician can prepare ,  
Gives him scientific art  
To receive the tyrant's dart  
On th' invulnerable shield ;  
The defensive sword to wield  
'Gainst disease, foul serpent she  
Of obscene crammed luxury !  
Who hath got ten thousand young,  
Every one an aspick's tongue !

Christ ! Physician ! Lord of light !  
Thou didst call from realms of night  
Lazarus, thy mortal friend,  
Saviour, thou didst descend,  
Thou alone, who canst not err  
To assume this character,  
When thy Godhead thoud'st reveal,  
(Means most blessed !) thou didst heal :  
Sacred character, from thence  
Health thou canst to man dispense :  
Health, true zest to human joy,  
Only bliss without alloy ;  
Sacred by the sacred word,  
Noblest soldier of the Lord,  
The Physician be revered,  
By his kindred clay endeared :  
Thro' the Gospels are not found  
Documents to give the wound ;  
Of its cure how many shine !  
Emanation all divine !  
Leaders of the armed host,  
Fall the plume, forego the boast,  
'Neath whose standard dost thou fight ?  
Death's pale banner, man of might !

To thy victor yield the wreath,  
The Physician conquers Death.

## POLICY.

Country, nation, powers, state,  
Prosperous, or rich, or great,  
Which the greatest, wisest boast,  
Population aids it most ;  
Then was war thy proper mode ?  
Let Confucius point the road ;  
On the craig where eagles build,  
Let appear the waving field,  
Till the eight-inch point of rock  
Where the wild birds else would flock,  
Spacious streets the riv'lets make,  
And a market-town the lake ;  
Spongy swamps and marshes drain,  
Sprinkle them with plants and grain ;  
Bid all live, and all employ,  
Every face a face of joy !

Patriot chief ! or wouldst thou shine,  
Snatch the powder from the mine ;

From the cannon draw the charge,  
Thus the magazine enlarge ;  
Put the grain to nobler use,  
Life, not death, it may produce :  
Blast the rock and clear the moor,  
Occupation give the poor ;  
Barren waste yield wholesome bread,  
Indolence be labour-fed ;  
Take the rustic from his plough,  
Civil discontent ye sow ;  
Take the blacksmith from his forge,  
In his hand ye place the scourge ;  
Conscience strength obedience spurns,  
And the worm upon you turns ;  
Soldier once, he ne'er again  
Turns to useful citizen.

Discontent, rebellion dire,  
Long conceals the latent fire ;  
Scattered wide, yet still the same,  
Burns the peace-destroying flame,  
Ere in anarchy it rage,  
Learn its fury to assuage :  
Learn a method seldom tried,  
On the issue then decide ;

Let the labourer obtain  
Those few props that life sustain ;  
Keep his meal within his reach,  
Let his blood not swell the leach ;  
From the wretch that hoards the grain  
Thou defend him, not in vain :  
That which gives his children meat,  
Makes the workman's labour sweet ;  
Sings the weaver at his loom,  
When dispelled his boding gloom ;  
Artisan shall ply his tools,  
Leaving plots to knaves and fools ;  
Thus the smothered ember dies,  
Ere the struggling flame can rise.

Pardon comes *before* the crime,  
Mercy this in precious time ;  
Wheat can stop the ill intent,  
Hemp may punish, not prevent :  
Rig'rous yet supine the laws,  
Base forestaller ! thou the cause !  
Disaffection thou dost breed,  
Haggard discontent to feed :  
Whilst our bounteous Maker's hand  
Scatters plenty o'er the land,

Thou, insatiate pampered thing,  
Artificial famines bring !  
Like the villain-spider wait  
'Yond the suburb turnpike gate ;  
On the fatted oxen start  
Ere they reach the public mart :  
Buy the corn yet under ground,  
Buy the hops for acres round ;  
Buy up dairies, coal-pits buy,  
Lift the monstrous purchase high,  
Avarice-swoll'n, with Mammon curst,  
Judas-like, then hang and burst !  
"Till achieved that glorious deed,  
With impunity proceed ;  
Clutch, monopolize, engross,  
Give thy sin the trading gloss :  
Whilst we censure, be it known  
That the Capital's thy own.  
" Who dare chalk for me a line,  
Rule for using that that's mine ?  
Time is by the fore-lock caught,  
Bargains offered must be bought ;  
'Tis but calculation all,  
At *your* foot *you'd* kick the ball."

This the brag of impious pride,  
This the grand colossal stride ;  
Break the idol ! statesman wise !  
At its base Rebellion lies.

#### ADMINISTRATION.

Wisdom forms the ray divine,  
Which from governors should shine,  
On the subject multitude  
- Unenlightened else, and rude :  
When in wisdom reason gleams,  
Cheering with its genial beams,  
Grateful in complacency  
The reviving orb shall be ;  
Yet if those ordained to rule,  
Darken into knave, or fool,  
Scarce with reasons light endowed,  
Ignorance their sable cloud,  
What are then the under-class  
But a sanguinary mass ?

Stupid pomp, among his books,  
With his solemn, stolid looks,

Takes one down, and cons a page,  
Chatters of Augustan age :  
“ Science at its zenith *then*,  
For the chissel, pencil, pen,  
Splendid sun long set !” he cries,  
“ Never, never more to rise !”  
Nor reflects he that those rays,  
Kindling objects for his praise,  
From the Sun of Peace shone forth,  
Soul and life of every worth ;  
Every blessing its increase  
In the glorious work of Peace :  
“ Noblest strains great Maro sang !”  
Him he’ll quote in his harangue ;  
Horace, Naso, too, he’ll quote,  
Yet for war he gives his vote !

Epidemic mania, worst  
Which the race of man hath curst !  
War’s a very madness, sure,  
Peace its anodyne and cure :  
War brings famine, famine pest,  
Peace its remedy, and best :

Fraud and rapine now lay traps  
To produce the dire relapse ;  
Gracious God, those ills avert !  
Which with Satan they concert !  
Close the monster in his den,  
Turn the hearts of cruel men.

Pampered idleness, inert,  
Must have something to divert ;  
What can then so much amuse,  
As to con the printed news ?  
Home we know—but flat and stale !  
Gaping for the foreign mail :  
“ Peace time ! empty, tedious, dull,  
But in war, the paper’s full :  
There a Hamburg merchant cracked,  
Or a Turkish city sacked ;  
Crossed the Rhine, or up the Nile,  
Killed or wounded rank and file ;  
Thirteen skirmishes at least,  
And a battle ! here’s a feast !  
Bayonets fixed we forced the trench,  
Then blown up—confound the French !

Thro' the war, true blue and buff,  
Peace, all milk and water stuff!"

Thus while Raleigh's weed they smoke,  
Coffee, beer, or port they soak ;  
They're amused—but must men bleed,  
Must men die that they may read ?  
When achieved their frantic feats,  
Brilliant conquests, sly retreats ;  
Guns by wholesale men have killed,  
Bayonets have bodies drilled ;  
But to dam the grieving stream,  
And is dragged the loaded team,  
With the dying and the dead,  
Headless trunk and trunkless head,  
Heap on heap promiscuous thrown,  
In a pit together sown,  
Call on hospitals in vain,  
Languish for relief in pain ;  
Give the saw, and probe employ,  
Practice for the 'prentice boy :  
Butcher cutting chine and chumps,  
Then in streets to beg on stumps ;

Death his harvest well got in,  
Up we hang the lacquered tin ;  
Candles thro' the windows glare,  
Artisans huzza and stare :  
Then, O man, why use a word  
Impious, and most absurd !  
Use, our pranks to dignify  
What belongs to God on high,  
Glory ! this we glory call,  
Blasphemous, most criminal !

#### VICTORIES.

Victory ! the rumour 's out,  
People swell the deaf'ning shout ;  
“ 'Tis a victory, and great !  
Proud, decisive, and compleat !”

Hold ! decisive is it ? No,  
Fortune will not such bestow ;  
Victory yet never came,  
But as price of future shame :  
Paid before-hand, earnest sure  
That defeat we must endure ;

From the triumph warning take,  
Lofty hills low vallies make ;  
Yet the hero of the day  
With his laurels struts away :  
From event averts his face,  
Easy in the new disgrace,  
Which makes sad the happy land,  
Slaughter-workings of his hand ;  
From a conquest vengeance springs,  
This retaliation brings :  
Chronicled on sheets of gold,  
Deeds heroic fairly told ;  
This bold truth, say, candour, then,  
Heroes are not honest men.

Victory ! the term explode !  
During our assigned abode  
In this humble vale of tears,  
Doubt, temptation, hopes, and fears,  
Conquest o'er our passions gained,  
Lord ! so be it ascertained,  
Else we vainly arrogate  
What befits not mortal state :

Sinner, try thy soul to save,  
Win a conquest o'er the grave ;  
Not till then can victory,  
Weak, frail man, belong to thee.

#### LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Since commands that gave God's will,  
Brought were once from Sinai's Hill,  
All that inspiration spoke,  
Whether full his anger broke,  
O'er a sinning world indign,  
Or his mercy all benign ;  
Every truth where faith might rest,  
Holy mandate, mild behest,  
All a Saviour analysed,  
All are in two points comprised.

Soul, ascend on angel's wings !  
“ Love thy God above all things.”  
Bring soft peace from realms above,  
“ As thyself thy neighbour love.”

Causeless doubts invite despair,  
Man thy seeming sorrows bear :

Can the cloud that blots the day,  
Tho' it check the pointed ray,  
Cool the vivifying power  
That can raise from earth the flower ?  
When misfortune presses hard,  
As a good the ill regard,  
That the present anguish is  
Certain road to future bliss :  
Think thou dost in favour stand,  
Chastened by a parent's hand ;  
Fancy points us favour lost,  
At the time he loves us most.

Love thy God, in mercy trust,  
Confidence pourtrays the just ;  
Yet deplorable their state,  
God-deserted, reprobate ;  
Who must heap those burdens on,  
Which oppress his chosen one ;  
Who the marked tormentors are,  
From them penitence how far ;  
Scourges from his venging arm,  
Fell distributors of harm ;

Dions, Neros, Robespierres,  
Dread Abaddon's black compeers :  
Sad afflictors of their kind,  
For the flames are left behind ;  
When the harvest's gathered in,  
Burned the chaff and straw of sin,  
Breakers of the sacred law,  
Heroes all are chaff and straw !

All their acts the laws disprove,  
Children one another love ;  
Blot their deeds, **Urania**, say,  
Enemies to Christ are they ;  
Spare she would, but vain attempt,  
Not Huniades exempt ;  
Yet blest freedom's patriot son,  
Pardon Heaven thy Washington !

Lord thy bounties cannot fade,  
Nor thou need thy creature's aid ;  
Love for thee can but appear  
In our love for those left here :  
Fellow voyager, no more  
Making for that destined shore,

Sea-worn mariner, distressed,  
Thou art favoured, thou art blessed :  
To assist and comfort thee  
Is Religion, Piety ;  
Every good to man afford,  
Love mankind, we love the Lord.

## ORDER.

All that man hath known, or knows,  
Far as our perception goes ;  
All we're told, and can conceive,  
All we see, and should believe,  
Beautiful, or good, or great,  
ORDER forms their proper state ;  
By her laws in circling chase,  
Systems run their mystic race ;  
When the birds in chorus sweet,  
The return of Phœbus greet,  
Tho' is charm'd the vulgar ear,  
Comes the sentence, how severe !  
Which pronounces wild the note,  
Pouring from the feathered throat ;  
Taste, that fair attention pays,  
Finds true science in his lays ;

So their dulcet strains agree,  
Order rules their harmony !

Observation, wing thy flight,  
Pluck the flower from Alpine height ;  
View the shrub that bides the storm,  
Mark their symmetry of form ;  
Wild, though by Linneus known,  
ORDER stamps them all her own :  
Ages in succession roll,  
Order regulates the whole ;  
Work stupendous, air, earth, flood,  
Thy creation, Lord, is good ;  
Perfect, fair, from blemish free,  
Order rules variety !  
Thus arranged, distinct and clear,  
To advantage all appear ;  
Tranquil joys thy works pervade,  
And thy creature 's happy made ;  
Angels waft the breath of peace,  
Bid nor happiness decrease,  
Nor the rude tumultuous jar,  
Nor the blustering voice of war.

War sets on a wrangling bout,  
Putting order to the rout ;  
Wild confusion, order's bane,  
Thus brings penury and pain ;  
Order ! regular and staid,  
Wise, discreet, yet smiling maid,  
Swiftly flying, flies with grace,  
Wild confusion takes her place :  
Rage, discomfort, grief, and pain,  
Bid her ne'er return again ;  
War his factors settles there,  
Devastation and despair.

Thou who Janus' portals shut,  
In its sheath the weapon put ;  
Who could bid not war encroach  
On the way of Christ's approach,  
Spirit of Augustus, come,  
And avert the fearful doom !  
God to thee, tho' unrevealed,  
Titus thou his fasces held ;  
God such Lictor could direct  
To chastise his once-elect :

Sion ! theme of sacred praise,  
Thou appointed wert to raze,  
Nation favour'd, yet perverse  
And ungrateful, to disperse,  
Who the Prince of Life could slay,  
Destined wanderers for aye !

Universal Peace is thine,  
Send it Lord ! thy second sign !  
Vanish Sin, and Pain, and War,  
Come, thou other Bethlehem Star !

END OF WAR.

## PART II.

## PEACE, OR THE HALCYON.

---

“ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace to men of  
good will.”

---

Now the Bark may safely ride,  
Or as safely skim the tide,  
So it 'ware the sunken rock,  
So it 'ware the second shock :  
Step the deck, or climb the shroud,  
Tho' the fresh breeze whistle loud ;  
Let it whistle, let it bawl,  
Crackling sails keep up the brawl ;  
Let the coxswain guide the helm,  
Steering for the distant realm :  
Every dot upon the chart  
Be one universal mart  
For the purposes of life,  
Not to barter strife for strife ;

Sell or buy, a welcome free,  
Scorning base monopoly !

Let 's not mar the Makers's plan  
Who hath given a world to man ;  
Rain on every spot to fall,  
And his sun to shine on all,  
Stinted here, or there replete,  
All in compensation meet ;  
Commerce great, and unconfined,  
Souls unite and kingdoms bind ;  
Commerce-killer, ruffian War,  
Go for ever from us far !

Let the bark now safely ride,  
Or in safety skim the tide ;  
Be the channel to the keel  
What the road is to the wheel :  
Kingdoms hence in kindness vie,  
Wants of this let that supply.  
Permanent our Peace shall be,  
Built not on duplicity :  
JANUS, with thy double face,  
Triumph not in our disgrace ;

Mutual faith thy temple close,  
Gentle PEACE avert our woes ;  
Let the glutted tiger rest,  
Blessed Halcyon, keep thy nest !  
Blessed times the lyre employ,  
Raise to heaven the song of joy ;  
For celestial our acclaim,  
Peace is ours, from heaven it came !

David, when thy pious will  
Bade on Sion's holy Hill,  
Rise a Temple to the Lord,  
Thus forbade Jehovah's word :

“ No, my own anointed king,  
Not for thee this blessed thing ;  
As in wars thou wert engaged,  
In my name tho' war was waged,  
Sacred work must be profaned,  
Wrought by hand with blood distained ;  
Spotless yet is Solomon,  
Leave that honour to thy son.”

Hov'ring dove ! the olive drop,  
Rest not on the mountain top ;

With the honey-culling bee,  
Rove the vale from torrents free ;  
Let the many-coloured bow  
Like an arch of triumph show :  
In the welkin let it shine,  
Covenant of Peace divine,  
Such as beamed the gracious morn,  
When a Saviour Christ was born.

Hail, sweet Peace ! enthroned queen,  
Sober, gentle, and serene ;  
By thy God and ours enthroned,  
And with virgin lilies crowned ;  
Not that flower which Rancour wears,  
Thro' the lapse of fleeting years ;  
Jealous-coloured flower, die,  
With thee, Animosity !  
Thou canst not perfume the air,  
As is wont thy sister fair ;  
Thou, too, speckled like the snake,  
Of its poison doth partake :  
Thro' the sons' and grandsons' vein  
Sends the hate-descended bane,

To existing parties tell  
How Saint Ruth and Schomberg fell :  
Vaunt how Boyne once red with gore,  
How third William reached the shore,  
Keep the rival flame alive,  
Bid effect the cause survive ;  
Cause that Lethe's wave should drown,  
And the present race disown ;  
Let applauding angels see  
What a **UNION** *ought* to be !

In our Britain, ocean-bound,  
Acres yet of useless ground,  
Plains that to the ken of eye  
Seem to meet the land and sky :  
Acres thousands, waste and void,  
Men in thousands unemployed ;  
Man, go, till the grateful plains  
Take the produce for thy pains,  
Ere to colonize you roam,  
Look for comforts here at home ;  
Ploughshare as thou art remain,  
Never be a sword again !

Peasant, early quit thy shed,  
Leave thy sleeping wife a-bed,  
Frugal, innocent, and kind ;  
Leave thy sleeping babes behind :  
Nor return to drop the latch,  
Peace will keep both ward and watch :  
Hie thee, cheerful, to the field,  
There the scythe or sickle wield ;  
Let him sing and work the while,  
Brimming flagon make him smile :

Bind the wheat, or cut the hay,  
Well is won the guiltless day ;  
Scores of prisoners let him take  
With the prong and with the rake ;  
With the weed dispute the ground,  
Now the captive sheaf is bound ;  
And the linnet quits the tune,  
And the hymn is to the moon  
Sung alone by Philomel,  
Whilst beats time the distant bell.  
Curfew sounds no harsh command  
To the Norman-conquered land ;

Signal in our peaceful days  
For the cheerful hearth to blaze ;  
Bids the thrifty spouse prepare  
For her mate the wholesome fare ;  
Let her welcome at the door,  
From the field her infant corps,  
Laden with the golden grain,  
Such the trophies they had ta'en !  
Gleaning gave the noble spoil  
To reward their wond'rous toil.

These the joys of peaceful home,  
Where no wheedling sergeants come ;  
Peasants go and merry make  
Once a-year at country wake :  
Treat the maiden that you love,  
With the ribbon, garter, glove ;  
Fiddle play, and lead her up,  
Bid her kiss the frothing cup ;  
Drive thy cattle to the Fair,  
Neither comes the sergeant there.

Now thy parent, very old,  
Shall not, with a sigh, be told,

That their prop, their darling son,  
Has from home with soldiers run ;  
First, if to militia sold,  
Then to regulars cajolled :  
From his wife, when snatched away,  
Men in foreign fields to slay,  
No protector, what relief,  
Sunk in poverty and grief,  
But to weep her babes unfed,  
Crying for the parish bread ;  
Whilst the man who else would feel,  
Grumbling o'er his stinted meal,  
Can with apathy be told  
Ills of hunger and of cold ;  
By the parish rates he's vexed,  
How to feed his own perplexed :  
Thou hast this mechanic's curse,  
Styled a runaway, or worse ;  
Husband kind, and parent fond,  
Writ a scoundrel vagabond !

Poverty ! thou bird obscene,  
Hungry, abject, and unclean ;

Hence, all vile and sordid thing,  
From our lofty cliffs take wing !  
Pure gale scorn, and dainty air,  
Scorn the loathed freight to bear,  
Fall, or ere thy wings expand,  
Never visit other land ;  
Drop beyond low-water mark,  
Hide thee in the ocean dark :  
Come not where our joys increase,  
Come not near the realms of peace ;  
Nor deserve we such a curse,  
Stay with Idleness, thy nurse !

Industry ! without repine  
Dig the waste, our golden mine ;  
Turn the wheel, the shuttle ply,  
Let the name of Famine die.

Industry ! fit human pride,  
With thee Plenty loves to bide ;  
War had frightened both from home,  
Back to thy loved mansion come :  
Oh return ! 'tis Peace invites,  
Courts thee with those blessed delights,

Such as Belial never knew  
Peace has now prepared for you :  
Nor with gluttony appear,  
Bring the frugal banquet here ;  
Viands spread on verdant banks,  
Render to the Giver thanks ;  
Sober, tho' full cheerful yet,  
Cheerfulness is Plenty's debt :  
Sober, though, yet bring the bowl,  
Joy, devotion, of the soul.  
Tune the minstrel's votive lay,  
With the olive twine the bay ;  
Curling vine and barley-corn,  
Rose of Love the brow adorn ;  
Poisoned laurel, yield thy place,  
Nor e'er shade the human face :  
Peace, the conqueror of Death,  
Now bestows this civic wreath.

Slowly is the veil withdrawn,  
Which discovers twilight dawn ;  
Phœbus, rising by degrees,  
Low in east the shepherd sees,

Till progressive sheets of light  
Spread the blue one ample bright :  
Bright and brighter still it grows,  
With meridian splendour glows,  
And its zenith when attained,  
Hath its point of glory gained.

So, surmounting Death and Sin,  
Man may here his heaven begin ;  
With his shades the light may blend,  
Softening as he shall ascend :  
Peace his guide, thro' each degree,  
To celestial purity !

END OF WAR AND PEACE.

## DRAWING LOTS IN SHAKESPEARE.

## INTRODUCTION.

The preceding poem of Peace, or the Halcyon, when published in the author's "Recollections of his Life," in 1826, met with the decided approbation of his highly respected friend (and their friendship continued upwards of twenty years,) the Rev. JOSEPH HOLDEN POTT, the present Archdeacon of London.

In 1811, the Archdeacon's family, spending a summer's evening at the cottage of the author and his daughter, the ladies amused themselves with drawing lots in Shakespeare ; and drew for the Archdeacon the following line in 'As You Like It,'—" Though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage." The next day the author sent the Archdeacon the following verses.

---

Whilst cheered by Hope, with doubt and awe,  
We think upon the coming day,  
Not well the mystic veil to draw,  
Which drops athwart our future way ;  
Yet so unerring laws ordain,  
By means unthought of we're prepared,  
For Shakespeare tho' of class profane,  
Hath often sacred truths declared.

And tho' in death poor Shakespeare lies,  
Though long extinct his “ Muse of Fire,”  
No charms of ours to bid him rise,  
No witching spells his speech require,  
When *Piety* and holy *Zeal*,  
And meek-eyed *Charity* appear,  
The coming truths he can reveal  
In prophecy distinct and clear.

For *Scrippage*, here be understood,  
The PASTORAL staff—not JOSEPH’s hope,  
Nor JOSEPH’s wish—the means of good  
A nobler and more ample scope :  
And be it yet the Lord’s command,  
His benediction thus increased,  
To place the CROSIER in the hand  
Of Lincoln’s Prebend, Northall’s Priest.\*

\* He was at that time Archdeacon of St. Albans, Prebend of Lincoln, and Vicar of Northall in Middlesex.

## A WALK

In company with Sir EDMOND STANLEY and his lady, and their only Child, now Mrs. BONTEIN, April, 1805, all of whom are still living.

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## INTRODUCTION.

The venerable author, to his last day, looked back with pleasure to the sociable hours Sir Edmond and he had passed together at Twickenham in 1804 and 1805, previous to the departure of the former for India, where he was appointed Judge of Prince of Wales's Island, and latterly Recorder of Madras.

Both he and Lady Stanley were much pleased with these verses, which were written the day after their pilgrimage with the author to Esher. In a letter from Lady Stanley to the editor, she says:—  
“ Your father's poem, when in India, was our constant delight ; we read it, or lent it to read, to all old and new acquaintances ; we both are highly flattered by his kindness, and my two grandsons have it each under their own hands.”

The author, however, revised this poem latterly, and made many judicious alterations, as the original was never intended for publication. It is now printed for the first time.

Sir Edmond and the author, in 1805, lived within thirty yards of each other : the former in temporary furnished lodgings, the latter at his own cottage. A characteristic anecdote of the deceased may be here introduced :—Sir Edmond and the late Counsellor Lysaght, a man of amiable manners and extensive knowledge, were brought to shake FRIENDLY hands together by the author, at his own house. A few mornings after, they again met there, but accidentally, and in a short time were joined by the late Lord Ormonde, who not finding his friend Stanley at General Crosbie's, over the way, had crossed to seek him at the author's cottage. The first greetings over, three of the Irishmen fell gradually into a low murmuring

conversation on the political events of that day. O'Keeffe remained silent and patient a few minutes, when suddenly starting up in the full sternness of his naturally dignified manner, he burst upon the triumvirate with—" What the deuce do you mean ! I'm neither a spy nor a minister of state, that you mutter your secrets out of my hearing !"

A hearty laugh followed from the four Irishmen ; for, as he himself says,—“ Their anger a flash that flies off in a minute.”—“ We were all abusing the Union, O'Keeffe,” said Mr. Lysaght, (which assertion Sir Edmond interrupted with cries of “ No ! no ! no ! not ALL ;”) and we thought you safe out of hearing.”

It is not necessary to explain that Mr. Lysaght, Lord Ormonde, and O'Keeffe were against the Union, and that Sir Edmond, King's Sergeant at Law, and M. P. in the last Irish parliament, was in favour of that measure.

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#### A WALK FROM TWICKENHAM TO ESHER.

Two friends and I one day walked out,  
'Twas April (not the first,)  
To see the country round about  
They had a mighty thirst.

This was a learned brother styled,  
And that his lady fair,  
And well he loved his little child.\*  
And well she loved the air.

\* Mary Anne Stanley, at that time about three years old.

For be the day or wet or dry,  
She in the roads would walk,  
And he, were twenty judges by,  
Unto his child would talk.

Yet he had charmed a senate house  
Upon his legs for hours;  
Then mute was Forster as a mouse,  
Nay Grattan owned his powers !

His lady's face in smiles was clad,  
Her heart was good, in sooth ;  
A famous dog 'tis said they had,  
If I must speak the truth.

This dog who on a pillow slept  
Before, behind them ran ;  
This wond'rous dog they say was kept  
To please Miss Mary Anne.

And I'll be bound, and I'll be bail  
(My cherubs \* sail'd before !)  
Yet fairer child did never sail  
From loved Ierne's shore !

\* The author's son and daughter, aged six and four years.

“ My Mary Anne ! thou blessing late !”

Her loving sire would cry ;

“ My life depends upon thy fate,

Before thee let me die !”

Well, up I rise, and dress and shave,

And on my friends I call ;

A guide like me they’d better have,

Than have no guide at all.

For fourteen years in lane and road

I might be trudging found ;

For fourteen years I made abode

In villages around.

My friends are ready, on we march

Along old Twickenham street,

And BEAU, the dog, stole out so arch,

And much annoyed my feet.

Miss Mary Anne abroad must come

In frolic baby sport ;

But Martha \* waits to bring her home,

I’m told, at Hampton Court.

\* The Child’s maid.

And now where lived once Alick Pope,  
Suppose our party got,  
My way I have no need to grope,  
I know the sacred spot.

I tell them stories I have heard  
From our old ferrymen,  
Who oft to Ham had rowed the bard  
Across in a sedan.

I show Cross-deep, but first Spite-hall,  
And where dwells Lady Howe ;  
Miss Mary Anne set up a squall,  
And BEAU a loud bow-wow !

The Thames breaks sudden on the sight !  
So long shut out from view,  
They gaze with pleasure, nay, delight—  
But Miss has lost her shoe !

A finger-post, I do aver,  
Is greatly wanted here ;  
I told the little Mortimer, \*  
He'll tell the overseer.

\* A bookseller at Twickenham, and a very worthy man, since dead.

And yet a finger-post would rob  
Poor me of some delight ;  
Here oft I have the pleasing job  
To set the traveller right. \*

At Strawberry Hill dwelt Kitty Clive :  
We to the right ascend,  
And there a Horace † once did live,  
This pleased my learned friend.

And Colley Cibber here dwelt once,  
Who piped the birth-day song ;  
Whom George made laureat, Pope made dunce ;  
In that Dan Pope was wrong.

Of Irish bards, who heretofore  
This very road did gang,  
We talk—of some who chaplets wore,  
So tunefully they sang.

\* The author often expressed his opinion that there ought to be iron finger posts at every cross road in the kingdom, on which should appear not only the directions, but the distances ; to damage which posts should be felony.

† The celebrated Lord Orford.

Sterne, Parnell, Goldsmith, Congreve, Swift,  
 George Farquhar, Murphy, Steele,  
 Prince Spenser, too,\* might wish a lift  
 To ease his toe and heel.

Here Madam Damer chips and knocks  
 Upon a marble log ;  
 Cut out the head of Charley Fox,†  
 And carved a little dog.

On every sweet that sense can please,  
 You may lay out your cash ;  
 A nursery for shrubs and trees,  
 The owner—Mr. Ash.‡

Now cross the field and up the lane  
 For Teddington we steer ;  
 Miss strives to please, and not in vain,  
 Obliging little dear !

\* On his monument in Westminster Abbey is, Spenser, Prince of Poets.

† For Catherine, Empress of Russia ; it was placed in the palace of the Hermitage.

‡ Since dead.

For me the primrose and the weed  
She pulls from violet banks :  
And for the will I take the deed,  
With compliments and thanks.

Behold us now at Teddington,  
Where late lived silly I ;  
There Garrick dwelt—the house is yon',  
And there did Peggy die.\*

There Davy tuned "the vocal shell,"†  
To celebrate her charms ;  
And there his lovely Peggy fell  
Asleep in Death's cold arms.

With much ado the stable stands,  
So crazy and decayed,  
Where Fred and William clapped their hands,‡  
When Peg and Davy played.

Take up the dog, take up poor BEAU,  
We're now in Bushy Park ;  
Should keepers see him, well I know  
They'll shoot him like a lark !

\* Mrs. Woffington.      † Garrick's well known song.

‡ Prince Frederick and Prince William, brothers of George III.

There ! read the orders, not a dog  
Within this park must trot ;  
The royal duke has sworn by gog,  
Such dogs must all be shot !

I pitied Lady S. for that,  
Why should she carry BEAU ?  
Why should a dog so big and fat,  
Fatigue a lady so !

“ Chaste Dian that,” my friend cries out,  
A verse from Maro quotes ;  
Once she and nymphs could waters spout  
From all their copper throats.\*

From Dian’s lips for streams to flow,  
Like Bacchanalian dame,  
Might do a hundred years ago,  
But now ’twould be a shame !

And smooth the waters flowed around,  
This Brobdignagian dish ;  
A comfortable berth ’tis found  
For gay Thalia’s fish :

\* The Basin in Bushy Park ; in the centre stands Diana and her nymphs.

Thy lustre, JORDAN, not one star,  
Or galaxies outshine,  
Since THESPIS drove dramatic car,  
No smile so soft as thine !

Thy song so rich ! thy voice so sweet,  
By science so carest,  
No kinder heart did ever beat  
Beneath an ermined breast !

To herds of deer we bid adieu,  
And huge horse-chesnut trees ;  
All t'other side the bridge is new,  
I wish my friends to please.

To take the child there Martha stands,  
She stands just by the Toy,\*  
And parents fond, with waving hands,  
Now greet their parting joy.

They pay the bridge, and pay for me,  
Those things should not be so ;

\* The tavern, at which the author laid the scene of his five-act Comedy of "The Toy, or Hampton Court Frolics," in 1789.

For folks on foot should all be free,  
Along the world to go.\*

Upon the bridge we gazing stop,  
I point—but scarce know where,  
And out with sage remarks I pop,  
And “view the beauties there.”

“To Moulsey you look *up* the stream,  
To Kingston you look *down* :  
What’s human pride? a fleeting dream,  
And what a monarch’s crown?

That WOLSEY built, there HAL did dwell,  
His will a people’s law;  
And from that wall poor TICKLE fell,  
And there dwelt Dutch NASSAU.

And now you are in Surrey, ma’am,  
Observe, tho’ short the space,  
More fresh the air, more tranquil, calm,  
The land a fairer face.”

\* The author, in his walks to and from Richmond Bridge, has often paid the trifling toll for the penniless traveller, and thus enabled him or them to go on their way.

“ A bill ! apartments to be let ;  
We must walk in and see.”

That they might information get,  
Was every thing to me.

And thro’ the rooms they’re in a trice ;  
The furniture is neat ;  
The garden walks are kept so nice,  
What lodgings more complete !

A summer house to sit and smoke,  
As at a rural club ;  
To take a cup of tea, or joke,  
Or drink a syllabub.

“ Bring but the wine, the milk to turn—  
Look, ma’am, we keep a cow ;  
And butter fresh you’ve from the churn  
And new-laid eggs I vow !

You view the palace as you sit,  
Or walk and read a book ;  
Of fish for dinner you’ve a bit,  
If in you throw a hook.

Nice roach and gudgeon here are found ; ”

“ But, ma'am, I like a trout :

Pray, what's your salmon by the pound ? ”

“ Four shillings, or about.”

“ Then, madam, in a town I've been,

To say it I'll be bold,

Where I've twelve pounds of salmon seen,

Just for one shilling sold.”

That's Ember Court, fair Grosvenor's bower,\*

The powder-mills we pass ;

No parapluie, we fear a shower ;

Here, braying, stood an ass.

The lane, the gate, the sylvan arch

That forms so fine a shade,

We leave behind, and in our march

We shoot the opening glade.

The Common † stretches far and wide,

Sweet here the breath of spring ;

\* The Countess of Grosvenor of that day.

† Ditton Common.

So high the lark, he's scarce descried,  
Yet far his wild notes ring.

The Portsmouth road lies full before,  
I choose the velvet sod ;  
With joy I hasten to the door,\*  
To which so oft I've trod.

We're in the hall, the dame appears,  
My friends I introduce ;  
Yet on her face few smiles she wears,  
She still gives sorrow loose.

The table's spread, with nothing rare,  
Prepared we're for the fray ;  
Good bread and cheese, mere luncheon fare,  
Her hospitable way.

My friends enjoyed the humble cheer,  
That came with pure good will ;  
And Captain Tafferil, strong beer  
Did round our table fill.

\* This Boarding and Lodging House, at Lower Green, Esher, has since been pulled down by the Lord of the Manor.

The radishes I must record,  
And butter sweet and good ;  
The lady said with more than word,  
That well she liked such food.

This brings to mind, this merry feast,  
Loved Erin all to me ;  
Where you may walk from West to East  
Without a marvadi !

My friend by converse' knowledge caught  
Of naval tactics much ;  
For Captain Tafferil had fought  
The Spaniard, French, and Dutch.

Abroad he fought, gazettes so ran,  
To every danger blind ;  
At home he was a peaceful man,  
Humane, polite, and kind.

I show the rooms, the garden fair,  
The dial without nose ;  
The poor old doctor's elbow chair,  
In which no more he'll doze.

I tell, in this house, wrong or right,  
It is a rumoured thing,  
A certain monarch passed the night  
That he became a king.\*

Here also Pichegru † lived *ineog*.

Styled Captain Picard, then,  
Who planned imperial Bon to flog,  
With only twenty men.

Of promise-making I am cured,  
My anxious wish is cross'd ;  
By our old hostess I'm assured  
A promised book is lost.

Wrong'd ORMONDE's interesting life  
To lend I would engage ;  
 Himself detailed his coil and strife,  
 So said the title page.

\* George II.

† On his escape from Guienne in 1798, General Pichegru came to England, but was removed (under the Alien Act) fourteen miles from London, and lived at these retired lodgings, under the name of Picard, where he was visited by many of the adherents of the house of Bourbon.

To Irish ports gay Bacchus roll  
Thy treasures with good will,  
To glad the patriot Irish soul,  
And BUTLER's coffers fill ! \*

'Gainst rebels he encounter'd death  
For Brunswick's royal line ;  
Again may Ormonde's *ducal* wreath  
Thy princely brows entwine !

I bade the widow cease to grieve,  
We have not Esher seen,  
And so we rise, and take our leave  
Of her and Lower Green.

To Miller Junket's down we speed,  
A batchelor so trim ;  
Who does much good, but takes good heed  
No wife shall fetter him.

I show the mill, the dam, the race,  
And brag, in former days,

\* The late Lord Ormonde was endeavouring to regain the royal grant on wine-prisage, and also the dukedom.

To trundle round this pretty place  
I kept a horse and chaise.

The subterraneous river MOLE  
Emerging, on it flows,  
Without a murmur see it roll,  
A shining face it shows.

Of mortal joys, alas ! how vain  
For man or moles to boast ;  
This MOLE is swallowed soon again,  
And in the broad Thames lost.

Now nightingales their songs repeat,  
As much they sing by day  
As in the night, and tho' as sweet,  
Unnoticed is the lay.

And up the lane that bears their name  
We rise upon the hill,  
That hill so very dear to fame,  
'Tis lovely Esher still !

To deep research, and learned lore  
My friend is much inclined,

And Wolsey's study he'd explore,  
And where he slept and dined.

A face peeps thro' the iron gate ;  
We ask the house to see ;  
She says, " My master has of late  
Strict orders given to me.

This house is not Ma'am Pelham's now,  
"Tis quite an altered case ;  
' I say, let no one in, ya Frow,  
If you'd not lose your place.' "

We think how Wolsey was dismayed,  
From fortune's summit tossed ;  
His porter's antique lodge surveyed,  
And Cato's Hill we crossed.

Nor street, nor lane in Esher town,  
All order it defies ;  
Houses and barns and trees are thrown,  
As sprinkled from the skies.

A patch of grass, and here the stocks ;  
See village belle and fop ;

And now a handsome rural box,  
And there a little shop.

The churchyard spreads behind the BEAR,  
Where master Paine is host ;  
The graves kept neat—embank'd with care,  
To please the village ghost.

To read long lives upon a tomb,  
If one may judge of air,  
Here tip-toe health, in roseate bloom,  
Of days enjoys her share.

We climb the stile, the prospect charms,  
We sit—tho' all admired ;  
My anxious friend is now alarmed,  
And says—“ My dear, you're tired.”

Tho' Captain Tafferil points out  
Yon hill as Cæsar's camp,  
And Windsor that beyond a doubt,  
Yet homewards we must tramp.

Down the romantic path so wild,  
I'd wind them to the vale ;

But they must home to see their child,  
The truth is of the tale.

One house to view our bosoms throb,  
As by its park we came,  
That raised by Clive, the great Nabob,  
“ And Claremont was its name !”\*

Now by the squirrel-haunted grove,  
The warren crowned with pine,  
Thro' DUCKETT's well-till'd fields we rove,  
As downward we decline.

The plough at once that breaks the ground,  
And drops the noble grain,  
Tho' not by his good genius found,  
A prize it did obtain.

Yet Duckett, he deserved the prize,  
For he revived that plough ;  
Observe his ground, how fair it lies,  
Tho' under-ground he 's now.

\* The Princess Charlotte of Wales was at that time eight years of age, and consequently is not mentioned here.

And well that farmer liked a sup,  
And often he was crank ;  
King George \* gave him a silver cup,  
And from that cup I've drank.

Thro' Weston Grove, Thames Ditton then  
We gain the water's edge ;  
See two fine seats of Irishmen  
Behind a woodbine hedge.

The one Sir Richard Sullivan,  
Subscriber to my books,†  
Lord Henry Fitz. the other man,  
And cousin to some dukes. ‡

Behold us seated and afloat ;  
This rest not ill bestowed ;  
And once this Ditton ferry-boat  
An old blind woman rowed.

The gardens opening to the Thames,  
What more delicious sight !  
Young children there at romps and games,  
Much heighten'd our delight.

\* George III.                    † 4 volumes of Dramatic Works, 1799.

‡ Lord H. Fitzgerald, brother to the Duke of Leinster.

This way was full a mile about,  
The view made some amends ;  
And Lady S. forgot to pout,  
So pleased were both my friends.

We ask the man to ply his oar,  
And higher up to land ;  
'Neath Hampton Park there winds a shore,  
He set us on this strand.

He took a key, unlock'd a gate,  
Thus Charon let us through ;  
We thought this favour was so great,  
A sixpence was his due.

“ This garden if you cross,” said he,  
“ The way is pure and short ;  
Then mind, in Bushy Park you'll be,  
It saves you Hampton Court.”

The garden cross'd in joy and haste,  
Old Charon from us gone,  
O dire mischance ! the gate is fast !  
Now what is to be done ?

“ Come back ! false ferryman, come back !”

At once the cry we raise ;

At length he comes, but ah, alack !

Poor Charon’s all amaze !

We traverse back in fume and fret,

But how we all are shock’d ;

We could nor this nor that way get ;

THIS gate is also lock’d !

Since we came thro’ !—it now seemed plain

Some imp the plan had laid,

Although before we bawl’d amain,

No answer then was made.

And round and round, and here and there,

Like mice or bird in cage,

We run, we walk, we laugh—both swear,

For all were in a rage.

We round the lodge twelve times had been,

With wonder and with fear ;

For not a being could be seen,

No being could we hear.

We stop, and now " Halloo ! " we shout,  
'Tis late—past six o'clock :  
Up to the windows we cry out,  
Against the doors we knock.

No getting out, 'tis now so late,  
We here the night must pass ;  
I fear it is the lady's fate  
To sleep upon the grass !

At luckless Charon now I rail,  
And call him sharks and pikes ;  
The iron gate we could not scale,  
So stuck with cursed spikes.

But vanish'd all our panic fears,  
And doubt and anger gone,  
A small old woman lo ! appears,  
A most ill-looking crone !

Her voice did not her looks belie,  
It spoke a canker'd soul ;  
And from her voice, and from her eye  
Poor Charon would have stole'.

“ To bring in folks, no matter who,  
You now have got a knack ;  
See what the duke \* will say to you,  
From Ditton you shall pack.”

Around her baleful eyes she roll’d,  
“ I’ll tell the Duke,” quoth she,  
And then on us the sybil scowl’d,  
“ I care not who they be !

Let no one thro’, my orders are,  
And from the Duke, you know ;  
The garden made a thoroughfare,  
Aye, from your place you go.

But you mind orders not a pin,  
Our duke makes such a rout ;  
However, since they have got in,  
Here, come, I’ll let them out.”

To parry off the hag’s abuse,  
My friend used tropes and flowers,

\* The late Duke of Gloucester.

Poor Charon fain we would excuse,  
And said the fault was ours.

Our Hampton Park embarrassment  
We did not relish well ;  
The lady she was not content,  
But all was bagatelle.

Good humour was the lady's forte,  
Goodnatured was my friend ;  
With her the Graces all resort,  
And fair attractions blend.

Oh, Gloucester's duke of royal class !  
With gentleness endued,  
The *Gladiator* let us pass,  
Although a ruffian rude !

The palace gardens we forsake,  
And cross the palace hall ;  
But scarce a transient glance we take  
At paintings on the wall.

For I had many strangers brought,  
These paintings to behold ;

And famed **CARTOONS** \*—too cheaply bought,  
With plates of beaten gold.

No novelty before us now,  
'Tis all a beaten track ;  
Nor pleasure, should I mention how,  
We came the same road back.

And strait arriving at their door,  
I bid my friends good bye ;  
They will not say it, yet I'm sure  
They're tired—and so am I !

Though kindly pressed to stay, I'll not,  
Nor stop with them to dine ;  
My meal is ready at my cot,  
And glass of sparkling wine.

\* Raphael's Cartoons, now at Windsor.

## LINES

Occasioned by a Duchess renowned for beauty, grace, wit, and elegance, writing an epitaph, and erecting a marble monument at Chiswick, to the memory of a dog named *Lily*; about the year 1805.

---

Take from me, O ye powers, this godlike form,  
All human feeling cease this heart to warm !  
Free-will and Reason let me hence forego,  
No other guide but Instinct let me know :  
Those wond'rous faculties tho' half divine,  
Nay, even speech, with pleasure I resign ;  
Erect on two legs let me walk no more,  
All my ambition is to walk on four !

At friends' request though I can warble now,  
Henceforth my only tune shall be, Bow-wow !  
Then, like a drooping *LILY* should I fall,  
Six weeping nobles may bear up my pall :  
In spotless marble I may be in-urned,  
By wit and matron-elegance be mourned, \*

\* See the late Duchess of Devonshire's beautiful poem on  
"Crossing Mount St. Gothard."

O, solemn thought ! pray, readers, do not laugh,  
A duchess, then, may write my epitaph !

Ye swains of Hammersmith and Turnham Green,  
Strike your sad breasts, and think how blest I've been ;  
Triumphs o'er Chatsworth from my tomb shall spring,  
And Chiswick's beauties some famed COTTON \* sing !

\* Cotton's poem on the Peak of Derbyshire.

## FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE DELIGHTS;

## A SATIRE:

Written in 1788, on removing to town, from a remote place  
near London.

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## INTRODUCTION.

The following satirical description of a remote village, about five miles from London, contains too many home-truths to be wholly omitted; neither would it bear curtailment: the measure is easy and flowing, and the statements most correct as to locality, &c. as the author often asserted, when, for amusement, he repeated parts of the poem from memory. On his hearer observing that it was severe, he replied, “Then let land-owners take a hint for improvement, and the clown mend his manners.”

---

From pools with green mantles, and mud, and from  
swamps,

From lanes filled with water, and cold-giving damps,  
From coarse jests of bumpkins, trite, wicked, and low,  
From ‘Captain!’ ‘hey poppet!’ and ‘hey! way! the  
Ho!’

And wheezing old horses, and grunting of sows,  
And pitiful moanings of lying-in cows;

From house in a farm-yard closed in by a gate,  
(From sloughs and vile dunghills remove me, kind  
fate,)

Which butcher and baker can scarcely approach,  
By fording and wading you reach a stage coach.

Tho' cows, pigs, and poultry, are under your eye,  
Nor eggs, milk, or butter, or poultry you buy ;  
For dainties like those, if your palate be nice,  
The clown, by extortion, soon doubles the price.  
No newsman, no postman, nor waggon, nor chaise,  
A high road, oh give me, to walk and to gaze ;  
For letters and parcels for ever in doubt,  
The weather is dreary, the waters are out ;  
To send you may call for your boat or your barge,  
And all village messengers know how to charge ;  
If taken by sickness, there sick you may lie,  
Ere comes the next doctor, the patient may die.

From fields where from bulls you've a chance of a toss,  
From stiles never fashioned for people to cross ;  
Tho' known for a thoroughfare time out of mind,  
To stop you the owner a method can find.

From bush without song, tho' the sweet month of May,  
The gunners have frightened the songsters away ;  
To save twenty cherries, or handful of grain,  
The minstrel is tortured, the chorister slain ;  
The haw and the blackberry wild let me share,  
And blackbird, thrush, linnet, and poor robin spare !

From walks 'cross the furrows, or turnips or clover,  
From roads without paths where you may be run over ;  
From heavily trudging it through a ploughed land,  
While sunbeams strike down on your head like a  
brand :

Rain, thunder and lightning, no hovel you see,  
And dare not seek shelter beneath the tall tree ;  
The clown and his malice are dangerous foes,  
To rails for protection, and bench for repose :  
He steals them not always to brighten his fire,  
Altho' they were placed by some goodnatured squire ;  
You pant with fatigue, or slip into the brook,  
As easy the clown as the looking-on rook !

No tabor to cheer me, no dance on the green,  
But one dismal sameness spreads over the scene !

Instead of blithe faces of health and high bloom,  
All fret and vexation, and labour and gloom !

Romantic your turn ?—if you'd push thro' the brake,  
A hedge-hog you kick, and you tread on a snake :  
At eve as the frogs' pleasing concert you hear,  
A cock-chafer gives you a box on the ear :  
Your tongs and your pokers are eat up with rust,  
Your pickles and beer-barrels poisoned with must.

Dame scandal at *Court* wears a fine silken dress,  
Her calumnies penn'd on a glossy hot-press :  
But HERE she appears in her dowlas and freize,  
On dirty brown paper she scribbles her lies.  
At court her sweet poison of diction may charm,  
Her pot-hooks and hangers can do as much harm :  
The malice of rumours in cities and towns,  
Not equals the gossip of he and she clowns !  
Some village grandes may have hearts good enough,  
Yet pride makes them seem of a different stuff :  
Last week all was freedom, all formal to-day,  
Their ease and importance they carefully weigh ;  
When fearing respect to their consequence fails,  
A pinch of importance they fling in the scales.

We wonder to see them so altered and stiff,  
And think at our conduct they've taken some tiff;  
Their motive we equally now understand,  
Again, "How d'ye do?" and kind shake of the hand;  
That abject word, *affable*, makes them so proud,  
"How kind and how affable!" whispers the crowd;  
To play off these tricks, tho', is not over wise,  
On those who perceive, and the jugglers despise.

To nod to the clown, should the peer condescend,  
Quick off goes the hat, and the body can bend:  
He's ready to run, or to fly at a beck,  
His lordship is welcome to tread on his neck.\*

To others your clown holds his head very high,  
He stares in your face as he passes you by;  
His rights to assert as a qualified brute,  
The footpath he fills, and the wall he'll dispute;  
He whistles whilst insolence purses his brow,  
"I knows who I be, who the devil is thou?"

\* The reader must recollect that this was written before the first French Revolution.

You walk, and the lane makes a part of your way,  
From opposite sides, tho' they've nothing to say ;  
They talk to each other—and bawl 'cross your face,  
And this to your own insignificance place.

Tho' horseback's the rule by the Tattersal code,  
Yet pleasant sometimes 'tis to *walk* on a road :  
But on this same road must the waggoner trudge,  
And tho' 'tis most likely he owes you no grudge,  
In passing, he loud cracks his whip, in a freak,  
This startles your soul, if your nerves should be weak.

Two roads ! which the right ?—no lone cottage is near,  
This stump shows directing-post lately stood here ;  
Torn down ! cruel mischief ! tired traveller astray,  
Wrong road may add miles to his wearisome way.\*

Of rubbish or stones, if to empty a cart,  
The clown (but, perhaps, with no malice at heart,)  
As towards him you're coming, keeps on you his eye,  
And waits till the instant of *your* passing by,

\* See note to the preceding poem, page 142.

Then loud 'cross your footpath he rattles them down,  
He stares in your face, and then whistles your clown !  
He whistles, whilst insolence speaks on his brow,  
" I knows who I be, who the devil be's thou !"

And in this said village a peeress must dwell,  
Herself and her suite make a marvellous swell !  
Till August this countess can never come down,  
For then only NOBODY's left in the town :  
" My lady" she's called, and " the madam," by some,  
And when she arrives, then " a family's come !"  
A family ! word of most ponderous weight,  
And never applied but to folks very great :  
The meaning is horses, and footmen, and grooms,  
And waiting maids, laundresses, buckets and brooms ;  
With in-riders, out-riders, bustle and dash,  
A family this, and all others are trash !

From each parish office each would be exempt,  
But ONE has a powerful motive to tempt :  
The Road's Overseer, a title of fun,  
For thus by this despot his duty is done ;  
The footpath and road are broke up and broke down,  
Ere on them a barrow of gravel is thrown,

While causeway so neat to his *own* house is made,  
And gravel in heaps to his garden conveyed.

The Common is skimmed of its beautiful sod,  
By cart-loads 'tis robbed of its mould and its clod :  
Green turf and rich loam are purloined from the waste,  
For slope and parterre to the citizen taste ;  
His taste and his villa, and garden all praise,  
You hobble thro' mud, yet you pay the highways.

The Common scant fare to the cattle can yield,  
Thus scooped into pits which with waters are filled ;  
Where wild thyme gave delicate bits to the hare,  
Those dead putrid waters now taint the fresh air :  
Here madam the duck has her feast à-la-mode,  
And spoons up the eft, and the tadpole, and toad.

Here LABOUR the frowns of rough winter must dare,  
With face of vexation, limbs meagre, and bare ;  
His current of life tho' from temperance cool,  
He breaks the strong ice, and he walks in the pool :  
The crystal rock shivers, and numbed with his toils,  
To LUXURY's wine cellars bears off the spoils ;

In hovels then sits to his nourishing cheer,  
The rincings of barrels y'clepped small beer :  
An instance too common this picture displays,  
Thus Industry earns, and thus Idleness pays !

When come to the house of a village grandee,  
O'er walls just the tops of the chimnies you see ;  
The house—the green field, and the gravel are wall'd,  
A Park the green field and its gravel is call'd.

A gate and a door, and a door and a gate,  
By which you're to enter would puzzle your pate :  
You sidle along, and distress'd you look round,  
You see none to ask where the bell 's to be found ;  
You ring, and again ring, but nobody hears,  
The gate is half-opened—a lackey appears ;  
You come not on horseback, you come not in chaise,  
From hat to your shoe-string the lackey surveys ;  
Unless you're a man with a present of game,  
You stand in the road till he brings in your name ;  
Or thinking you somebody by your ding-dong,  
Thro' hail and grand entrance you're ushered along ;  
Returning, you wonder how such things can be,  
Your visit is paid to the Village Grandee !

The Earl condescending to give *you* a call,  
No bell has to seek, nor left outside a wall :  
He enters your parlour, and straddles about,  
No matter to him if you're in or you're out :  
The earliest notice you have that he's there,  
You see him sit under his hat in your chair :  
Your own elbow chair, for you have but the one,  
You look not well pleased till uprises the Don.

Farewell to the mead, to the hill and the shade !  
To lazy starvation and worthless parade ;  
To squires and to farmers, to shepherds and flocks,  
To insolence, arrogance, poor-house, and stocks !  
DELIGHTS OF A VILLAGE I thus leave behind,  
And cast retrospection far, far from my mind.

## I WANT A TENANT;

## A SATIRE:

Written in the neighbourhood of London, in 1791.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

The apology made for the preceding poem, may answer for the following verses:—few persons, whether peers or commoners, but have met with one or more of the petty grievances herein enumerated. It was written by the author, shortly after giving up his house in Charlotte Street, Portman Square, and taking a smaller at Brompton, or Knightsbridge, immaterial which.

There are not many landlords of houses, but would forgive the satire, in favour of the facetious humour in which it is clothed.

---

His speculation he regretted,  
And thus Bob Sowden fumed and fretted.

“ I was bewitched to build a house !  
Better in Thames my cash to souse :  
Up to my knees in brick and mortar,  
And work myself like any porter !  
My builder charge at such a rate  
Above his given estimate !

"Twas first, ' Good sir, I'll never dun ye ;'  
And now 'tis—' Zounds, I'll have my money !'

" Without a tenant, while it stands,  
My house is thrown upon my hands ;  
'Tis true, 'tis not completely finish'd,  
My cash must not be more diminish'd :  
I can't sell out till stocks are rising,  
Then so much spent in advertising !

" From breakfast, dinner, call'd to show it,  
I shall go crazy ! yes, I know it :  
Obliged to keep an open door,  
For folks I never saw before :  
And then I'm forced to tell such lies,  
In time I shall myself despise ;  
For those I do not care a dam',  
I smile and cringe with ' Sir' and ' Ma'am ; ' "

Some strangers call by fours and pairs,  
Bob leads them up and down the stairs.

" Look, sir ! the prospect is so fine,  
The Surrey hills—they're quite divine !

Then, ma'am, to make your garden gay,  
Some Laurestinas here, and bay."—

" But who's to find this bay and laurel?"—

" For that, dear sir, we shall not quarrel.

Altho' the yard may yet want pitching—

Pray, ma'am, admire this pretty kitchen.

Here, sir, I mean to sink a well,

And at the gate I'll hang a bell;

Your larder here, so sweet and cool,

And five yards square is by my rule.

" A handsome dining parlour, sir ;

Nice shade from those two rows of fir :

Round here I mean to plant some box ;—

See, ma'am, the doors have all brass locks.

A smartish marble I'll put round

This chimney-piece, that I'll be bound.

And then the chimnies do not smoke :

I bought some pots—but they were broke' ;

Tho', should they smoke, I'll take no rent,

My wish is but to give content.

Just point out any alteration,

And all shall suit your inclination.

“ Our taxes here are wond’rous light ;  
Altho’ the attics now are white,  
I mean to paper them,—ma’am you  
May choose your pattern, red or blue ;  
For naked walls keep seldom clean,  
And look so beggarly and mean.

“ As for the rent, ’tis but a song,  
To lose this house, ma’am, you’ll be wrong  
For applications I have twenty,  
In choice of tenants I am dainty :  
But, sir, to you I give the preference,  
Your countenance is perfect reference.—

“ Just say the word—down comes the bill,  
And take possession when you will ;  
And as for warning, not a whit,  
Just when it suits you, you may quit :  
It won’t stand empty, not a minute,  
You’ll be quite comfortable in it !  
Send in your goods, and take no care,  
I’ll order fires the rooms to air.”

## I HAVE A TENANT !

“ My house is let, my heart be gay,  
And only look to Quarter Day !  
I've nothing now my hopes to damp,  
I take my rent, and sign the stamp.  
Who that shall furnish, they or I,  
Next Michaelmas, aye, that we'll try.

“ What do they say ? the chimnies smoke !  
Pho, pho, my dear, that's all a joke !”

“ They say this nuisance must be cured,  
So horrid, cannot be endured.  
They cannot light the parlour fire,  
Unless you raise the chimney higher,  
And put a *cow* upon the top :  
They think this may the grievance stop,  
But now they are or froze' or smother'd.”

“ Tell them, at once, I'll not be bother'd.”

“ My dear, they heavily complain  
The house lets in both wind and rain !  
With chinks in wall, and cracks in roof,  
’Tis neither wind nor water-proof ;  
They say the walls will never dry.”

“ Tell them I say that’s all my eye.”

“ They wish you’d go and see the state  
They’re in, before it is too late :  
And then you’ll see it wants a spout.”—

“ Tell them, my dear, I’ve got the gout.”

“ They want a knocker and a scraper ;  
They want the attics hung with paper ;  
So many gaps, too, in the border,  
The garden, too, is all disorder.  
Yourself will be the proper judge.”

“ Tell them, from me, all this is fudge.”

“ Your promise keep—to stay they’re willing.”

“ I’ll not lay out another shilling ; .

I've no objection, if they please,  
That in repairs *they* sport the fees.  
Of bricklayers and such cursed stuff,  
And carpenters I've had enough !  
The bargain clenched, I've saved my bacon,  
For seven good years my house is taken ;  
And half year's warning after that,  
So farther talk is empty chat."

" They say the fastenings are so slight,  
The robbers may break in at night."

" Well, 'tis their own security,  
If folks are robbed, what's that to me ?  
Must I employ a smith and farrier ?  
For guard, they'd better keep a terrier."

" You promised that you'd crop the garden."

" I'll not lay out another *farden* ;  
Were I to herb, and plant, and fruit it,  
Then they'd buy chickens up to root it ;  
Must I forsooth their garden dig ?  
Why, wife, you take me for a pig !"

“ The mortar is already crumbling.”

“ I'll hear no more their cursed grumbling ;  
My house is let, and I'm content,  
We've only now to take our rent ;  
So foam the jug, the table wipe,  
And silence, whilst I light my pipe.”

Live like wild Arab in a tent,  
Before Bob Sowden's house you rent !

## MY LAMENTATION.\*

TUNE—"Erin go Bra!"

## INTRODUCTION.

This song was one of the author's greatest favourites; he often sung it, accompanied on the piano by the Editor; his voice having lost but little of its former sweetness, rich harmony, and pathetic expression. At the conclusion he generally, after a short pause, burst into the joyous carol of "Patrick's Day in the Morning!"—the latter tune being the invariable signal of retiring from his sofa in the drawing-room, to his bed in the chamber, which was separated only by a narrow landing—he would, when in good spirits, remark, "As it is Patrick's Day in the Morning, hey for my nightcap!"

And shall I ne'er again behold thee,  
My infant joy, thou much-loved Isle?  
Ah, no! thy faithless sons have sold thee,  
For ever lost is freedom's smile!  
That smile wherein thy shamrock sported,  
Thy smile which lingering sunbeams courted,  
Where nature's every grace resorted,  
To sing so sweetly, ERIN GO BRA!

\* Copied from the original in his own hand-writing.

Of Albion fogs so dense and dreary,  
Of strife, cabal, and gloomy place,  
Of wars and cursed gain I'm weary,  
I long to see sweet Erin's face ;  
For carol blythe the Banshee\* wailing,  
At clouded moon the ban-dog, railing,  
And persecution fierce assailing  
Thy comforts, much-loved—Erin go bra !

A sister's faith she placed her wish on,  
In whom can Erin now confide ?  
Content take place of vain ambition,  
And scorn to ask, so oft denied.†  
Thy guardian genius to thee speaking,  
Says “ Guilty honors thou art seeking,  
Britannia's lance with slaughter's reeking,  
In peace sing thou sweet Erin go bra !

East, west, north, south, I've early viewed thee,  
Thy hill, thy dale, thy gem-spread strand ;

\* The ghost of a woman foretelling death.

† The Catholic Question.

But where Atlantic showers bedewed thee,  
More lovely seemed my native land.  
Thy locks with myrtle wreaths entwining,  
Thy cheek on Ocean's breast reclining,  
Thy harp and voice in strains combining,  
To play and sing sweet Erin go bra !

## SIR JOHN CARR.

On the omission of my name in the list of remarkable authors,  
natives of Erin, in Sir John's "STRANGER IN IRELAND."

Saint of our Isle ! great Patrick, hear !  
If Erin's sons to thee are dear,  
Thy crook-head staff lay hands upon,  
The shoulder of the Traveller John,  
Of John the Traveller *be-Knighted*,  
With whose big book I'm so delighted :  
Our loved green Island much he praises,  
From bulls and bogs poor Pat he raises.

For head, for tongue, for hand, for pen,  
He musters up the noted men,  
Of Erin's sons he makes a rout,  
But in the list he leaves *me* out !  
From ignorance this could not be,  
He surely must have heard of me,  
Who penned so many plays and farces ;  
I'm wronged by this same Anacharsis !

For if "Oblivion's death to fame," \*  
I'm killed—Sir John left out my name :  
Fame is an author's best reward,  
To snatch that from him, rather hard.

You were an Irish jaunting-Carr,  
And when you travelled near and far,  
Refuse to give poor me a lift,  
I cannot well perceive your drift.

You might some compliment have paid me,  
And here an egotist you've made me ;  
You've forced me of myself to prate,  
And be my own-brief'd advocate :  
And thus you're summon'd to the bar,  
O'Keeffe, the cause is, versus Carr.

But hark ! a voice !—St. Patrick speaks,  
" Ne'er mind that Briton, tune thy lay,  
Thy Adelaïde a shamrock seeks,  
To honor *this*, my holy-day."

\* The Author's song in his opera of "The Czar," sung by Mrs. Billington.

## PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

So, list to my verses, ye sons of loved Erin,  
Though over rough pebbles my numbers may roll ;  
My song for its subject at least is worth hearing,  
    This shamrock my beaver adorning :  
Last morning was bright, yet I walked out in sorrow,  
And thought on the sod where the green myrtles  
    grow,  
No leaf of its verdure to crown me to-morrow,  
The joyous occasion,  
The ruby libation  
By anticipation,  
No pleasure can show ;  
Some fairy befriend me !  
A shamrock, O send me !  
    For Patrick's Day in the morning !

Success to loved Erin, all blessings upon her !  
While breezes Atlantic waft health to her shores,  
And O may her sons by no act of dishonour  
    Make nations look towards her in scorning.

IERNE had never or poison or vipers,  
From venom for ever blest influence guard,  
Her Harp gives this tune to her minstrels and pipers,

Two rotten potatoes  
For Cæsars or Catos,  
Of freedom who'd cheat us,  
By hum or reward ;  
Where'er we are hurled  
All around the round world,  
Sing, Patrick's Day in the Morning !

Let prejudice aim the sly shaft of detraction,  
Our own pretty conduct its slanders refute,  
An Irishman's word be the bond of his action,  
And pride of the Isle he was born in !  
His anger a flash that flies off in a twinkle,  
His love a pure flame that for ever must shine,  
The tears of compassion his glowing cheeks sprinkle,  
By Cupid's direction  
In joy or dejection,  
For love or protection,  
Dear woman, we're thine ;  
So, lads, fill your glasses,  
And toast your fine lasses,  
'Tis Patrick's Day in the Morning !

## LORD NELSON.

A guess at his thoughts, previous to being killed in battle,  
Oct. 21, 1805.

“ Why blast my wreath ? why charge me with neglect ?  
What have I done, or more could you expect ?  
Since with such ease you can forget the past,  
You shall have more—but take it as my *last*.  
So slightly prized is what you now possess,  
That you shall lose, ere you can prize it less ;  
Urged to a point, I’ll show what I can do,  
Though in the act I bid a last adieu ! \*

For pension, title, thus I clear my debt,  
For causeless censure teach you to regret ;  
I gave an eye, a limb—now, swelling heart,  
Through my dimm’d star receive the fatal dart !

To Nelson’s manes though a thousand bleed,  
Walk in the Abbey—and those wonders read !”

\* Much censure, right or wrong, was passed on Lord Nelson, previous to the battle of Trafalgar, at which it was reported, he said—“ Now for the Abbey !” and by wearing his orders of knighthood, seemed to court a death-shot.

## THE SNOW-KING; OR, THE DANUBE.

Written in 1809.

Who heard his soft footsteps, ye winds can ye tell ?  
None heard his soft footsteps, so lightly they fell :  
Like down of dove-feathers his feet met the ground,  
And whoever heard of dove-feathers the sound ?

Say, then, have ye seen him, as flitting in air,  
The Snow-King is he, ye cold breezes declare ;  
He hovers, he flutters, unsteady his pace,  
His course from the north through the welkin you  
trace :

His cheek and his forehead are whiter than chalk,  
To gaze on his visage would dazzle a hawk ;  
Though gentle, he lords it in regions unkind,  
His voice of sharp anger comes keen with the wind.

“ Who took my snows ? ” the monarch cries,  
“ I sent them drifting 'twarth the skies,  
Protecting agents of my power,  
To shield from nip the grass, the flower,

The herb, each life-sustaining thing  
Were sheltered 'neath my silver wing.  
Sol times the seasons when his ray  
Should make my snows dissolve away ;  
Then where my sheltering snows have been,  
The grass appears in fresher green ;  
Who took my snows ! for who would dare,  
Lay to the blast the green-sward bare ?"

Great Snow King, I tell thee, a waspish young boy,  
Who sent is on earth but to mar and destroy ;  
To plan and to practise his battles and blows,  
He snatched from the meadows your mantle of snows.  
With snow now he studies to mantle a town,  
And build himself empire and future renown,  
With art quite masonic, like old engineer,  
The moat he will sink, and the parapet rear ;  
From curtain, gate, bastion, and breastwork, and wall  
He fancies he shoots out the hot cannon ball.

Like fire when tied to foxes' tails,  
And cherished by the fanning gales,  
As sweeping through the fields of corn,  
Where Ceres hopes to fill her horn,

So rushed the hungry war-dog forth,  
To east and west, and south, and north !

*Who* claps the lagging war-dog's sides,  
On carnage smiles, and peace derides,  
*Who* to the dust the sceptre brings,  
And then turns beggars into kings,  
And *who* then makes those kings his slaves,  
Who like a spinster weeps and raves,  
*Who* now has made a world his foe,—  
The waspish boy who takes thy snow.

The Snow King asks Phœbus to dart a fierce beam,  
And snows on the hills are now turned to a stream ;  
Swell'd Danube beneath in loud torrents rolls on,  
Away with his bridge go the laurels of Bon !

Thus as he began he now melts with the snows ;  
The Snow King gives Europe a glimpse of repose.

## ON THE THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND IN 1803.

TUNE—"With swords on their thighs the bold yeomen are seen."

---

When swelled with ambition old Satan rebelled,  
And angel-apostates from bliss were expelled,  
When mercy, indignant, set seal on their doom,  
Then MAN was created to fill up their room.

But ere his election desert he must prove,  
For justice divine is coeval with love ;  
A place of probation this earth was designed,  
And Reason's bright lamp to illumine his mind.

His terms of existence by man should be known,  
The land he first breathes in, that land be his own ;  
That dear spot invaded, the foe from it driven,  
His tenure's secure by a charter from heaven.

For midway in skies a fair temple is placed,  
To Liberty sacred, by her we're embraced ;  
She cries, " My loved children, remain ever free,  
Fight, conquer, 'tis glory to conquer for me !"

The Demon cast downwards, now ranges below,  
Eternal his rancour, as endless his woe !  
To chain us in thraldom, his pride and his boast,  
In hopes we may forfeit those joys which he lost.

Tho' father of lies, yet believe now his word,  
Why wait for his coming ?—all gird on the sword,  
And show that by guarding our house and our field,  
A freeman deserves the sweet comforts they yield.

## THE BATTLE OF BARROSA.

Fought on the 5th of March, 1811; in which General Graham  
conquered the French Marshal Victor.

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## INTRODUCTION.

The Author seldom omitted throwing into verse any very important public event that struck his imagination forcibly; and the Victor being conquered, appeared to him a good subject. A most kind and amiable friend, at that time living within a few yards of his dwelling, and who often lent him books and newspapers, called in one morning, much elated with the account just received of the brilliant victory of Barrosa. The lady was no sooner gone than he dictated the following verses. He was at that time hearing read to him the *Lady of the Lake*.

---

Should future bards take up that wild-goose quill,  
Which Walter guides with such enchanting skill, \*  
Let them give all that's great in Snowdon's knight,  
His soul of honour, and his arm of might;  
The mind undaunted of bold Roderick Dhu,  
(But for his king must bend his bow of yew,)

\* Sir Walter Scott took more than one occasion afterwards, in a flattering manner, of noticing the author's calling his, Sir Walter's, a wild-goose quill.

Let them give all those virtues to the Graeme,  
Like Scott they'll sing, inspired by such a theme.  
And when his name assume a modern sound,  
High on Barrosa the true Victor's crown'd ;  
By later minstrels shall his deeds be sung,  
And Graham's thistled bonnet blue, with verdant  
shamrocks hung.

The rav'ning eagle flutters to its doom,  
And adds its feathers to the Prince's plume !

ON KING GEORGE THE THIRD REVIEWING  
THE VOLUNTEERS,

East and west of Temple Bar, 26th and 28th Oct. 1803.

---

TUNE—Hearts of Oak.

March brave volunteers ! 'tis our monarch's command !  
With loyal affection each bosom expand ;  
Fly mists of the morning as freemen advance,  
So vanish the pestilent vapours of France !

Shine, glorious bright sun, and give joy to the day,  
When Britons assemble in martial array !  
Great George, King and Father, now passes the line,  
To hail him, Love, Honor, and Duty combine.

Smile sweetly, dear girl ! cast thy terrors away,  
Those smiles edge my sword in the dreadful affray ;  
Thy beauty, thy virtue defended by me,  
May render thy soldier more worthy of thee.

Roar loudly, great guns, 'tis the big voice of fate,  
Which tells the invader how short is his date ;

This Island's our mansion, assail the strong door,  
'Tis ours to chastise, and 'tis thine to deplore.

They're coming! proud Gaul, from our white cliffs  
begone!

In terrible vengeance ye Britons rush on;  
That foe from our weapon whom fortune would save,  
Our guardian, old Neptune, provide with a grave.

They're vanquished! Return, and with victory  
crowned,

Each man to his HOME! let the bottle go round;  
The foe is repelled, whom our peace would annoy,  
The blessings of peace, now, in peace we'll enjoy.

## BONA THE RAKE;

OR,

## THE TERRIBLE BOY!

A STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

Begun in 1803, continued as events occurred, and finished in August, 1821; the period when the news of the Death of Napoleon reached England.

---

‘ Are these things so ? ’

‘ Yes, sir, all these things are so.’

THE TEMPEST.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

This Poem was, with the exception of War and Peace (which he invariably called HIS SUBLIME PEDESTAL OF FAME,) decidedly the author's favorite of all his productions. He intended it originally for a song; and having written about twenty or thirty verses to some well-known tune, used to sing them in a manner that created infinite pleasure, such was the richness of his voice, wonderful play of countenance, and arch irony of manner. By degrees he got too much interested with the all-powerful subject, to attend to mere sing-song, and said—It shall be a Poem.

From that time the daily newspapers became to him a fresh supply of ore and bullion, which, passing the mint of his mind, was instantly stamped into coin (every verse a sovereign, it is to be hoped,) and

his intellect was thus kept fresh, his memory strengthened, and constant cheerfulness of spirits insured.

It cannot be denied, that in this poem, he raises to the memory of Napoleon, a statue of masterly workmanship, over which he throws a veil of censure, of so delicate and transparent a texture, that full to the eye of the world is seen, proportion, form, and lineament.

Such as he left it, the world now, for the first time, has it, the Editor not having presumed to alter a single line of what the deceased was pleased to call his **HUMOUROUS PEDESTAL OF FAME**. Whilst she was copying it for the last time, the following question and answer passed between them.

Ed.—Am I to insert ALL the notes you have put to the poem?

Au.—No; tell the reader at once, that BONA is Napoleon; ALICK, Alexander of Russia; FREDDY, king of Prussia; FRANKY, emperor of Austria; GUSTY, king of Sweden; and that JOHN BULL is John Bull all over the world.

## BONA THE RAKE; OR, THE TERRIBLE BOY.

## CANTO I.

I'll tell you a tale of young BONA THE RAKE,  
So full of his frolics, my heart he will break ;  
Your bold Robin Hood, and your famed Gilderoy,  
Were pigeons compared to this terrible boy.

Paoli his godfather was, as I'm told,  
He sent him to Paris at half a year old ;  
At school from his fortifications of snow,  
He shot at the boys with his arrow and bow.

He went to the wars without danger or shame,  
A battle was certain the moment he came ;  
He slid down the Alps on his breeches of soap—  
“ The devil may welcome you, sir,” said the Pope !

At Mantua Bona so badly behaved,  
The drums and the trumpets they scolded and raved ;  
He gallopp'd to Lodi, and smart as a midge,  
Kick'd down their great guns, and hopped over their  
bridge. \*

\* May 11, 1796.

At Egypt he hunted a young cro-co-dile,  
And saddled and rode on his back up the Nile :  
At Cairo he took a fine Turk by the paw,  
And cut off three tails from a comely Bashaw.

No touch of soft mercy can Suwarroff feel,  
(A man made of clinkers, of iron, and steel !)  
He's deaf to peccavi, " No quarter," but slay  
French armies by wholesale, when Box was away.

Box stole back to France in a mighty thick fog,  
And 'scaped the look out of our trusty bull-dog ;  
At night to his *own* door he came all alone,  
Joy rose with the sun, his arrival when known,

Illumin'd each face, and it filled every heart ;  
" He's come ! our young hero ! our own Bonaparte !"  
The tables he turned, and he filled the great chair,  
And told Five Directors he was their Lord Mayor. \*

His Consulate first was 100, not 3,  
He scratched out two ciphers, the Unit was he !

\* Abolishing the Directory—declared First Consul, Dec. 25th, 1799.

The French, but for him, from their conquests had run,  
By him at Marengo was Italy won. \*

He presently did a most impudent thing,  
A letter he wrote to our good noble King ;  
But ministers scorned to break open the seal ;  
Says BONA, “ I’ll soon put a spoke in your wheel.

“ When Chauvelin went over, our nice Plenipo,’  
’Twas you then gave Louis the finishing blow ;  
Your proud, stupid, short-sighted maxims of state,  
Drove curst Robespierre to decide on his fate.

“ It ne’er shall be said that poor Louis I rob,  
To clap his old crown on my fine little nob ;  
Grand Charlemagne’s bonnet my noddle shall grace,  
An Emperor’s eye-balls shall peep through my face !

“ ’Tis time, now,” adds BONA, some pleasure to take,  
In London next *Friday* I’ll eat a beef-steak.” †  
We treated this nonsense as one of his flams,  
His fingers he snaps at our catamarans.

\* June 14th, 1800.

† The Invasion of England, TALKED OF.

Though Freddy the eagle, and Alick the bear,  
When, muzz'd, o'er a tomb-stone at night curse and  
swear,

They never considered, young Bona the while,  
Might make the grand tour in a new-fashioned style.

These northerly monarchs at fighting got cold,  
But soon they grew warm as they fingered John's gold;  
Magnanimous Alick he put on his skaits,  
And swore he'd kick Bona, and horsewhip the Fates.

Cries Sweden, “ I owe him a personal grudge,  
And not without cause, now I leave you to judge,  
As sitting at Baden, and eating some fruit,  
He bade me get out ! \* an unmannerly brute ! ”

At Austerlitz † BONA put all to the rout,  
He cudgelled poor Frank, and gave Alick the knout;  
Then said, “ twas a pity brave fellows to kill,”  
So shook hands with Frank in a musty old mill.

That night in his hand up a candle he caught,  
And waded through blood where the battle was fought;

\* The evacuation of Baden.

† Dec. 2, 1805.

He cheered his poor soldiers in going his rounds,  
And with his neat fingers he bandaged their wounds.

The centinel wearied—his musket he took,  
And stood in his place till the soldier awoke ;  
“ On duty,” he said, “ open eyes you must keep,  
Napoleon can’t always stand guard whilst you sleep.”

He made our king’s daughter a Wirtemberg queen ; \*  
A minuet he danc’d, and he kissed Josephine ;  
Then bowed a fine bow, and said, “ Home I must run,  
But first I shall empty your Heidelberg tun.”

Gay Paris he entered in triumph and state,  
The gentlemen cried out, “ Napoleon the Great !”  
But Freddy said, “ Sir, I must give you a whack,”  
“ Oh, oh !” then cries BONA, “ to you I’ll come back !”

The Prussian queen said thus, her own spouse unto,  
“ I’m dying, I’m longing a battle to view !”  
Says BONA, “ As Frenchmen are always polite,  
The lady to please, let us show her a fight.”

\* October, 1806.

When Freddy saw BONA, he grew much afraid,  
And said, " Alexander, O come to my aid!"  
He asked for a truce, but the shrewd little boy  
Cried, " Now is my time Master Fred to destroy!"

We sent over Morpeth, a civil young lad,  
Who smelling gunpowder at famous Auerstadt, \*  
He curled up his nose with a shrug and a smile  
" Here, Bob, bring my horse, and then hey for  
*Carlisle!* †

Poor Fred and his spouse ran away in despair ;  
Young BONA then viewed Sans Souci without care ;  
At Magdeburg, Berlin, Spandau, and Potsdam,  
He whistled, and ordered some chickens and ham.

Though Dantzig long time made a pretty resist,'  
He gave it a shake with the tap of his fist ;  
They opened their gates to his big cannon ball,  
He'd else have walked in at the hole in the wall.

\* The battle of Auerstadt, Oct. 14, 1806.

† Lord Morpeth, the son of Lord Carlisle, came too late with the loan from England.

In June he played Alick the deuce of a prank,  
At Friedland he met him, and tickled his flank ;  
At Konigsberg, then, on a lobster he dined,  
And supped up the brandy that Fred left behind. \*

Young Bona so quick at his comical ways,  
Kings, queens, dukes, and princes he sends out to  
graze ;  
A safe little corner is all they dare wish,  
To eat their sour-crout and their bit of broiled fish.

One Briton can beat any five other men,  
Opposed to the French he can fairly beat ten ;  
Our own precious heads yet we kept from the fray,  
For why should we fight when we're able to pay ?

For Bona's defeat we lie snug on the watch,  
We'll bravely march in, and his laurels we'll snatch ;  
When cossacks and calmucks have knocked the road  
down,  
We'll trample to dust his gilt gingerbread crown !

Pat Hutchinson † stands with his gorget and sash,  
To see we've full measure of blood for our cash ;

\* June, 14, 1807.

† Afterwards Lord Hutchinson.

To see his manœuvres would make a horse laugh,  
He gauges the butt with his general's staff!

Now Bona and Alick shook hands without gloves,  
They met in the Ark like a neat pair of doves ;  
Each swore on the olive the peace he'd not break,  
To Tilsit then flew with a branch in his beak. \*

The frolicksome Bona's polite body guards  
To Alick's and Freddy's send compliment cards ;  
Their coats they exchanged, and they danc'd and  
halloo'd,  
The queen said that soldiers were wonderful' rude !

Young Bona with Freddy and Alick would ride,  
He perched in the middle, and they on each side ;  
He trotted them here, and he cantered them there,  
Which made Ponto Corvo,† and Beningsen stare.

At Leipsic Apollo played up a sweet tune,  
He called great Napoleon his Man in the Moon ;  
His bright Constellation, his Mercury, Mars,  
And night-capped his head in a bundle of stars. ‡

\* June, 1807.

† Bernadotte, king of Sweden.

‡ Stars, newly discovered, named by the Leipsic scholars, " the Napoleon Constellation."

Though shining with stars, yet sweet bees he has now,  
His dear friend, John Bull may yet spare him a *Cow*,  
With milk and with honey his meadows may flow,  
His eagles we'll roast, and we'll give him a crow.

From Europe to Afric astride he would stand,  
And like a Colossus our straits he'd command ;  
Betwixt his two legs not a wherry must swim  
Up Mediterranean, without leave of *Him*.

All ships on the sea to us take off their hats,  
'Cause we are all salmons, and they are all sprats ;  
A truth the wise Bona will *not* comprehend,  
He swears to this joke that he'll soon put an end.

Cries Bona, “ grey Katty \* and Fred stretched a  
claw,  
To murder men, women, and babes at Warsaw ;  
I'll drop on a POLE my new Liberty-Cap,  
He'll hail his preserver in tight little Nap.

“ All regal elections I blot from my laws,  
Augustus no more shall drive out Stanislaus ;

\* Catherine, Empress of Russia.

Ere John can bring *Davison* over the *Coals*,  
Young Jerome\* shall king the Westphalians and  
Poles.

“ Although I have ministers proper and tall,  
Yet I am myself, and that self will do all ;  
From screwing a crown on a monarch’s thick head,  
To seeing that poor men have meat to their bread.

“ John Bull I’ve to thank for my wonderful name,  
He strove to blow out, but he puff’d up the flame ;  
If Emperor Bona is famous at last,  
FAME held up her trumpet, but John blew the blast.

“ John will not consider that fighting’s *my* line,  
That war is the sphere in which Bona must shine ;  
That victory waits on my word of command,  
I win—but ’tis John puts the trumps in my hand.

“ John buys German soldiers at so much a score,  
Then how can such subjects their monarchs adore ?  
‘ My masters,’ they cry, ‘ Tit for tat is your due,  
You first sold your people, and now they sell you.’

\* Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia and Poland, November, 1807.

“ They took up their muskets and then laid them down,

They bravely marched in, but sneaked out of the town;

To save me the trouble of giving them stripes,

They gave up their swords, and they lighted their pipes.”

The innocent Dane at the carnage looked on,  
But when back to France little Bona was gone,  
John tattered their college, their lane, and their street,  
Then, Gulliver-like, straddled off with their fleet.

To see their church blazing, quite nobly it shone,

By anticipation we jockeyed young Box;

*His* purpose to rob them, tho’ even a fact,

*His* merely was purpose, but John’s was the act. \*

At Lisbon, said Congreve, your ships small and great,  
Give up—or my ROCKETS shall whiz on your pate;  
Braganza then wept, and said “ rather than so,  
Across the Atlantic with Mammy I’ll go ! †”

\* The bombardment of Constantinople, by Lord Nelson, and the seizure of the Danish fleet.

† Nov. 29, 1807, Don Juan sailed with the queen, his mother, for the Brazils.

“ No more on our Continent Johnny shall trade,  
His Island I put in a state of blockade ;  
The LAND we will keep to ourselves and the larks,  
The OCEAN we leave to Jack Bull and the sharks.

“ Here John shall no more make a rumpus and rout,  
I'll girt round my Europe, and quite shut him out ;  
Then cut and divide it, just like a twelfth cake,  
Among friends and brothers of Bona the Rake.

“ By Grenville I'm aped in an underling way ;  
Like mine, his relations he puts into pay ;  
The brothers of Grenville, those well-looking clowns,  
Touch *Guineas*, while mine are contented with *Crowns*.

“ French Franky the second, Scot Mary did wed,  
(And curst Bessy Tudor cut off her poor head ;)  
To England *her* birthright, spouse Francis laid claim ;  
I'm now the French monarch, my right is the same.

“ The arms of Great Britain were stamped on French  
gold,  
As part of my empire be Britain enroll'd ;  
Let London's sick Parliament die of the fits,  
In Paris MY Capital Parliament sits.

“ Your Peers, like your Commoners, henceforth elect,  
O'er lands and o'er seas I your presence expect ;  
Grass grow in your square, in your street, in your  
lane ;

Thus London served Dublin—she cannot complain !

“ At Amiens a hopeful peace-chicken was hatch'd,  
John's Hum-and-ha Treaty my wit over-match'd ;  
For while he cried, Europe with peace shall be blest,  
At Malta he left a war-egg in the nest.

“ 'Cause Hal killed his prisoners at Agincourt Plain,  
Why still make our Europe the workshop of Cain !  
You brag of Black Edward, that troublesome chap,  
At Cressy they wanted a tight little Nap.”

Because Mr. Nelson defied cannon balls,  
To get his sham coffin a *Berth* in St. Pauls,  
Each hard-headed seaman cries, ‘ Nelson's the word !’  
‘ A Venus I'll kiss’—she'll say—‘ thankye, *my Lord.*’

Four boatswains, attempting the Dardanelles pass,  
Swore Constantinople they'd shiver like glass ;

Arbuthnot on shoulders would carry his head,  
Not 'tween his two legs,\*—this ambassador fled.

Sweet HERO once loved, where those boatswains  
arrive,

And where poor *Leander* made too long a dive,  
Cries SIDNEY, † ‘Here still are some Heros, I see,  
Let’s run, or they’ll make a Leander of me !’

Home Popham some wedges of silver to nim,  
From Hottentot-Cape to La Plate took a skim ;  
Old Raleigh marauded just so—but alas !  
Poor Walter had not such a screen as Dundas !

When Whitelock was sent to steal plate at Peru,  
John told him ’twas easy as ‘How do you do ?’  
But Liniers, he laugh’d at the soft Buccaneer,  
And soon sent him home with a flea in his ear.

Tho’ France with a squib set America free  
From old Father JOHN and his Stamps and his Tea,

\* The Turks place the decapitated heads of Christians between the legs: Turkish heads, under the arm.

† Sir Sidney Smith.

He'd still play the Hector, half-crazy, half drunk,  
He'd ransack her pockets, and rummage her trunk. \*

“ Once suffer a touze from that obstinate swine,  
Wherever I meet you, I'll seize you as mine.” †  
The Dame did not like a belligerent douce,  
To keep from them both, she kept close in her house. ‡

A poor dog of hers, tho' a true *Newfoundland*,  
Cries John, ‘ He's *my* puppy, I know by this hand.’  
Said Berkeley, ‘ Yes, sir, he was whelped at *our* farm.’  
‘ Hap-hazard I'll collar him up at yard-arm.’

This odd sort of fun set her valour afloat,  
She stepped out to sea in her sweet little boat ;  
Cries Washington's ghost, as dear Freedom *I* gave,  
‘ America ! never again be a slave !’

Bon whisk'd off from Spain good old Charley§ the  
Don,  
His wife and queen, daughter, Fernando || his son;

\* Order in Council.

† Berlin and Milan Decree.

‡ Non-intercourse Act.

§ Charles IV. king of Spain.

|| Ferdinand, king of Spain.

Then said to King Joseph, \* “ Boy, do as you’re bid,  
From Naples get out, and get into Madrid.

“ Achilles and I in the Styx had a dip,  
In battle I’m proof against stab, cut, and rip ;  
But, sirs, as I’ll ne’er turn my heel to the foe,  
If *I* get a wound, it must be in my toe.

“ And now I’ll step over your high Pyrenees !”  
But *Wellesley* said, ‘ Sir, you’ll keep back, if you  
please.’

This *Arthur* shillelagh’d Junot black and blue,  
In spite of Sir Hal, † and the sober Sir Hugh. ‡

Castanos and Blake, and the young Palafox,  
Flew off from great Bona, like widgeons in flocks ;  
Fat rabbits he grilled at an Auta-de-fé,  
And shot *Johnny Moore* at the edge of the sea !

But then at Vienna, Arch-Charley, the duke, §  
Declared he’d give Bona a handsome rebuke ;

\* Joseph Bonaparte, king of Naples and of Spain, March, 1808. .

† Sir Henry B. Neale.      ‡ Sir Hugh Dalrymple, Aug. 1808.

§ The Arch-duke of Austria.

Bon's bridge over Danube sail'd off in the snow,  
And Bona's coop'd up in the Isle of Lobau !

Too deep and too rapid this river to wade,  
He took from his pocket a bridge ready made ;  
At Wagram Arch-Charley he beat very much,  
While Chatham \* ate soused callipash with the Dutch.

Dutch smugglers and Louis † were not quite the thing,  
Unfit for a kingdom, unfit for a king ;  
So Louis awoke from his monarchy trance,  
As Bona made Holland a parish of France.

Beloved Josephine is contented to be  
No more Cara Sposa, but prime Chere Amie ;  
Maria Louisa, when bone of his bone, ‡  
Soon Bona gave Europe an heir of his own. §

\* Lord Chatham, at Walcheren, July, 1809.

† Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland, April, 1810.

‡ April, 1810.                   § March, 1811.

## BONA THE RAKE

## CANTO II.

“ O Alick, pray sell me the skin of your cat, \* ”

“ O Johnny,” said Alick, “ I cannot do that ;

I swore against Bona I never would stir ;

At Tilsit I swore—would you perjure me, sir ?

“ However, if Bona to Russia will trip,

For twenty Bank Tokens I pawn you my ship.” †—

Great Bona then drew on his seven-league boot,

And hopped to Muscovy to end the dispute. ‡

“ At Petersburg ready to knock me about !

You've burrowed at Moscow !—I'll smother you out.

Said Alick—“ Too hot ! take a roll in my snows,

But how you'll get back, that no conjuror knows !”

Old Moscow was singed like the wing of a fly,

The KREMLIN young BONA blew into the sky ;

\* The Russian Fur Trade.

† The Russian fleet brought to the Thames.

‡ September, 1812.

He fought with his sword 'till he wore off the edge,  
Then rode back to Paris incog. on a sledge.

Now mingled together in ice, snow, and mud,  
Lay horses and men, in their bowels and blood ;  
Through Poland the rest cut the best of their way,  
In hunger, and horror, and doubt, and dismay !

Yet Freddy and Alick soon found to their cost,  
That Bona was vanquished by General Frost ;  
At Lutzen, where sire of Christina was killed, \*  
He turned like a stag, and disputed the field.

With fortifications they made a parade,  
A pick-axe their sword, and their shield was a spade ;  
While Bona at Bautzen, to show them new France,  
Soon ran them all thro' with his Polish red lance. †

For cash Ponto Corvo ‡ held out his left paw,  
And vowed with the other, his faulchion he'd draw ;  
At Stralsund he purses JOHN's guineas with care,  
Then valiantly flourished his sword—in the air.

\* Gustavus, king of Sweden, father to queen Christina, slain at the battle of Lutzen, May, 1812.

† Battle of Bautzen.

‡ Bernadotte.

Dad Franky, by Alick and Freddy drawn in,  
'Fore Dresden now kicked up the hell of a din ;  
Said Franky, " A fine manifesto I'll speak !"  
Murat stopped his mouth with a slap in the cheek. \*

Moreau 'scaped a jaunt in the mantle of red, †  
And got to America safe with his head ;  
When Alick cried—" Soldier ! I borrow your brains, ‡  
In Germany smoke a cigar for your pains. § ]

Of Bourbon-restorings his pockets were full,  
With ' Downfall of Paris' he crammed up his skull ;  
From Boston he walked on his two pretty pegs,  
His walk being finished—Bon shot off his legs !

" Though Russians and Germans with ease you can  
trounce,  
Yet, Master," said Corvo, " your rule I renounce !  
You taught me to fight, I no longer obey ;  
CROWN PRINCE I am now—every dog has his day."'

\* Battle of Dresden, September, 1813.

† The victims of the guillotine wore a red cloak.

‡ Alexander invited Moreau to return and serve against France.

§ During the amputation of his legs, he smoked cigars.

From Bon he had learned some most exquisite strokes,  
Italian campaigns taught him parries and pokes ;  
Of money and fame to step in for his share,  
On Bona he turned his own art Militaire.

So lavish was Bon of his fine cannon shot,  
He fired—’till a dozen more shot he had not :  
Hemmed round like a mite in a circle of ink,  
Of certain destruction he seemed on the brink.

Fred smiled on the Germans, quite happy to see  
The *back* of their heads where their *noses* should be :  
The Conqueror’s laurel was all a mere joke,  
Bon’s Rhinish Confederacy ended in smoke ! \*

“ For valiant protection, if these are my thanks,  
Base soldiers,” said Bona, “ begone from my ranks ;  
To fight at my elbow were now my disgrace,  
Wheel round ! hold *before* me, your treacherous face !

Some fancied at Leipsic—they Bona might catch,  
Too nimble the corporal lighting his match ;

\* Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine.

He blew up the bridge just as Bona had cross'd,  
Pontoffsky the brave in the river was lost !

The work was hark forward ! huzza ! tally-ho !  
His own troops ward from him the finishing blow ;  
They hew him a passage—his enemies proved  
The soldier is still by a soldier beloved.

Old Thierry mayor of the palace was once,  
And from his high castle equipped for the nonce,  
Rode Bona, and sabred both Blucher and Yorck,  
As farmers in Hampshire cut flitches of pork.

His foe to drive out, Bona knew not well how,  
He *Schwartzenberg* chevied, he Blucher chased now ;  
As one he ran after, the other rushed in,  
A battle *here* finished, *there's* one to begin !

In Bona's reverses *D'Yorck* led the van,  
Defection was followed by *Wrede* and *Thuelman* ;  
While cheered by such thumps in the North and the  
*East*,  
By gay Paddy *Arthur* he's thump'd in the *West*.

When Orange was Boven, the brothers *De Witts* \*  
Like peel of an orange were pulled all to bits ;  
Yet now Monsieur Corvo stepped out from his roost,  
And pelted an orange at Monsieur Davoust †

The Swiss, with the spirit of stout William Tell,  
Declared to stand neuter they did very well ;  
“ Why, aye,” said Don Cossack, “ though that’s very  
true,  
I’ll walk thro’ your house in my way to St. Cloud.”‡

To get round behind them, some hope Bon had left ;  
They used his own method, his army they cleft ;  
Of empire he heard the sad funeral toll,  
Full onward to Paris his enemies bowl.

A true Battle Royal this Capital row,  
Ten monarchs at once were at fisty-cuffs now ;  
Hey ! over the Rhine ! like fine hell-kites they flew,  
And set after Bon with a screeching halloo !

\* The Pensioners, De Witts, murdered by the populace.

† The siege of Hamburgh by Bernadotte, March, 1813.

‡ The Russians passing through Switzerland.

Those warriors now strut, and who strut at their head ?  
The oft-beaten *Alick*, the oft-beaten *Fred* !  
To triumph o'er *Bona* who claims the sole right ?  
The ne'er-beaten *Arthur* ! immaculate knight !

Who first stemmed the torrent of Bon's raging flood ?  
A Wellesley—but none but a Somerset could  
On Sussex wide coast, with such skill and such care,  
For Arthur and laurels the soldier prepare. \*

Said Freddy and Alick, “ Why Franky, you lag ! ”  
Said Frank, “ Soft compunction has knock'd up my  
nag ;  
So batter that Paris yourselves to your *gout*,  
There *you* have no daughter, no grand-child have *you* !

Where son-in-law Bona, with grief saw her urn'd,  
Go, Schwartzenberg, mourn your princess that was  
burn'd ! ”  
“ My Cossacks ! ” cries Platoff, “ the havock begin ; ”  
Marmont, to save Paris, said, “ Masters, walk in.”

\* The late Lord Charles Somerset, then on the staff at Brighton.

The Briton did all, yet the Russ and the Pruss,  
Would usher *Artois* \* with magnificent fuss ;  
Up stepped Castlereagh, and he shoved them aside,  
And led in Monsieur with an Englishman's pride.

No bouncing, be modest, ye triple Allies,  
Nor crow over Bona—be silent, if wise ;  
At JOHN's roaring thunders dull Europe awoke,  
JOHN's gold did the job, and his tough heart of oak.

“ Plague take you !” says John, “ to the obstinate  
GAUL,  
You'd some have a monarch, and some none at all ;  
Well, choose for yourselves, and we'll not interfere,  
But, zounds ! you shall have the old king we bring  
here !” †

Speed, Courier of Peace, to Bayonne and Toulouse,  
Unlucky ! this dove used the wings of a goose :  
Said Arthur, ‘ ‘Tis peace !”—‘ No !’ cried Soult, ‘ that's  
a hoax.’

They give, and they take cruel life-ending strokes.

\* Now Charles Xth, May, 1814.

† Louis XVIIIth, May, 1814.

They all, except Frank, were now in at the death ;  
Young Bona at Fontainebleau stopped to take breath ;  
Said he, " Sirs, in quiet I'll sit on my throne,  
And thresh you no more, if you'll let me alone."

" Of sorrow you gave us a plentiful sup,  
And close in your France we'll now bottle you up ;  
BEAR, EAGLE, and LION, shall seal down the cork,  
There keep out the tide, with your little pitch-fork."

" I'm stranded ! at flood, by not taking the tide  
My arrows are spent—of the mark I've shot wide :  
When Windham affronted the proud volunteers,  
Oh that was my time to shake John by the ears !

" My march into Spain I for ever shall rue,  
To Moscow my march was the devil's tat-too ;  
Had Windsor but once got me under its roof,  
In Paris a Cossack had never set hoof.

" Had Petersburg seen me, I surely had switched  
False Alick, Oh I was bedevilled, bewitched,  
To stray up to Moscow.—He once shook my hand,  
And said, ' Let us rescue the fair Holy Land.'

“ From gripe of that unhallow'd scoundrel the Turk,  
We both may be canonized yet for such work ;  
Some future Tassoni may sing our exploits,  
Booksellers, reap guineas—book writers glean doits. \*

“ For Palestine, ho ! my brave friend, my ally,  
You're Dick Cœur-de-Lion, bold Godfrey am I.  
John Bull shows some silver, base Alick recoils,  
Not palms from Judea, but renegade spoils.

“ We're monarchs, and yet on my word and my oath,  
That Chateaubriand has done more than us both ;  
His travels a track all so luminous, bright,  
Of Holy Sepulchre they made him a knight.

“ If Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow could be  
So cleverly taken by *one* against *three*,  
Sharp retaliation brings no shame to Bon,  
Now Paris is taken by three against One.

\* A dangerous line to appear in PRINT, but such as the author left it, it remains ; and is submitted to the liberal feelings and candour of those censured by it ; besides, they must remember, it is Bona who is speaking, not the author.—ED.

“ Loved wife and loved baby adieu, and adieu !  
And O my loved Paris, a farewell to you !  
The *constant*, the *helpless* I tried to defend,  
And bring your calamities all to an end !”

Too mighty this oak, its wide branches they lop,  
Some whispered Dalilah made Bona a crop !  
His comb, whether cut by a scissars or shears,  
This SAMSON an old house pulled over his ears !

The sixteenth of April at Culloden Moor,  
When Billy \* laid Charley † along on the floor,  
The rebelly mark was that virgin cockade  
Which now as the pure loyal sign is displayed !

When Hawkesbury ‡ ordered ‘ to Paris’ the ‘ March,’  
Some whig politicians, sagacious and arch,  
Then called it the flash of a *Bobadil*-gun ;  
Laugh on—yet the thing is now actually done.

The lion in toils, all enjoyed his disgrace,  
And many an ass threw his heels in his face :

\* William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II.

† Prince Charles Edward, grand-son of James II.

‡ The late Lord Liverpool.

The cry is, we've given our giant the mumps,  
His big bullock's heart is dropped into his pumps.

At Fontainebleau Bona sat smiling at Fate,  
To cipher he took out his pencil and slate,  
*Addition, Division*, he brought from the school,  
*Reduction* was new, so he studied that Rule.

“ Wife, child, life, and crown, and friend Mameluke  
take,  
Said he, “ I resign all, dear France, for your sake ;  
My name's up, at ELBA I'll now go to bed,  
Though hard may the rock be that pillows my head.

“ 'Till voice of the senate the Bourbon restored,  
Of all my prime captains not one dropped the sword,  
Except Cousin Corvo !—false friend, have a care !  
The Swede in a corner has still a true heir.\*

“ Great grandsons of Frenchmen will give me ap-  
plause,  
I raised up the building of Order and Laws ;

\* The son of Gustavus IV.

The scaffolding done with, they knocked it away,  
Time cannot forget me, Ingratitude may.

“ To beautify Paris with grace and with strength,  
My freedoms with Italy went to some length :  
Her *Venus*, *Apollo*, and *Hercules* club,  
I took—and *Four Horses*, without much hubbub !

“ Those drew all abreast, a triumphal-car set,  
Might draw from the Tower Sir Francis Burdett ;  
But prudence to keep him from perils and shames,  
Had sent him safe home by good old father Thames. \*

“ Mont Cenis, Mont Blanc, with their snow-veneer'd  
scalps,  
My frosted twelfth-cake, as I cut through the Alps ;  
My King's Road from Paris to Rome walked in state,  
Like King's Road from Fulham to Buckingham Gate !

“ The church of St. Peter no soldier profaned,  
That Rock I held sacred, the Text so ordained ;  
I said, gentle Romans, some blessings I lack,  
I'll borrow your Pope, and I'll soon pay him back.

\* April, 1810. A triumph was prepared for his liberation ; but he returned privately by water to his house in Piccadilly.

“ The slave trade I sent to old Scratch, its papa,  
The Lettre de Cachet went off with éclat ;  
Rome’s Bull this side Alps now is mute as a trout ;  
The bigot Inquisitor’s flame I snuffed out !

“ I took from religion the sponge dipped in gall,  
My free toleration extended to all ;  
No medium of prejudice clouded my view,  
A Neckar, a Fleury, a Sieyes, a Richelieu !

“ When John with the gulp of a stork or a crane  
Had greedily swallowed our sweet sugar-cane ; \*  
I made for our coffee a sugar as sweet,  
At Passy † I made it, from root of the Beet.

“ Let John in Hyde Park have his gallant sea-fight,‡  
I built at old Antwerp a navy of might ;  
Down Scheldt by strong Lillo and Bergen-op-zoom,  
His channel to sweep with my Flanderkin broom !

“ Canals, roads, and bridges—I fostered the Arts,  
By cherishing industry, genius, and parts ;

\* England taking the French West India Islands.

† Near Paris.

‡ The rejoicings on the Serpentine River, in 1814.

The Eden was France, while I smiled from a throne  
Of all the known world, and the world that's un-  
known.

“ I cheered drooping France with a glorious Bon-fire,  
To splendour imperial I bade her aspire :  
A kingdom and Capets again let her be,  
Unworthy of empire, unworthy of me !

“ To fence her from inroads of barbarous gangs,  
I gave her those bulwarks by force and harangues ;  
Of rivers, towns, fortresses, wall beyond wall ;”  
“ In this we'll uphold you,” said France, one and all.

“ Though *my* popularity seems at an end,  
Or Bona, or Bourbon, say, which is your friend ?  
*I* kept the foe *out* of France, *He* brings him *in* ;  
Am I thus to lose you, is he thus to win !

“ Once down, we're forsaken, tho' *Clery*\* stood proof,  
My valet was *Constant* †—he now keeps aloof :  
One never forsook me, my wife Josephine !  
One never betrayed me, her noble Eugene !

\* The valet of Louis XVI.

† Napoleon's valet.

“ My good rose to better before our divorce,  
Since that I’ve been tumbling from bad down to  
worse ;  
She comforted, guarded, and led me along,  
I left my **GOOD** house, when I left **MALMAISON** !

“ My dynasty yet will be ranked, I’m afraid,  
With Cromwell, ’Aniello \*, Wat Tyler, Jack Cade ;  
My small *King of Rome*, though, is no such great jest,  
As Pope he may reign, if they make him a Priest !

“ Dread *Jaffa*, *D’Enghien*, *Palm*, black *Toussaint*,  
and *Wright*,  
Would put any other man into a fright ;  
Those murders full on me keep staring around,  
By Europe’s Grand Jury a true bill is found !

“ Cries *Capet*, ‘ from shelf he the diadem stole !’  
The Jacobin wishes my pate on a pole ;  
Fell *Platoff* surveys me with countenance grim,  
And Alick would pelt me to Tartary Crim !

“ The coach is come for me ! and I must depart,  
A coach they may call it—in use ’tis a cart !

\* Massaniello of Naples.

From hence though with smiles of composure I go,  
The smile that's not real, the tear will o'erflow !

“ Here manacled now, yet there once was an hour,  
When Fred, Frank, and Russ, were as much in *my*  
power.

The page that records, will my wisdom condemn,  
For not chalking out three Rock Islands for THEM.”

Through Lyons by torchlight his sigh and his sob  
Were highly enjoyed by the democrat mob :  
They once cursed their King—a Shimeian Race !  
They now thrust their links in their Emperor's face.

The Avignon Doctor would pound him to dust,  
A group of signoras would take off his bust ;  
“ Where now is your Conscript ? ah, Caro ! King  
Bon !

Revenge for my lover, my brother, my son !”

Cries Bona, “ they'll kill me, as sure as I'm born !”  
’Twas said like a postboy, he sounded his horn :  
A ruthless assassin aims at him a knife,  
His guard, Captain Campbelle thus pleads for his life :

“ Consider, if now you should put him to death,  
His pains will slip off with his run-away breath ;  
By sparing the life of this criminal beast,  
The worm of remorse on his liver will feast.”

*Cam* now put our Hero on board the good ship,  
And *Bona* drank water, and *Usher* \* drank flip :  
Preparing on Elba his prisoner to land,  
He saw a bright army parading the strand.

“ How soldiers came yonder, I cannot divine ;  
I wonder whose are they ?” — said *Bona*, “ They’re  
mine.”

“ Some persons, said *Usher*, this matter shall know,  
”Till I’ve further orders, let’s cruize to and fro.”

His people at Elba receive him with joy,  
No longer is *BONA* the TERRIBLE BOY ;  
Yet like the ripe vintage he’s rich to the lees,  
He waves his white Banner, and on it three Bees.

This Lily-white Flag had one rose-coloured stripe,  
Of sweet social compact his bees were the type ;

\* Captain *Usher*, R. N.

His coat was all silver, his blue coat on that,  
His white rose cockade on his pretty round hat.\*

The voice of the cannon by Echo is caught,  
The news to his native Ajaccio's brought ;  
Content, though in exile he's up to the chin,  
If drummed *out* of France, here they fiddle him *in*.

“ That Spaniard, wise Seneca, Slander knows why,  
Was exiled to where I first heard lullaby :  
Yes, there lies dear Corsica ! loved Isle, from whence  
My Phœbus-career had its dawn of commence.’

“ A globe of vast empire, I'd grasp and command,  
So large and unwieldy, it slipped from my hand :  
I here am a father, my family small,  
My labour but ease to provide for you all.

“ I gave to my Legion of Honour these mines,  
And honour has lustre while gratitude shines :  
My spring fed those streamlets, they swelled far and  
wide,  
Their honour is mud, now the fountain is dried.

\* His real dress when he landed at Elba.

“ Still decked in my bounties, thou recreant *Ney* !  
And sage *Benevento*,\* shrewd Vicar of Bray !  
Since that luckless moment when I ceased to reign,  
Disgrace marks those titles you’re proud to retain !

“ If steel’s the chief produce of Elba’s rock isle,  
Then here the sword grows by the acre and mile :  
Of death-giving steel I’ve had more than enough,  
I’ll plant here the life-giving bottle and loaf.

“ Though Louis† neat Hollands can send me no more,  
Nor Jerome‡ a haunch of the chesnut-fed boar,  
A Parmesan cheese from Louisa I’ll get,  
And Dublin shall claret my prim cellaret.§

“ And Josephine’s dead ! and of griefs not her own,  
Not loss of her crown, but *my* fall from a throne !  
So full was her heart of those griefs that it brake,  
Her life was a troublesome dream—she’s awake !!

\* Prince Talleyrand.

† Louis Bonaparte, once king of Holland.

‡ Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia.

§ The author was told by a French gentleman, that Bonaparte had his claret from Dublin.

“ As Jerome, Joachim, \* and Louis, and Joe  
Played kings on my stage, in *my* play and *my* show,  
Their parts being finished, they throw off the robe,  
And sup at the **SIGN** of the **CROWN** and the **GLOBE**.

“ While up to his lip the full goblet he puts,  
Each smiles to look back at his rants and his struts,  
And says, ‘ Though opposed by foul envy and spite,  
We brought his play through, to our author’s ninth  
night.’ ”

Says Lucien, “ Your wonders have seen their nine  
days,  
How safer to sit in *my* crownet of bays,  
On Monmouth Parnass’—and of Charlemagne sing,  
Than hazard wild flights on an Icarus’ wing.” †

Box asks for his baker, himself is his cook  
To boil his hard egg :—and he asks for a book :  
He fears from Oran that some vile tawney moor,  
Will snatch him from Elba, of that he is sure !

\* Murat, king of Naples.

† Lucien Bonaparte, a prisoner at Ludlow in Wales, and author  
of the poem of Charlemagne. Oct. 1810.

“ Oh, civil John Bull, sir, to sleep without dread,  
Do give me a boat from your bonny Spithead !  
A leaf of your olive you thus send to me,  
A poor stricken fowl that is dropped in the sea !

“ Each masquerade friend is a treacherous foe,  
Your vizor was up when you gave me the blow ;  
Since first you at Vimeira broke my grand charm,  
Till now, that my body and soul you disarm.

“ The axe though you laid to my tall laurel trees,  
(My stars all extinguished, and smothered my bees !)  
We both now are islanders, quenched are the brands  
Across the wide Continent, let us shake hands.”

## BONA THE RAKE.

## CANTO III.

Said Alick, “ Fred, Franky, to London we'll go,  
Like three royal jolly boys all of a row.”  
Frank weighing his visit with grave pro and con,  
Said, ‘ *I* dare not go, I owe money to John. \*

“ I never will pay him, yet mean to be free,  
In London he'd start an attorney at me ;  
His bailiff would tip me, as walking the street,  
I'm dragged to a sponging-house, lodged in the fleet.”

Now Freddy and Alick paid more than they owed,  
In paying a visit to Johnny's abode :  
Some smiles had the Emperor, but Freddy's are gone,  
A consort has Alick, poor Freddy has none. †

At club, race, assembly, ball, supper, and rout,  
This Emperor gracefully waltzed it about ;

\* Austria had not repaid the loans. The Emperor Francis did not come to England.

† The beautiful queen of Prussia, who died in 1813.

With quakers shook hands, and with sailors drank  
grog,

Roast beef of old England he ate with Magog.

Left full at one's ease, of all welcome's the best,  
John clumsily makes over much of his guest ;  
By croudings and bawlins he only annoys,  
When crammed in the feeding, we're choked with our  
joys.

So pawed by the carters, and drabs that sell fish,  
Those monarchs at length were obliged to cry, ' Pish !'  
To Eider-down beds both the sov'reigns cried, ' Pshaw !  
A man though a king can sleep sound upon straw.'

Bank notes at Threadneedle Street Alick would print,  
But Fred loved a guinea, so went to the Mint :  
At Oxford they each took a Doctor's degree,  
And Platoff and Blucher were dubbed L.L. D.

At Blenheim old Blucher and Platoff now stared,  
Desert and reward with their own they compared ;  
Agreeing, though Churchill \* had hector'd so well,  
Yet he had no giant Napoleon to quell.

\* Duke of Marlborough.

Now Blucher played cards, and was thought a big  
rook,

And Arthur he steps into Dover a DUKE ! \*

And CORVO finds Guadaloupe all a mere hum, †

So where's his tobacco, his sugars, and rum ?

To pull up a pine-tree is labour in vain,  
As Norway fast grapples herself to the Dane ;  
And Bourbon would wish to see Gosfield again,  
But thinks on the cart-load of goods at Varennes ! ‡

For mercy he makes what a *blessed* return,  
To trade in man's flesh, to scourge, torture, and burn,  
Saint Wilberforce fights for the blacks like St. Mick,  
And lays it on Belzebub three-fold and thick !

To enterprize Bona may now bid good bye,  
His prospects are henceforth the sea and the sky ;  
Though walks 'cross his realms his hurt mind may  
amuse,

He cannot walk far without wetting his shoes.

\* He was created a Duke whilst still in France.

† Guadaloupe, promised to Bernadotte, was withheld.

‡ The arrest of his brother, Louis XVI. by Drouet, &c.

The Mediterranean his rise and his set,  
Who knows what the Fates may intend for him yet !  
No banquet he sits at, though hung by a thread,  
The sharp-pointed sword dangles over his head.

Old tales Greek and Roman so conned and believed,  
Relate what a Pompey and Cæsar achieved ;  
And feats quite surprisiug of Philip's mad son,  
King Saxony says “ They're all fifers to Bon. \*

“ The poor naked savage those geniuses cuff'd,  
Gauls, Britons, and Gypsies, were easily buff'd ;  
But Bon from a youth was Bellona's delight,  
When war and such fancies were full at the height.

“ Before Lady Fortune his standard forsook,  
The pearls of Europa's rich necklace he took ;  
Hague, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Naples, Rome,  
From Lisbon to Moscow, each court was his home.

“ His tongue is in plain, but strong eloquence drest,  
His mouth is the model of beauty, says West ; †

\* The king of Saxony was the friend of Bonaparte, through all his reverses.

† Benjamin West, P. R. A. thus expressed himself.

His thought is a spark, and his act is a flame,  
And Cassia he'll snuff in the Temple of Fame."

To Florence went Campbelle to taste their rich grape,  
Then Bona from Elba made good his escape ;  
Gay Hope raised his anchor, success swelled his sail,  
At *Frejus* he lands like a merman or whale. \*

From Paris the English both ladies and gents,  
In fear of this monster, and dismal events,  
From dread guillotine and the post of the lamp,  
On mules of St. Francis to Calais quick tramp !

Cries Bona, " I wanted both victuals and drink,  
A pension they promised, but all's a mere jink ;  
Steel, poison, or bullet, I know was my lot,  
Or locked up in Scotland with old Johnny Grot.

" To hold to their treaties those monarchs won't budge,  
My base abdication was only in fudge ;  
A trick of the times, and a nice ruse-de-guerre ;  
A fig for the Lion, black Eagle, and Bear ! "

\* March, 1815.

Like Mars on his charger he bounds with a spring,  
Land, sea, clouds, and billows with joyful shouts  
ring;

The legions rejoicing—"Our Emperor see !  
Great CORPORAL VIOLET ! our darling is he !"

Said Louis, " My lads, 'tis my real belief,  
You're able to stop this usurper and thief;  
At Melun go wait for him, near to the wood,  
And bring me his HEAD, my good lads, be so good."

With musket and cannon at Melun they wait,  
When Bona came dash, at the hell of a rate !  
" To Paris I'm going to revel in joys,  
My warriors, come follow me, follow my boys !"

" We'll follow our Emperor, merry Frenchmen !  
And Louis go reign in your England again !"  
The people of Paris to meet him run out,  
With song and with dance, and a thundering shout.

Gay Paris he enters with glories around,  
The peaceable musket now points to the ground ;

“ My father's restored !” young Napoleon shall say,  
And bloodless the triumph that marks my birthday !”\*

Says Louis, “ You swore as your body might thrive,  
You'd bring Bon to Paris, or dead or alive.”

“ King Louis,” says NEY, “ I have done as I said,  
I've brought him to Paris—but *Bon is not dead.*”

Fred, Franky, and Alick, now put on their crowns,  
And dressed up their brows in true monarchy frowns ;  
They bid Bully Blucher have done with his prate,  
And bring them the head of the villain they hate.

“ Recruit all the land from Bathsheba to Dan,  
Bring thousands and thousands against the one Man ;  
Bring millions of soldiers—they're sure of their pay,  
We're promised the cash by my Lord Castlereagh.”

Now Bona left Paris, but first gave a treat,  
This emperor's cup had more bitter than sweet ;  
“ From France I will keep out the carnage,” said he,  
And ORANGE's kingdom the cock-pit shall be.”

\* He entered Paris (for the last time) the 21st of March, 1815.

With hopes but so-so, he begins the attack,  
Pell-mell and confusion ! slay, havock, and hack !  
“ By French or by English the battle be won,”  
Cries Satan, “ *My* business goes merrily on !”

Fitzclarence,\* Hal Wyndham,† Ned Somerset,‡ bled,  
Delancey, and Ponsonby—thousands lie dead !  
Though BONA was beat from his hat to his shoe ;  
He fought like a Hero at BELLE WATERLOO !

Through panic his myrmidons take to their heels,  
And back into Paris their emperor reels ;  
He flings off his crown in a fit of despair,  
Proclaiming his Baby-Napoleon his heir !

\* Colonel George Fitzclarence, now Earl of Munster, the province of the O'Keeffes.

† Captain Henry Wyndham, son to the Earl of Egremont.

‡ Lord Edward Somerset. His younger brother, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, I have already commemorated in my Ballad of “ Sir Arthur,” thus :—

“ With ~~left~~ hand Fitzroy signs his Franks,  
Mars shook him by the Dexter.”—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

There may be some error respecting the above officers having been all wounded at WATERLOO ; but even so, they shed their blood in the same cause in Portugal, Spain, and elsewhere.—E.B.

“ My Paris is taken again and again,  
And wide sweeps the Lion, and far from his den ;  
For freedom and privacy hence let me flee,  
America take me ! Oh take me !” said he.

Cries Maitland,\* “ From Rochefort attempt to come  
out,

I'll sink you, of that there's no manner of doubt.”  
Said BONA, “ A Tar is as good as his word,  
So, flaming Bellerophon, take me on board.

“ You said you but wanted the downfall of me,  
And that once effected, contented you'd be ;  
Well, here to your clutch, self-surrendered I come,  
John Bull, this sharp thorn you've got out of your  
thumb.

“ Alas ! though my sun is for ever gone down,  
The true page historic secures my renown,  
Though Envy's foul breath my bright laurels would  
blast,  
Napoleon's Napoleon the Great to the last !”

\* Captain Maitland, R. N. See his most interesting Narrative.

The whale may escape with harpoon when 'tis struck,  
The grand whale, Napoleon, had no such good luck,  
FOUCHE aimed Congreve Rocket, sure heart-burning  
flame,

It fastened on Bona—oh tell not its name !

That false Jack-o-Lantern soon led to his grave,  
Dug deep at Helena !—the wise, good, and brave !  
First step on Bellerophon's deck his dirge sung,  
First shovel of clay on his coffin was flung.

Though Fortune his Guardian's no more at his beck,  
With confidence manly he steps upon deck ;  
“ I claim the Protection,” said he, “ of your laws.”  
The rough British seamen all murmur applause.

He now visits Hotham, \* “ *Superb*” is the ship,  
Says Maitland, “ The Emperor,”—that was a slip !  
To see him while thousands put off from the land,  
Received with prime honours, the yards are all  
mann'd :

\* Admiral Hotham.

The green-coated boy is the ladies' delight,  
The boats spread the seas, and all long for a sight ;  
Stern, cabin, and gangway, he meets their desire,  
They gaze and they pity, they sigh and admire !

That BONA's 'mong pirates, like Cæsar \* the youth,  
Or Regulus pledging his promise of truth,  
Or traitor for safety, and wine, bread, and beef,  
Themistocles-like, is quite out of belief.

“ John Bull's a dread rattle-snake, death in his eye,  
Aloft from the bough the charm'd bird cannot fly ;  
John Bull is a candle, and death in its flame,  
The moth plays around it in frolick and game.

“ The bird has dropped into the rattlesnake's maw,  
The moth is consumed like a withered old straw ;  
The christening is over—the burying's gone by,  
And soon on my rock like a muscle I lie.

“ The laws of old England are wholesome and just,  
John Bull is right noble, in him will I trust ;

\* Julius.

But who of a pig's tail a hautboy can make ?  
Napoleon's a Jeffery, and some one's a Lake."

" Thus used is an Emperor ! rather severe,  
Condemn'd like a swabber for stealing small beer ;  
From that ship come down, and to this ship come up,  
In two months with Helen-Sombrero you'll sup !"

His sentence of banishment to him when read,  
Against it an eloquent protest he made ;  
Though wide runs the bowl, he's the bias of hearts,  
And Bunbury \* guiltless of rancour departs.

To friendship, all one ragged bonnets and crowns,  
And Bertrand's his friend through his ups and his  
downs ;  
The countess a *Dillon*, from Erin came she,  
Would bury herself and her griefs in the sea.

Our British *Helena* † she found the *Blessed Rood*,  
Which proved to her son the bright token of good ;

\* Captain Henry Bunbury, who read his sentence to him.

† The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, found the Cross of our Saviour on Mount Calvary, A. D. 326.

This far-lonely *Rock* bears her canonized name,  
Now Britain has rendered immortal its fame!—

Great Constantine Christian-Imperial Premier,  
Imperial Napoleon now eagles it there ;  
His nest Dian's Peak—the rough surge and rude blast  
He smiles on—like *Jack* on the top of the mast !

Says Bona, “ Thus e'en in my griefs I excell,  
Wife, mother, child, sisters, and brothers farewell ;  
And friends, I would say, but I sat on a throne,  
And Friendship says—‘ Monarch, there sit all alone.’

“ The *Corsican*-Rangers appointed my Guard !  
To keep *me* from *ranging* is rather too hard !  
A Corsican asks but this favour—no more,  
‘ Sir Hudson \* enlist me as one of your corps.’

“ One good next-door neighbour † I have by good  
chance,  
Twelve hundred miles off there, at Cape Esperance ;

\* Sir Hudson Lowe, colonel of the Corsican Rangers.

† Lord Charles Somerset, governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

Oh Liberty ! glorious effulgence of day,  
No glimpse of thy dawn gives a soul-cheering ray !

“ John Bull’s Cœur-de-Lion at turnpike was stopped,  
His Palestine Palms by an Austria cropped ; \*  
Now Austria’s son-in-law, flower of the camp,  
The bright star of chivalry blinks through a lamp !”

“ Keep off from Helena all ships in distress,  
Tho’ great is your danger, I can’t make it less :  
Tho’ foundering and sinking, poor souls ! down you go  
To Davy’s black locker,” says Governor *Lowe*.

A king made by Bona, Joachim † the bold,  
Who tampered with England, by fortune is sold ;  
At Naples he said, “ I’m your king, I protest.”  
His subjects then lodged twenty balls in his breast.

“ Your Paris *I* gave you, to wipe off the debt,  
Marmont said, “ King Louis, pray spare Lavalette.”  
What mercy denied, he received from his wife,  
And in her plumed bonnet walked off with his life.

\* Richard I. thrown into prison by the Duke of Austria.

† Murat, shot at Naples.

That Justice can see when she *will*, there's no doubt,  
For nine ways at once she now squinted about ;  
The bandage removed from her right and left eye,  
She sharpened her sword, and her balance flung by.

Wild *Shamrock*, brave *Thistle*, and love-breathing  
*Rose*,

Combined in good nature her spite to oppose ;  
They dressed Lavalette as an English hussar,  
He gave her leg-bail in their liberty-car.

Those generous Bucks now arraigned for the same,  
Their guilt was their glory, acquittal were shame ;  
Sir Wilson and Hutchinson flout the decree,  
Said Bruce, “ For your sentence who cares a bawbee ? ”

In gallant camp equipage Bon was a beau,  
*John Bull* made a *Bullock* \* his showman to show,  
Gold cups, mugs, pans, ladies, coach, sideboard, and  
bed,

The Waterloo trophies at twelve pence a-head !

“ Oh, ho ! ” cries old Neptune, “ My bluff bully Mars,  
You drink all the grog from my thirsty brave tars ;

\* Bonaparte's equipage, shown to the public at Bullock's Museum.

You laurel your sconce, as you crimson the meads,  
Whilst *my* head is thatch'd with old shabby sea-  
weeds.\*

“ For certain,” says John, “ a prime god of your bulk  
Should not be docked up like a worm-eaten hulk ;  
To keep you in temper, give *Exmouth* three cheers,  
Then scud like a cod-fish, and batter *Algiers* !”

The slave is set free by the Lord of the Flood,  
All praise to achievement so great and so good !  
This power divine, as *John* never did lack,  
He thus should have used it three centuries back.

Once Bona proposed it to *John*— “ Let us sweep  
Those *Barbary* thieves from the face of the deep.”  
Said *Bull*, “ Tho’ I grant they’re a pickpocket crew,  
I start all my thief-takers only at *you* !”

But Heaven reserved this good work for our PRINCE,  
Our GEORGE, so infernally ill-treated since :  
Or small or big devils that range as *his* foes,  
The tongs of St. Dunstan take them by the nose !

\* The rivalship between the Navy and Army of England.

“ *Who* poaches our fields, and *who* swamps us with rains,

Draws cash from our tills, and the blood from our veins ?

*Who* keeps up the price of our coals, bread, and beef,

And bends English spirit to maund for relief ?

“ Small beer whets our whistles, whilst smoking our whiff,

Of strong beer or punch, nor a mug, nor a tiff,

We're ragged and thin, who were jolly and smart,

And all from the tricks of that rogue *Bonaparte* !

“ When Bona's laid low, when that holiday comes,  
For us cakes and ale, for our babes sugar plums.”

Ah ! man must not always have that which he likes !

Now Bona's laid low you have bullets and pikes. \*

“ I'm Frederick of York, ho ! you boys of Lud's town,  
Commander in chief, and next heir to the crown,  
Dear tailors, sweet barbers, so primed with strong  
beer,

If honour and valour to Britons are dear,

\* Riots in London.

“ Oh pity great Arthur, brave Wellington spare,  
To hiss him and stone him, if one of you dare,  
I’ll certainly think your good manners are small,  
I vow I shall think you’ve no manners at all !”

“ I thank you,” said Arthur, “ You shield me, friend  
York,

This treatment, kind English, is gratitude’s work :  
Should Westminster Bridge prove your next Waterloo,  
For Pats to defend you, sing hey doodle-doo :

“ I’ve money, I’ve lands, I wear dignity’s cap,  
At savage John Bull now my fingers I snap ;  
I got them by leathering away with my twig,  
And now for the Giver I don’t care a fig !

“ I conquer’d Napoleon, should I be afraid  
Of Cato-street hay-lofts, knife plots, hand grenade ?  
Cheer up royal George ! at your elbow I wait,  
Not merely for show, with my big sword of state.”

*John’s* Habeas Corpus, his guardian delight,  
His statue of Pallas is veiled from his sight ;  
The Brown Bear of Bow Street hugs her in his clutch,  
*John’s* sound Constitution’s no more than Non-such.

You patriots ! shame ! in your own London town,  
Like wolves and like fiends howl and yell up and  
down ;  
To mark it for plunder as taken by storm,  
You trample on *Order*, yet bray for *Reform* !

## BONA THE RAKE.

## CANTO IV.

Now some owe this Bon, give the devil his due,  
Crowns, coronets, stars, ribbons green, red, and blue,  
Woods, parks, and great mansions,—*his* mansion is  
small,

Of Longwood, and Short-wood, and no wood at all !

Its walls the salt waters—its roof the blue sky,  
His gaol—there the fallen Napoleon must lie ;  
For even were Sadler to drop a balloon,  
No spot to escape to, except to the moon !

“ To exit in huff like a Roman old fool,  
The part I had played of your news-writer’s tool,  
They call me a coward ; my soul they asperse,  
Because I had courage to face a reverse !

“ St. Ambrose, when off from his pedestal shot,  
For cool reconnoitre upon it I got, \*

\* A fact, which the author heard, among many other anecdotes relative to Bonaparte, from a French officer, who was engaged in the Battle of Lodi.

Through all the grand palm-snatching bouts that I  
fought,  
One care for myself never sullied a thought.

“ Though chief 'mongst the native invaders of France,  
D'Enghien had not died, but for that kind of chance  
Which kept Essex' ring from the hand of Queen Bess,  
False minister ! thou didst his letter suppress !

“ Of wives, Father Frank gives himself one, two,  
three,  
No kind fellow-feeling has Franky for me ;  
Bertrand has his wife, while their loves tantalize,  
I think of Louisa, and smother my sighs.

“ What God put together let no man divide,  
A parent's consent made Louisa my bride ;  
The blameless good mother, the loyal good wife,  
All hopeless must drag on a sorrowful life.

“ Nor Cheltenham, nor Buxton, Spa, Mallow, nor  
Bath,  
To Baden-Helena \* she finds out a path ;

\* The Empress Maria Louisa named the Baths near Baden, St. Helena, and frequently visited them.

Though sundered by land and by ocean—her joy,  
In fancy to talk to her green-coated Boy.

“ Dear Empress ! well played your short difficult scene,  
In fancy’s Helena be Ithaca’s queen ;  
Your WEB keep unfinished, temptations not few,  
No Circe has spells, love, to charm me from you.

“ They tailor-like snip off my name from my boy,  
Napoleon’s bright dynasty thus they’d destroy ;  
Blind judges ! such owls of its breadth and its length,  
In France yet may reign a Napoleon the tenth.

“ To LOUIS, and JEROME some civilly bow,  
As like the Swede Gottorp, \* they’re gentlemen now :  
King Joseph finds man-ruling shadows and shams,  
So rules in Columbia vines, olives, and yams.

“ No flight for Bard LUCIEN ! the bird-catching kings  
Have limed all the boughs for thy feet and thy wings,  
Their meshes thy wings and thy feet now entwine,  
Helena is *my* cage—and Europe is *thine*.

\* Gustavus IV. of Sweden travelled as Count Gottorp, and said he wished to be received not as a king, but as a private gentleman.

“ Oh treason ! thou cureless dry-rot of a throne,  
To rebels 'gainst mine still superior I shone ;  
JOHN's traitors are starving mechanics and clods,  
*My* rebels plump monarchs as grand as some gods !

“ JOHN's *sovereign's* new cast in true popular mould,  
To make him beloved, he appears all in gold !  
Like Edward the Fifth, in the *Tower* he's crown'd,  
Then smothered with love, and locked up in a *pound*.

“ JOHN hoisted the Bourbon upon the tight rope,  
There left to himself with his anchorless-hope,  
Or dance, or fall off, headlong tumble, down roll,  
Britannia's *Gold* stick is his balancing Pole !

“ JOHN cared not for Bourbon this pinch of rappee—  
To lord it on land, as he lords it on sea ;  
The object he sapped of his hatred and fears,  
And now with his bullrush o'er France domineers.

“ To priests leave their functions—the luckless, rash  
**SAUL**  
Would sacrifice—SAMUEL denounced thence his fall !

The Pope I prevented, my downfall he read,  
My own graceless hand placed the crown on my head !

“ Men’s faces I read as I’d pore o’er a book,  
In traits of John’s mind tho’ I sadly mistook,  
I’d not, had I studied old Daniel De Foe,  
Been kidnapped by Maitland, or handcuffed by Lowe !

“ My smile once could cheer up a monarch’s sad  
heart,  
My frown from his cheek make the colour depart ;  
Their subjects I ruled with a blink of my eye,  
To laws made by me not a wherefore nor why.

“ From Stutgard, from Munich, a grateful return,  
My gifts they enjoy, whilst the giver they spurn.  
My heraldry poor in supporters and crests,  
With crowns when I capped two such capital beasts.

“ John bets on a battle, and like his game cocks,  
He bagged me at Elba, or like a bagged fox,  
Let out to be chased was the cur-hunted NAP,  
And ARTHUR now sports my fine brush in his cap.

“ Field Marshal is Arthur to John, Russ, and Fred,  
Again when they deal out their knocks o' the head ;  
As *all* claim his duty, this conqueror may  
Stand posed like the ass 'twixt two bundles of hay.

“ When Elba they gave me, they knew I'd not stay,  
Prepared were their serpents to tempt me away.  
When off to Helena Napoleon is pack'd,  
His stealing from Elba will varnish the act.

“ Ye brave 'mongst the brave, to *one* loyalty hold,  
The poor Simon Lovat blew hot and blew cold ;  
Despising his titles, thus fell Marshal NEY,  
The Frenchman, the soldier—the piece of cold clay !

“ My hundred days reign at Grenoble began,  
La Bedoyere cried out, when towards me he ran,  
' True king, or false Emperor, which has my voice ?  
' Napoleon's my Emperor, he is my choice ! ”

“ That jewel, my eagle, in casket he kept,  
Nor eagle nor loyalty ever once slept ;  
Wife, mother, implore for him !—true are my fears !  
King Louis said—‘ Shoot him, my good musketeers ! ’

“ Throne, eagles, white charger, shouts, triumphs,  
 decoys,

Whilst *He* on the *Pale Horse* his quiver deploys ;  
 No chains for the soul—one sad year, then, kind  
 friends,

Your troubles will cease, my captivity ends.

“ My mother ! dear name, ever honour’d, revered,  
 Thou canst not be more to Napoleon endeared ;  
 To see me wouldst cross yon broad perilous tide ?  
 Mest kind *sans* intention the brutes that denied.

“ Sworn spiders, they’d weave for my lineage a web,  
 False, flimsy, and dirty, to make me a pleb :  
 They’re princes by rank who wear Cardinal’s hats,  
 *My* uncle wears one—ye poor slanderous flats !

“ Prepared were my brothers for that great event,  
 Which gave each a crown, with each nation’s consent ;  
 And though it pleased Fortune my kings to displace,  
 Not one of them proved to his throne a disgrace.

“ Thus France, ‘ From our *Bona* oh grant us an heir ! ’  
 When Heaven all gracious complied with the prayer,

Child, mother, and father, hale, comely, and stout,  
Comes BULL with his besom, and sweeps us all out !

“ Thus Heaven to JOHN—‘ Well, ‘tis all very fine,  
You’ve twarth’d my full purpose, but vengeance is  
mine ;

By measure for measure this deed I’ll repay,  
I gave you *my* CHARLOTTE—I take her away.”

Your crown may go begging, you rude Behemoth,  
Thro’ Germany hawked between Vandal and Goth,  
Or young Billy Austin beneath it may sit,  
Or Simnel or Warbeck with sceptre and spit.\*

[A magnificent five-guinea coin to us given,  
Called in by command of the grand Mint of Heaven,  
Re-issued by bless’d marriage rites, now behold,  
Five royal Presumptive babe-Sovereigns in gold !]

\* In 1820, the Editor, reading the poem aloud to amuse its author and herself, ventured to disapprove of this verse, on which, with his usual arch good humour, he replied :—“ It is not I, John O’Keefe, that is speaking, ‘tis that false rogue, Bonaparte.”

ED. Well, then, what if John O’Keefe throws in four lines from himself?” He paused about five minutes, and then dictated the verse above between [ ], and said, ‘ Tack on a note, thus :—One little Clarence, (never mind the bud that perished at birth), one Kent, one Cumberland, and two Cambridge.

[*Bonaparte continues speaking.*]

“ Am I then a prisoner of war ? or, if not,  
A prisoner for debt, or for crime, or for what ?  
A prisoner of war is exchanged on a peace—  
Sheep debtor’s unpenned if he gives up his fleece.

“ The law tries a prisoner, with crimes when he’s  
charged,  
If guilty he’s punished, if not, he’s enlarged ;  
Such none ever read of since reading began,  
A prisoner eternal they call the great man !

“ Great surely I was, if great truths dare be said,  
Great fame and great honours, great envy I made ;  
By too great ambition deserving great blame,  
Lost all my great winnings—but honor and fame.”

Poor Bon, for the loss of your France do not fret,  
Nor think of the blaze of your court with regret :  
In Democrat plots lay the gunpowder horde,  
For you, who clean shirts and religion restored.

Un-Emperor’d ! hard is your case, ’tis most true,  
Yet there John and Bourbon stood good friends to  
you ;

Had Jacobin rage at your crown made a pluck,  
Most likely your head in that bonnet had stuck.

If measured those bitters that mortals *must* sup,  
The Bourbons had *pailfulls*, a *thimble's* your cup ;  
The TEMPLE ! its horrors ! *King*, *Sister*, and *Queen* !  
From rock of Helena springs no guillotine !

Frank, Alick, and Fred, at their holyfied league,  
In steps Castlereagh with his bag of intrigue ;  
They bid him walk out, with their servants debate,  
“ We'll none of your Ludsberry \* fudge, nor your  
prate !”

Napoleon, that rogue, in a fortnight at most,  
Will bend his proud spirit, and give up the ghost.  
Old Capet says, “ Now I've my France to myself,  
My rival is dickied, much thanks to the Guelph !”

Gay Arthur gives concert, quadrille, reel, and jig,  
Kings, emperors, generals, frisk in high rig :

\* Earl of Londonderry at that time.

Commemorate slaughters each holy-league saint,  
*Hans Holbein* a prime *Dance of Death* here might  
paint.

Proud Cortes so stiff from the neck to the waist,  
To bend to King Ferdinand seemed not in haste ;  
Like oysters he barrelled those Dons in a hake,  
And sent them an airing—not soon to come back.

An Amherst brushed Bourbon from old Montreal,  
An Amherst from China gives Bona a call ;  
“ Dust floors with my eye brows ! I’m no Mandarin ! ”\*  
Napoleon, your letter I’ll bear to the Steine.”

“ Shew papers ! ” said Holland, “ Napoleon’s used ill,  
My lords, let us say to him, Go where you will.”  
Said Bathurst, “ From fact you go many a league,  
You’d better go grin at your Lopez de Vege.” †

Yet power’s a blessing, where power *will* bless,  
Lord Liverpool hearkens to plaints of distress ;

\* The Kou Tou.

† Lord Holland translated the plays of the Spanish Dramatic Poet, Lopez de Vega.

In Bard's gloomy house lights the taper of joy—  
Although he extinguished the *Terrible Boy*!

Napoleon owned Europe, ruled kings by his nod,  
The office he filled of some new “leading god.”  
His year is expired, an Almighty command,  
The reins have transferred to Britannia's right hand.

Once *Rider*, now *Horse*, aye, the bit's in your mouth,  
Champ, wince, paw, rear!—look east, west, north, and  
south,  
If forward you'd bound, to an inch you must stop,  
Obey the word ‘Halt!’ or the centinels pop.

Persisting he'd not with his keepers ride out,  
Confinement brings symptoms of dropsy and gout;  
Allowance cut short,—from his service of plate  
His eagles he snipped, and he sold it by weight.

By lessening Bon's freedom, though small was his  
stock;  
We're saved some expense in sea-guarding the Rock:  
Report makes him thin, and report makes him fat;  
His green-coat is shabby, some grease on his hat.

He's sullen, he's chatty, he's cheerful, he's sad,  
He's wise as a judge, and he's stark-staring mad ;  
'Tis feared in a sieve like a rat with no tail,  
Spain's rebels to head, he'll to Mexico sail.

Says one, "There's a creek and sly path that I know,  
Unknown to the fifty-eyed Governor Lowe,  
By which I could steal Bonaparte to my ship,  
And give that poor boy an American trip."

"He's off!" cry two soldiers, "he's not," says a third ;  
"He's gone!"—"Beat that bush"—"He's there,"—  
"Give the word ;  
"Fire into that brushwood,"—"No, stop ; is that he ?"  
Yes—BONA sits quietly under the tree !

"He now should be in, for the clock has struck eight,"  
"You'd visit the General ? your card—you're too late."  
The laundress, your basket set down, we must search,  
Aye, off in foul linen a letter might march."

"Alive, oh ! or dead ? is the general there ?  
Through keyhole, up chimney, stepped out for the air ?

All nonsense his sulks, and his pride, and hum court,  
To've seen him each day, we must make our report.'

Sir, where is your conscience, or where your good  
sense!

Consider, to England what care and expense;  
Twelve stout men of war cruize the rock round and  
round,

In limbo to keep this one man safe and sound.

The *Conqueror* now is the Conqueror's guard,  
And *Sappho* that *three-footed* petticoat bard; \*  
Of old was *Eurydicé* piped out of hell, †  
Who pipes out Napoleon, what Naso can tell?

You once were an elephant, now you're a mouse,  
Just five years it took us to build your new house;  
Peep out towards the south, the foundation is dug,  
Just six feet by four, so superb, and so snug!

From Longwood Napoleon the Great is removed  
To Lee-ladder's farm is the Emperor shoved:

\* The Sapphick measure, three feet.

† The names of the three ships that guarded St. Helena.

He peeps at a horse-race through bars of his gaol,  
No pleasure it gives—thus he's heard to bewail.

“ Bertrand, why indulge in this curious fit ?  
Those English no more to my presence admit ;  
They touch at Helena as shop-keeping spies,  
To take in for London fresh cargoes of lies.

“ From long Madagascar, from Borneo round,  
Where eye of the snake holds the gazer astound,  
Come natives of islands, or long, round, or square,  
But none from the fair cliffs of false Angleterre !

“ Was Gallia’s throne vacant, since that dreadful  
time,  
When sixteenth poor Louis dropped into quick lime ?  
Usurping Directors then set me to fight,  
To sign me a General, where was *their* right ?

“ That Louis e'er signed it no record appears,  
Yet, ‘ *General*,’ and ‘ *General*,’ they slap round my  
ears :  
A nation proclaimed me its emperor crown’d—  
That busy PAT ARTHUR the devil confound !

“ Poor France was a house quite neglected and foul,  
Rule, order, and decency, lost their controul ;  
The Furniture broken, all cobwebs and dust,  
Vile filth, gnawing vermin, dirt, soot, muck and rust.

“ To see such destruction I grieved, nay I wept,  
Like mighty ALCIDES I shovelled and swept,  
Bed, carpet, and mirror, and table and chair,  
I new ones put in, and the old ones repair.

“ My labour just finish'd, all nice spick and span,  
When Bourbon walks in with his runaway clan ;  
They smile and look round, without ‘Sir, if you  
please,’  
This party of lubbers sit down at their ease.

“ On me who had cleared all, and smoothed all, they  
scowled,  
Ingratitude base ! oh, 'tis not to be told !  
Their dogs they set at me, and poked me about,  
And then with sheer impudence trundled me out.

“ For ever light on them my ban and my curse !  
They took my dear liberty, could they do worse ?

Of house, food, and raiment, and honours I'm dock'd,  
And here over seas in this dog-hole I'm lock'd.

“ They fancy I'm quicksilver, think I'm an eel,  
Or ether, or wind, or the polish on steel ;  
They fear I'll evaporate, such an Unique,  
Once lost, all in vain for another to seek.

“ Of coach, horse, and man, held the rein and the  
check,  
Now captive Valerian, a foot's on thy neck ;  
I'm dragged from my banquet to beg for my crumb,  
The rat is my guest, my ally, and my chum.

“ The text says that ‘ Death is the wages of Sin,’  
Here still though I breathe, yet a tomb I am in ;  
Empowered by thee, if some good I have done,  
Let that, Gracious God, for my battlings atone !

“ My fall is thy will, in thy name let it be,  
Yet many a heart's steeped in sorrow for me ;  
My kindred are guiltless, Oh lessen their share,  
As mine I deserve, the full load let me bear.”

Napoleon's the name of Napoleon, we know,  
Courts Martial decide doctors must not say so ;  
For this they are banished to England half-cashed,  
Unworthy to bandage Tar's bones devil-smashed.

As Arnott, O'Meara, and Warden agree,  
"Twould seem for their draughts Bon love-powdered  
the three ,  
They brandished their lancets, defending poor Bon,  
Said Lowe, " You're all traitors, get out, one by one.

" A wink to a blind horse we thought was enough,  
You doctors are ideots, excuses all stuff ;  
I tell you Bon's soul-case is under your care,  
Peep into his gizzard, and tell me what's there."

" Oh, dear Sir, such art is above our poor skill,  
Besides, Sir, to cure is our trade, not to kill."

" Then hop from the rock with your Usquebagh face,  
And you, Master Baxter, step into his place."

Sir Lowe to try Stokoe was much at a loss,  
And said, " You must sail back to old Charing  
Cross."

At old Charing Cross, said the lords of the tide,  
“ Sail back to Helena, and there you’ll be tried.

Rings, snuff-box, rich relics, e’en buckles from knees,  
More valued by doctors than hands-full of fees ;  
Poor captive ! more precious thy pair of shoe-strings,  
Than twelve diamond buckles from six noted kings.

“ With comfortless mind can the body soon mend ?  
Hail, character sacred, Physician and Friend !  
While *Philip* the slanderous letter perused,  
Young *Ammon* his potion with confidence boozed. \*

“ Complaining his hopes of my death are quite faint,  
Sir Hudson and I have the *liver* complaint ;  
He swears I play billiards in nightcap that’s red,  
Though nought but green laurels e’er night-capp’d my  
head.

“ My new field of battle’s the board of green cloth,  
My fight is a game without fierce grinning wrath ;

\* Alexander the Great, and Philip his physician.

The ball though sent home, I'm not cursed with a  
crime,

The Marker's my Poet, my life to be-rhyme.

“ You, Sir Piers of Exton, my presence avoid !  
Or soldier, if you're an assassin employed,  
Napoleon lays open his breast to your knife,  
He'll not, like your Richard, contend for his life.

“ Accurs'd be the soldier, accurs'd be my trade,  
Thrice cursed be the edge of the merciless blade !  
Hell's grand manufacture its labour employs,  
What Heaven created, it mangles, destroys.

“ The soldier gleams out with this shining pretence,  
My sword I unsheathe for my country's defence ;  
Like tinker and glazier should business grow slack,  
Bores holes and breaks windows to rouse an attack.

“ With pestle and mortar the med'cine who pounds,  
Which takes through the Ward its disease-hunting  
rounds,  
That drudge far more consecrate' laurels shall reap,  
Than marshal all plumed for his dead in a heap.

“ To Amphion’s Dolphin rich freightage he gave,  
If flung was my Boy’s marble head on the wave ;  
Black Cocytus’ flood o’er their base block-head roll,  
Their finger of spite, and their beggarly soul.

“ A gay buck, an ensign, a challenge dared send  
To Bertrand the loyal, the faithful, staunch friend ;  
Said I, though an ass run to win the plate cup,  
Yet why ’gainst his farthing your guinea toss up ?

“ The stroke of hot Phœbus is Dian’s mild ray,  
The burst of a water-spout, dew-fall of May,  
Compared to those mischiefs when power is joined  
In full scope of will to a rancorous mind.

“ While Europe here chains me, soul, body, and bone,  
At Apsley House Arthur secures me in stone ; \*  
Said Louis, ‘ Pat, take him, and sing Langolee,  
The sight of his muzzle shan’t petrify me.’ ”

“ Letitia ! prime work of a Canova’s hand,  
Bonne Mere of four sovereigns in Chatsworth shall  
stand. \*

\* Canova’s statues of Napoleon and Madame Mere, now in the possession of the Dukes of Wellington and Devonshire.

Apollo and Venus crammed into a sack,  
The captors of Paris to Florence took back.

“ They look to the day when Napoleon the Great,  
Like Chronos shall totter, one lock on his pate ;  
When Paris shall say to her pride and her joy,  
Is *this* our young Hero !—Sit down, my old Boy.”

“ Hamilcar and I, and young Hanni’ my heir,  
A hatred eternal to England shall swear :  
Like me, at our Boulogne, not make a year’s halt,  
But cross, plough up Lud’s town, and sow it with salt.

“ Christina, and Jemmy who died at Germain,  
And Gusty of Sweden, and Carlo of Spain, \*  
Were suffered their crowns and such troubles to yield,  
And walk on the world like a crow in a field.

“ At Elba a sort of a trial was made  
If I could keep quiet—would there I had staid !  
John try me once more, in Hibernia or Wales,  
And borrow my head if your clemency fails.

\* The queen of Sweden, James the Second, Gustavus the Fourth, and Charles the Fifth ; all abdicated their thrones.

“ In Wales is Louisa ? in Erin my Boy ?  
Is *John* a Pope *Clement*?—all fancy, decoy ;  
This Rock close the tag of the tragical scene,  
And *Johnny O'Keeffe* may sing sweet what I've been.

---

“ He'll not to his new house go !  
Will he not ?—then be it so ;  
Let us, to indulge his whim,  
Bring his *New House* here to Him !”

[*The Coffin is brought, and Marshal Bertrand speaks.*]

“ Velvet walls, yet water proof !  
What's this written on the roof ?  
*Great Napoleon Bonaparte*,  
(Set these words to notes, Mozart !)  
*Died upon the fifth of May*,  
(For his soul good Christians pray !)  
*Eighteen Hundred Twenty-one*.  
Death the victory hath won !

“ Turn the key, and then away  
Fling the newly-useless key,  
Let the iron portals ope,’  
Let the light from Heaven’s cope  
Enter at the Dungeon door,  
’Lume first time the dungeon floor.

“ Hath it on the Captive shone ?  
No, th’Imperial captive’s gone  
To from whence that light proceeds,  
Left behind palm, staff, and weeds !

“ Lo ! upon that pallet prone,  
Lies who once could grace a throne,  
To his claim no right above,  
Given by a people’s love.

“ Those the lips could kings command,  
That the once ten-sceptred hand !  
Heel which in the tented field  
Never vaunting foe beheld.

“ Left behind his mortal part,  
Noblest head, and hand, and heart,  
To one man that e’er belonged,  
More than ever man was, wronged !

“ Historic page, gall pen, and leaden types,  
Have for his foes some future bitter stripes,  
When from the pen of gold, and golden tongue,  
NAPOLEON with delight be read and sung.”

[Marshal Bertrand is silent, and I throw by my Pen, thus  
ending my BONA the RAKE, or the TERRIBLE BOY.]

## LINES

SENT TO MRS. ATKINSON,\* OF KETTERINGHAM  
HALL, NORFOLK,

On reading of her having planted an Oak in her Park, to commemorate the Jubilee of George III. Oct. 25th, 1809.

---

Dear Ma'am, I lately had a dream  
Which made me somewhat vain :  
I dreamt that near the ' devil's gap'  
In famous Drury Lane,  
I went to visit, like a mighty beau,  
This Christmas, three-and-thirty years ago.

I thought that with her mother kind,  
A lovely maid dwelt there ;  
The parent sweetly tempered was,  
The maiden blithe and fair ;  
For then I joked and rattled, sung and laugh'd,  
And like a Buck my jolly bottle quaff'd.

\* The good, the beautiful, and celebrated Miss Walpole.

And much respect they justly claimed,  
And justly claimed esteem ;  
And friendship I had for them both,  
Though friendship's but a dream !  
In Drury Lane were spent as happy hours,  
Yet innocent, as in Arcadian Bowers.

Oft-times she sighed, ' Ah, cruel world !'  
Sometimes she smiled in sport,  
And many swains unto her came  
To pay their amorous court ;  
So false the swains, her virtue was their cure,  
To only ONE it proved the shining lure.

This was indeed a generous youth,  
The squire of Ketteringham,  
He said, ' I'll be thy own true love,  
Let others feign and flam,  
Though I am rich, yet you are good and fair,  
If you're not mine, then life's not worth my care.'

So simply modest were her hopes,  
She said 'Twas no such thing.'

Said I, I'll stake my life and soul

That Boy puts on the ring.'

She smiling cried, ' When I his wife shall be,

A *silver inkstand* I will give to thee.'

' Then by this pheasant's wing,' quoth I,

From Norfolk hither come,

Which now I eat with gout and glee,

My muse shall not be dumb;

Oh, sing she must with such enraptured flame,

Then jingle glasses, wealth-devoted dame !'

The youth was true, and they were wed,

Her wheel round Fortune turn'd,

'Till Death extinguish'd Hymen's torch,

The torch of Cupid burn'd.

Lady of manor, parks, and high estate,

The smiles of hundreds on young Charlotte wait.

Shortsighted folks call fortune blind,

Remark not over wise;

On gifting Charlotte, first she took

The fillet from her eyes;

With outstretch'd hand the worthy high she lifts

To noble uses when they turn her gifts.

My dream all surely came to pass,  
One single point except,  
And all my dream would have been true,  
Had she her promise kept :  
In scribbling full three dozen plays, and ten,  
In *wooden* inkstand I have dipped my pen.

Too late would come an inkstand now,  
My Muse has closed her song ;  
My day of toils has bustled off,  
My eve' may not be long ; \*  
My inkstand, whilst I doze, or talents fail,  
Is changed into a cup to hold my ale.

If I offend, or please, you'll blame  
Or thank the public news ;  
For 'twas your loyalty and zeal  
That roused my slumbering Muse.  
While oaks shall in Shillelah grow, I'll sing,  
Live Charlotte's Oak ! Huzza ! God save the King !

\* The Author lived about 24 years longer.

## FEMALE AUTHORS,

Being an Answer to a Lady, who asserted, that by transmigration  
the soul of Shakespeare lived in the Author. 1812.

---

Kind lady, how much was I pleased and surprised,  
At hearing of honours I never surmised,  
Could fall on my head in such plentiful showers,  
Of bays and of laurels, and elegant flowers ;  
I listened with pride, and though modesty chided,  
I cried, " Oh my fame is a thing now decided !  
Ye critics malignant, ye men of nice taste,  
Your malice, your comments in future you waste,  
To try from my brow my green honours to snatch ;  
Minerva's my guardian, her ward she will watch ;  
She'll hold up her Egis, and strike ye to stone ;  
She cries, " No more cavil, this bard's now my own,  
Behold his diploma, dispute it who dare,  
'Tis signed and 'tis sealed by the hand of the Fair !  
Ye wise, and ye stupid, ye ungallant fellows,  
I know of our sex you're grown cursedly jealous ;  
We Pegasus mount, then you get to your fleering ;  
Be candid, my friends, and have done with your  
jeering.

“ Pray did not I way-lay my cousin Apollo,  
 When Daphne pursuing with whoop and with halloo ?  
 And though he was vexed, and it brought on a quarrel,  
 I stripped his fair nymph, when she turned to a laurel.  
 Did *I* not to Females the spoils thus dispose,  
 Each vying with Venus’s myrtle and Rose ?

“ To heavenly *Rowe* I gave boughs not a few,  
 With Lucian she grafted her Bay on a Yew. \*  
 I said, pious *More*, for thy numbers divine,  
 My favourite songstress ! these laurels are thine :  
 My Bard’s beloved girl had a branch from my hand,  
 A Palm-tree it grew in her ‘ Patriarch’s Land.’ ” †

To *Carter*, the *Porters*, *Barbauld*, and *Genlis*,  
 I handed those ladies six branches a-piece ;  
 To *Devonshire’s Duchess* from friends when away,  
 As passing St. Gothard I tendered the Bay,  
 Composing a crown that adds sweets to the gale,  
*Her Traveller* receive, why lost Goldsmith bewail ? ‡

\* Mrs. Rowe’s ‘ Friendship in Death.’

† The Editor’s second work, ‘ Patriarchal Times,’ written at 22 years of age, but not published until many years after.

‡ See the Duchess of Devonshire’s beautiful poem on ‘ Crossing Mount St. Gothard.’

To *Cowley* and *Lee* such fine sprigs I gave each,  
 That masculine dramatists seldom can reach ;  
 To *Burney*, *Smith*, *Radcliffe*, fair *Opie*, *De Staël*,  
 Wild Irish young *Owenson*,\* *Edgeworth* and all,  
 I gave such delightful, such flourishing boughs,  
 They never can fade, that Apollo allows.

Presented *Eliza*, the kind *Margravine*,  
 A crown that might honour *Christina* the Queen,  
 ‘ On seeing her Heart at her feet in a Dream,’†  
 “ How sweetly sang *Anspach* ! for gentle her theme ;  
 When poor hapless *Sappho* at *Phaon* took tiff,  
 And, dismal to think it, leap’d off from the cliff,  
 She snatch’d from her tresses my beautiful wreath,  
 To *Robinson* left it—Memento of Death !

“ Ye *Fair*, keep the Bay, for the prize ye have won,  
 The three times three Muses approving look on !”

My crities all shrink at Minerva’s oration,  
 As conscious deserving this handsome jobation ;

\* Lady Morgan.

† The Margravine’s well-known poem, under that head.

But, Lady, your doctrine of Bonze and sage bramin,  
So brilliant a compliment is there no sham in ?  
In *me* if sweet Shakespeare's of time the survivor,  
In you fair *Georgina* lives Susan *Centlivre* ;  
So write a fine play, your applause come in thunder,  
It may be a ' *Bold Stroke*,' altho' not a ' *Wonder*. ' \*  
Goodnatured and witty Thalia, adieu,  
And think I am ever your servant most true.

\* Mrs. Centlivre's best Plays.

## MY SIX DELIGHTFUL STORIES.

## INTRODUCTION.

The following Poems are selected from upwards of sixteen. Such was the activity of the author's mind, that it scarcely ever knew repose, but though he almost daily added to his store of 'Poetics,' on reflection he could discriminate and separate the good from the indifferent. He called these the best of the *BATCH*, being short and rapid, whilst others he laid aside for future revision.

Though, throughout these Poems, a *lORD* is made a *FOOL*, and a *FOOL* a *WISE* man, the satire is not strong enough to give offence, whilst the characters are highly wrought, and the measure cheerful and pleasing.

## DELIGHTFUL STORIES;

OR,

## MY LORD AND JACK.

*Scene—Ireland.*

## EXORDIUM.

Come, cheer my Muse ! you must not lag,  
But sing the noble and his fag.

Beneath the praise-recording stone,  
And daisied turf, asleep are gone,

Who much deserved the falling tear ;  
Their manes let my Muse revere,  
Nor while these stories smiles provoke,  
A memory wound, though e'en in joke.

My brain with story is not rack'd,  
Though every story is *not* fact ;  
But with good humour if they're read,  
With honied hopes the author's fed,  
Though leaf of bay I ask for now,  
The drama's laurel wreath entwines my brow !

---

## FIRST STORY.

## MY LORD AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

A certain Lord not over wise,  
But some not fond of telling lies,  
Will say that there are many lords  
Not over wise—let's take their words :  
This noble Peer was pretty fat,  
Nay, some would say, both squab and squat.

In days of yore it was a rule  
For lords and squires to keep a Fool ;

Nay, monarchs, too, a Fool retained,  
And from their fool much pleasure gained,  
And profit, too—for he might tell  
Them, when they did or ill or well :  
And they must never take offence  
Because a Fool is void of sense ;  
And, like your members of a state,  
He has a privilege to prate,  
And with this privilege so free,  
Whate'er he thinks, aye, that says he.

Our very noble, matchless Peer  
Had once a fool both arch and queer ;  
For mischief Jack was quite an ape,  
And always in some plaguy scrape :  
Such joy with Jack his lordship feels,  
That Jack is ever at his heels ;  
Yet Jack went rambling out, one day,  
And when returned, was heard to say—

“ My lord, my lord, Oh I'll be bound  
I have this day a bird's nest found !  
As I was fishing for a trout,  
I saw the fine old bird fly out,

And if your lordship comes with Jack,  
Why you shall have it in a crack.”—

“ A bird’s nest ! famous news indeed !  
But whence it flew did you take heed ?  
And leave a mark close by the place  
Concealed, that none your nest can trace ?  
Or scale your nest—aye, that’s the phrase  
I used in my bird-nesting days,  
For, when a boy, it was confess’d  
I knew as much about a nest  
As any lord that talks on legs :

“ I hope you have not touched the eggs ?  
For if you have, I tell you, Jack,  
The old bird never will come back.  
What kind of bird, or lark, or thrush ?  
The first in grass, the next in bush ;  
Or sparrow’s nest ’twixt rafters wedg’d ?  
Or are they hatch’d, or are they fledg’d ?  
And pray why mingle scale and feather,  
And how came trouts and birds together ?  
Quick, tell me, how came this to pass,  
I love a Fool, but hate an Ass.”

Cries Jack, “ I’m out of breath with running,  
But since in bird’s nests you’re so cunning,  
I’ll leave my knowledge on the shelf,  
You go, and find the nest yourself.  
You love a fool!—it should so seem,  
You give him strawberries and cream,  
You put your nightcap on his head,  
You lay him in your downy bed :  
You buy a horse for him to ride,  
You place your lady by his side :  
You dress him in your silken coats,  
Upon the Fool your lordship dotes.  
He’s but a raw and shallow fellow,  
Your lordship thinks he’s deep and mellow :  
Thus often, in the House of Lords,  
You think his thoughts, you speak his words ;  
Whilst living, all good things you give him,  
And when he dies, you’ll not survive him.  
*I’m* not this Fool, I’m but a clown,  
So on this bench I’ll sit me down :  
If you like birds, go run and catch ’em,  
Or sit upon the eggs and hatch ’em.”

“ Poh !” says my lord, “ I meant no harm,  
Come, rise up, Jack, and give an arm ;  
Shew me the nest, your promise keep,  
I’ll have it, aye, before I sleep.  
Oh, for my countess what a present !  
She’ll like it better than a pheasant.”

Now merry on this couple march,  
The Peer so soft, the Fool so arch ;  
They trudge it through a field of oats,  
Through cows and pigs, through sheep and goats,  
And through a field of camomile,  
And through the wheat, and cross the stile,  
And wind the lily-skirted brook,  
And pass the shepherd and his crook ;  
And trip the heathy trembling bog,  
And pass the milk-maid and her dog :  
And meet the Boccough and his pole,  
But cannot stop to hear his dole,  
And meet the piper and his drone,  
And leave the piper all alone :  
Though ‘ Morgan Rattler’ well he played,  
Their progress must not be delayed.

They trip the mountain's tufted brow,  
And meet the bare-foot scholar now ;  
They meet the bailiff driving kine,  
Insolvent Patrick ! are they thine ?

They lag, they chat, they trot along,  
And hear the corn-crake's summer song,  
On towards the bird's nest as they travel :  
“ My lord,” says Jack, “ I'd fain unravel  
The cause of your ill-natured pet,  
Which hurt me so, and hurts me yet.”  
“ Why, saucy Jack,” my lord replied,  
“ You know I have a deal of pride,  
And so I ought—it fits my rank ;  
Let's rest upon this cowslip bank.  
You also know I love applause,  
For which I'm always giving cause.  
I've often told you you should laud me,  
And still for what I do applaud me ;

Applaud me, too, for what I say.”—  
“ And how shall I applaud you, pray ?”  
“ Why laugh and kick, and clap your hands.”  
Quoth Jack, “ Should I obey commands,

And at you laugh, and kick a peer,  
My punishment might be severe."

" I mean when my good jokes you feel,  
That you should screech, kick up your heel,  
And clap your hands as in a rapture,  
And thus my favour you might capture."

Says Jack, " My lord, I'll do my best,  
And now let's run—we're near the nest.  
Hold, stop, this bridge we must not cross,  
For if we do, we find a loss.  
I say, the nest is here, and why?  
From thence I saw the old bird fly,  
Beneath this centre arch, one foot,  
There is a nest and eggs to boot:  
Perhaps they're hatch'd, but with good hope,  
I'll stoop and stretch, and have a grope."

" *You* grope and take the nest, you cur!  
Jack, I command you not to stir,  
For *I* will stretch my body over,  
And have this nest so hid in clover.

Think who I am, and who are you,  
And what respect to me is due :  
This local view removes my doubts  
Of neighbourhood 'twixt birds and trouts ;  
And by my title and my name  
The honours of this feat I claim :  
I take the nest, if I succeed  
I hope you will applaud the deed."

The stream though deep, the bridge was small,  
The parapet a two feet wall ;  
Across this wall his lordship stretches,  
And far, and farther still he reaches :  
And cries, " Fool Jack, my legs you hold,  
Should I fall in, I may catch cold :  
The water though so clear is black,  
And therefore very deep, friend Jack.  
That moss quick floating shows, in sooth,  
The stream is rapid, though 'tis smooth :  
Look, from this arch the hen just flew,  
Her nest is mine, the young ones too :  
On yonder bush the cock sits still,  
A grain of somewhat in his bill,

Their dinner to his babies bringing ;  
I hear them chirping, faith they're singing !  
A sign they very soon will fly,  
And give both you and I good-bye."

Now hopes his silly heart expand,  
Under the arch he puts his hand ;  
He stretches, listens, feels, and lingers,  
And murmurs, " Oh, how short my fingers !" "   
His body overpoised he feels—  
Jack holds his lordship by the heels.

My lord cries, " That's a chirp ! d'ye hear it ?  
I'm at the nest, I'm surely near it !  
I touch, I have the nest at last,  
Applaud me now ! and hold me fast ! "

Jack claps his hands, my lord he drops,  
Or drowned or saved my story stops !  
While down the current floated he,  
The Fool walk'd homeward, whistling ' Langolee ! '

My lord's not drowned, we may suppose :  
Who took him out and dried his clothes ?

Insolvent Patrick we are sure,  
The stream ran by his cabin door ;  
Nor field had he for grass or corn,  
His two milch cows that blessed morn  
For rent were seized—and soon were sold :  
This to his lordship had been told  
By Jack, full time for its prevention,  
That way ran not my lord's intention :  
Chastising stream was to receive him,  
Neglected Patrick to relieve him.

“ Your pity failed,” thought Jack, “ 'tis true,  
Now gratitude is Patrick's due.”

Thus down the current floated he,  
While Jack walk'd homeward, whistling ‘ Langolee.’

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#### SECOND STORY.

#### MY LORD AND HIS PARLOUR FIRE.

'Twas winter bleak, and cold the day,  
When robins quit the leafless spray,  
And to the haunts of man retire ;  
My Lord enjoyed his parlour fire,

He had been walking in the snows,  
His shoes were wet, nor dry his hose ;  
He soon grew dry, he soon grew warm,  
He found the fire a perfect charm :  
He much extolled those lords and squires  
Who first invented parlour fires :  
He swore by all the gods on high,  
Their mighty fame could never die !

At length from warm, he warmer got,  
And warmer still, my lord grew hot !  
For right before the fire he sate,  
Quoth he, “ It burns at such a rate,  
I do not see the least occasion  
For fires to blaze sans rhyme or reason,  
I vow to heaven it now begins  
To scorch my knees, and burn my shins !”

“ I see the cause,” says Jack, “ and where,  
The fire is placed too near your chair.

“ ’Tis so !” he roared, and cursed the flame,  
Into the room the butler came ;

My lord sits still, but groans and pants,  
The butler asks him what he wants ?  
And why he makes that hideous roaring,  
And why he sits with looks imploring ?

My lord with angry voice cries out,  
“ Those builders are all fools, no doubt :  
Or why to build a house pretend,  
Nor think convenience is the end !  
They're bungling sots—good Thomas, hear me,  
They've built that fire-place much too near me :  
Must peers with roasting flames be kill'd,  
Because they don't know how to build ?  
An architect ! a stupid clown !  
That fire-place I'll have taken down,  
And put about full four feet back ;  
I'll have it altered, Mister Jack.”

Jack Fool bowed low, looked very grave,  
“ One word, my lord, I humbly crave ;  
’Tis wrong, my lord, I must declare,  
To build a grate so near your chair ;  
And by your scarlet face ’tis proved,  
That grate should four feet back be moved

But then, my lord, the vast expense !”

“ Fool Jack, why where’s your common sense ?  
To sit here in this devil’s stocks,  
A noble roasted like an ox !  
And talk of cash !—I’ll have it done.”

“ Then, Thomas, for the bricklayers run,  
In haste to bring them be not sparing,  
My lord and I will take an airing ;  
It must be done ere we return,  
Your shins you shall no longer burn.”

No sooner gone this state’s supporter,  
Than Thomas gets some bricks and mortar,  
And round the earth the bricks he dashes,  
The marble slab with mortar splashes :  
Though broad the hum, all thought it fair,  
And four feet back they moved the chair.  
My lord returns, and down he sits,  
“ Aye, Jack,” cries he, “ wer’e in our wits,  
And many thanks for your assistance ;  
Good Master Fire, now keep your distance.

My parlour fire I now enjoy,  
Why, Tom, you're quite a famous boy !  
Aye, this is comfort, this is ease,  
Brush up the hearth-stone, if you please ;  
And then lay down the scarlet rug ;  
Oh, bless me ! now I'm warm and snug ;  
Not baked as if in twenty ovens ;  
Your bricklayers, though, are idle slovens ;  
How dirty they have made the place ;  
Why you've worked Tom—go wash your face.  
So quickly done, too ! where's their bill ?  
I'll pay it now—aye, that I will."

" About a pound, my lord, I think,  
And what you please to give for drink."

" Only a pound ! Tom, there's the paper,"  
And then his lordship cut a caper.

## THIRD STORY.

## MY LORD AND HIS PORTRAIT.

Now proud as priest in sleeves of lawn,  
My lord would have his picture drawn,  
And for an able artist sends,  
But first the peer consults his friends :  
For he would never do things rashly ;  
The painter's name was Mr. Ashley,  
Who now before his lordship stands,  
To take his sapient commands.

“ You must, good sir, my picture draw,  
But sir, I would not give a straw  
For any portrait, if not like ;  
Sir, at a glance the face must strike.”

“ My lord, I can your likeness hit,  
Say, when will you be pleased to sit ?”

“ Sit !” cries my lord, “ what means the man ?  
That sitting is a tedious plan.  
No, no, go home, and paint it there ;  
But of the likeness pray take care :

And when 'tis finish'd mighty nice,  
Then bring it, sir, and name your price."

The painter stared, then smiled and bowed,  
And said, " Your lordship makes me proud,  
To put my skill to such a test ;  
However, I will do my best.  
But, yet, my lord, pray tell me now,  
Or sitting, riding, tell me how  
You would be drawn—what attitude,  
And do not think my question rude."

" Hey ! riding ! sitting ! on my oath,  
Good sir, I will be painted both :  
It is my custom on my steed  
Beneath a tree to sit and read :  
Some peers keep books to show their breeding,  
But I am monstrous fond of reading !  
And in the shade, behind yon tree,  
Are often seen my nag and me :  
Upon his back I take my rounds,  
And saunter through my pleasure grounds.  
I read, he stops to munch the grass,  
This favorite pony is—an Ass !

But then so docile in his duty,  
And quite a Zebra, sir, for beauty ;  
Look, yon's the tree, observe and mind it,  
And paint me sitting there behind it."

The artist hastened to the spot,  
And sketched each object to a dot ;  
Then home he goes, and paints the view,  
With care the ample tree he drew.  
And just two feet above its base  
He draws the beauteous Donkey's face ;  
A bridle from his nose you see,  
And here a hand, and there a knee :  
And then a little higher look,  
You see two inches of a book,  
All so correct in every part,  
The painter shows his utmost art.

Then to my lord the picture brought,  
Who very fine the picture thought ;  
Though in it he saw nought amiss,  
He cried, " Good sir, pray what is this ? "

" Your portrait, there," the painter said,  
" Your lordship's orders I've obeyed."

“ My portrait ! by the gods on high !  
’Tis monstrous like !—but where am I ?”

“ My lord, we can’t your figure see ;  
You’re reading there, behind the tree.”

The price is paid—my lord delighted,  
The painter very soon was knighted ;  
The picture in the parlour hung,  
Its praise the theme of every tongue ;  
“ Come, ladies, come, my portrait see,  
I’m reading there behind that tree.”

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#### FOURTH STORY.

##### MY LORD AND HIS INDIA PRESENT.

“ To all my friends I must be kind,  
One friend I ever kept in mind :  
He went to India out a writer,  
But made his fortune as a fighter.  
That present I to India sent him,  
Must show much good will I meant him.  
A *China Bowl* to make ’rack punch,  
To drink at dinner or at lunch ;

They surely prize nice China ware,  
They make such handsome China there,  
To please, my present could not fail,  
I bought it at an India sale ;  
It proves I'd rather give than take.”  
With self applause my lord thus spake.

In reverie his mind is lost,  
A letter's brought him by the post.  
In haste his lordship breaks the seal,  
And cries, “ Of words here's such a deal !  
Forget they're writing to a lord—  
A statesman's head must not be bored ;  
Here, Jack, my fool, you read it—loud !”

“ My lord,” says Jack, “ I'm not too proud—  
Eh ! here's Calcutta at the top !”  
“ Jack,” cries my lord, “ this moment stop :  
Born as I am to guide a nation,  
Must I disturb my meditation,  
Give my attention and my time,  
(Against my privilege a crime,)  
To hear another's common stuff ?  
To know the subject—that's enough.

Tell what the writer would be at,  
And then there's quite enough of that.  
But who is't from ?—at bottom look."

Says Jack, " The name is William Hook,  
The very stick, upon my soul,  
To whom you sent the China bowl !"

" Aye, Jack, ingratitude is hateful,  
He sends me thanks to show he's grateful."

" But gratitude has other ways,  
For in his letter, here, he says,  
That an *equivalent* he'll send you,  
And hopes his freedom won't offend you."

" An *elephant* he'll send me ! will he ?  
A large return, faith ! well done, Billy !  
An elephant ! Oh, wonderful !"

Cries Jack, " Why here's a pretty bull !  
Equivalent I plainly read,  
Equivalent I plainly said :

But elephant it may remain,  
And occupy his lordship's brain."

" Jack's all astonished," cries my lord,  
" My elephant is now on board  
Some ship that touches at the Cape :  
'Tis somewhat of a clumsy shape !  
But then I've read 'tis very wise,  
And of a most stupendous size :  
Just like a pedlar with his pack,  
It takes a castle on its back ;  
And through its snout that's called proboscis,  
Which round so cleverly it tosses,  
It squirted water on a cobbler.  
Of animals there's not a nobler ;  
When landed, how to get him home,  
Or where to put him when he's come ;  
The Billiard Room—kick out the table,  
Aye, that will make a handsome stable ;  
But he's so very broad and tall,  
We cannot squeeze him through the hall."

Cries Jack, " An elephant's so big,  
Better have sent a guinea-pig."

“ You saucy scoundrel !” cries the peer,  
I understand your quizzing sneer,  
You're full of envy, that I see,  
To flout my elephant and me !  
A rascal fool ! and so you're tift  
At generous Billy's monstrous gift ;  
I'll ask the queen, for all your sneers,  
She'll tell me how she managed hers :  
What for an elephant is good  
In bed and board, and drink and food :  
I'll write to her this very hour,  
And the Lieutenant of the Tower ;  
Yes, they have wisdom, power, and rule,  
And more politeness than a fool ;  
Begone, you Jack !”—The fool withdrew.

The rumour round the village flew,  
An elephant so large and tame,  
In three great ships from India came ;  
Bigger than black King Porus rode,  
Higher than Tippoo Saib bestrode.

Before the lord his servants stand,  
And thus he gives his high command.

“ My horses must walk out and graze,  
Turn out my coach, landau, and chaise ;  
Turn out my stalls, my rack and manger,  
All to receive this ample stranger :  
Coachman, no doubt your bed is soft,  
In that snug room up in the loft ;  
Coachmen to me are now mere carters ;  
Down at the inn take up your quarters.  
Postilion, too, you little codger,  
With coachman you must be a lodger :  
All space 'twixt ceiling and the floor,  
Down coach-house gate, down stable-door ;  
Quick ! housemaids flourish mop and broom,  
To furbish up the spacious room ;  
So to your business, every one,  
My steward, see it nicely done ;  
There's then a mansion large and proper,  
An elephant is such a whopper.”

Now all submissive silence kept,  
When Jack from out the circle stepp'd,  
As licensed spokesman of the rest,  
And gravely thus the peer address'd :—

“ Pray does an elephant drink beer ?  
If so—his beverage is here :  
Of value, as it comes from far,  
Choice *London Porter* in this jar,  
Come home by our last India fleet,  
Well pack'd, you see, and all complete ;  
Your lordship's hopes I would not check,  
But by this label round the neck,  
If I send water to the Thames,  
To just return how run my claims ?  
China you sent to China-shops,  
They've sent you English malt and hops.  
Equivalent in Billy's letter,  
Shows Billy could not fit you better.”

“ What !” cries my lord, “ then is it so ?  
My stable keep in *statu quo*.  
How durst you, Jack, before your betters,  
Presume to read important letters ?  
And by your vile pronunciation,  
Put every soul in consternation !  
And here when all the mischief's done,  
You grin at me, and call it fun !

No elephant ! the reason why,  
I'll know, by all the gods on high !”

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## FIFTH STORY.

## MY LORD AT THE PLAY.

The bills are up, the play not new,  
To theatres a leading view,  
The handbills take their usual round,  
The box-keeper in duty bound,  
As custom had originated  
Upon the lords and ladies waited,  
To take their orders, and to know  
If they that night were pleased to go :  
If honoured by their noble faces,  
To know what boxes and what places ;  
To show the names of lord and lady  
He in his book had down already ;  
A man of manners and of sense,  
Indeed, of real consequence,  
And courteous to the highest pitch,  
And much respected—he was rich.

“ A play so good ! Oh, by the Nine !  
I'll see it—is it very fine ?”

“ Why so, my lord, the critics say.”

“ It must be, then, a pretty play ;  
Your critics know what's neat and witty ;  
A tragedy ! that must be pretty !  
Mind Mr. Cullen, I engage  
The box that's next—no, on the stage :  
Side-box worth fifty in the centre,  
To see them all before they enter,  
Pull down their ruffles, stroke their frills,  
And see them flirt the jacks and jills ;  
And hum and strut, and lift the head,  
And rub their cheeks with white and red ;  
And read so eagerly their part,  
And try to get it off by heart,—  
When called, to thrust it in their pocket,  
Then like a squib, or like a rocket,  
So boldly on the stage they rush,  
And hear the prompter bawl out ‘ Hush !’  
I like the buskins and the socks,  
I'll bring enough to fill a box.”

The night is come—an overflow,  
The boxes make a brilliant show :  
Now to his box my lord is shown ;  
Said he, “ This box is all my own,  
I’m in my glory, in my pride,  
Such charming ladies by my side !  
There, lay the play-bill down before ’em,  
For I’m a lord that likes decorum :  
I’m fond of Otway and of Rowe,  
I like them, ’cause they please me so ;  
The play to-night from Otway’s pen :  
These poets are but beggars !  
Their works are fine, but they’re so poor,  
And poverty I can’t endure.

“ Let’s see the Bill—‘ Castilio, Clinch,’—  
My snuff-box, ladies, take a pinch.  
Clinch, aye Clinch ! they call him Larry,  
The counterpart of Spranger Barry ;  
This Clinch can catch the author’s fire ;  
Pray what’s o’clock ? I must inquire,  
I always leave my watch at home,  
That’s when I to the play-house come.

“ Now, ladies, mind this Clinch’s tones,  
He’s fine in ‘ Essex,’ penned by Jones ;  
With Clinch you must be vastly pleased,  
The galleries roar, the gods are squeezed !  
Those under actors are but clods,  
Heavens ! how I do detest the gods !  
D’ye hear them ?—for ‘ Roast Beef’ they cry—  
I hate them by the gods on high !  
To hate such gods is no great sin ;  
I wonder when they will begin ?  
Your gallery gods are so absurd—  
The second music ?—no, the third :

“ I long to see the curtain rise,  
Now ladies feast your ears and eyes ;  
But mind this Clinch, how he makes love ;  
He’ll bring your tears, he will by Jove !

“ Full time the curtain should be up,  
We don’t come here to sleep and sup ;  
Now what can cause this vast delay ?  
We’re sitting here to see a play,  
And not to hear those gods a-roaring,  
And over bits of play-bills poring.

To read the play-book, not the bill,  
May help this tedious time to kill :  
I know the apple-women sell 'em,  
They'll bring one hither—I'll go tell 'em ;  
Dear ladies I shall soon be back,  
'Faith, I'll be with you in a crack."

And now in haste he quits the box,  
Half after six by all the clocks :  
The music stops—the prompter's tinkle  
Proclaims beginning in a twinkle ;  
No whistling, shouts, or squalls of cats,  
'Tis now, ' Sit down !' and ' Off with hats :'

A man walks in with solemn face,  
And thus he states the dismal case :  
That though his name is in the Bill,  
As Mr. Clinch is taken ill,  
'Tis hoped the audience will accept  
For substitute a great adept,  
In all the histrionic art,  
To act this night in Clinch's part ;  
And though he might not be so clever,  
With great respect he would endeavour,

With soul and senses warm and fervent,  
To show he's their obedient servant.  
But never were there heard, perhaps,  
More peals of mighty thundering claps,  
Than burst from galleries and pit !  
Boxes, polite to admiration,  
Assent, in silent approbation.

Now up the ample curtain flies,  
And all prepared are ears and eyes,  
To hear Monimia's tender strains,  
And see Chamont bethump his brains !  
For dreams and ragged hags in lanes,  
Acasto's love-sick eldest son,  
With Polidore now marches on,  
Yet to avert the dreaded grumble,  
His looks and voice are soft and humble.

Roused by applause, his accents roll  
Through all the tumults of the soul ;  
And all applauded Mr. Lynch ;  
Nay, some cried out, ' A fig for Clinch !  
But whether this applause was pack'd,  
Is not a thing that's known for fact ;

However, Clinch's friends *do* say  
Some carpenters were then in pay.

With oranges and play-book stored,  
Now to his box returns my lord ;  
By this the act was half got through,  
And of the stage he takes a view ;  
His lordship roars out, ‘ Bravo, Clinch !’  
The ladies cry, ‘ ’Tis Mr. Lynch.’

“ Hey Lynch for Clinch ! why, what’s all this ?”  
And straight my lord began to hiss ;  
“ Yet hold !” said he, “ in this I’m addle,  
On the right horse I’ll lay the saddle ;  
Aye, and the whip, too, if I had one,  
I thought that Cullen was a bad one !  
You scoundrel, Cullen !” roars the peer,  
Desire that Cullen to come here.”

Before my lord stands Cullen now,  
My lord’s commands he’d wish to know.

“ Look on that paper, tell me true,  
Was not that play-bill given by you ?

Read there, Castalio, Mr. Clinch ; •  
Who acts Castalio, now ? why, Lynch !  
Perhaps yourself you now applaud  
For putting on me such a fraud !”

“ My lord, I only keep the book,  
And kept for you the box you took ;  
No farther my employment goes,  
Most surely than your lordship knows ;  
You have not now, my lord, to learn,  
In management *I've* no concern ;  
The public are the benefactors  
Of stages, managers, and actors ;  
If they offend, apply to them,  
And not the box-keeper condemn.”

“ Am I, a peer, to scamper after  
Fellows of whom I buy my laughter ?  
I know not them, nor do I wish  
To know about such sort of fish :  
In plays or operas, old or new,  
For all that's wrong I look to you.  
You may look impudent and sullen,  
But once for all I tell you, Cullen,

Whene'er I see a Lynch for Clinch,  
I'll thresh your body every inch ;  
I'll make your jacket an example  
Of what I'll do, here take a sample."

The threatened caning storm to shun,  
See Cullen to the Green Room run ;  
He cries, " Plague take your stage and boards,  
Your play-house, and your House of Lords !"  
The matter to my lord explained,  
The blameless Cullen to have caned,  
With some goodnature, thus said he :

" And shall it, then, be said of me,  
I beat a man without a cause,  
Who scorns to plague me with the laws.  
Well, when his benefit comes round,  
I'll send the villain, aye, ten pound ;  
Eh, no, a five, that just will nick it,  
Besides, I think I'll take a ticket ;  
Thus, all my cash I shall not lose  
To go, or stay I then may choose."

Says Jack, " You've hurt his reputation,  
Do make poor Lynch some reparation :

But what your mode that thing to compass ?  
A peer to make a play-house rumpus !  
Then what must all the ladies think,  
They'll say your lordship was in drink."

" Suppose, I so apologise ?  
No, that's much worse, that's telling lies,  
And those my speeches must embellish ;  
*Outside* the walls 'tis mean and hellish.  
For Clinch no more I'll clap or weep,  
From that good man my cash I'll keep.  
And as for —— by the gods on high !  
No more at Otway's jokes I'll cry."

---

#### SIXTH STORY.

##### MY LORD TURNED DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

Jack Fool was only such by trade,  
Nature a wit of him had made :  
And follies he could well expose,  
He shot the manners as they rose :  
Your lords, nay ladies were his butts,  
Caprice and pride to him were nuts ;

And no occasion pass'd him by,  
But he was at it ear and eye ;  
Though prudence often made him truckle,  
At noble nonsense he could chuckle.

At length this Fool by occupation,  
Had stored by active observation,  
Of incidents an ample stock,  
And characters a motley flock ;  
In short Fool Jack a Drama writ,  
Replete with humour, sense, and wit ;  
His taste so true, his wit so prime,  
It cost him little pains or time.

“ A thousand pounds by this I'll net,  
If nothing—I shall never fret.  
No time's here lost, I lose no fame—  
But hold, I'd better sink my name.  
Thus even should my play be damn'd,  
My purse with emptiness be cramm'd,  
No dunce can cry, as none can know it,  
There goes the hapless would-be Poet.”

His favourite theatre he chose,  
And to the manager it goes,

Three months pass on, no answer yet,  
Said Jack, " They're quite a lazy set!"  
He calls, he writes, no answer sent;  
Said he, " My folly I repent!"

A parcel—" Pretty work !" cries Jack,  
" Why here's my famous play come back!"  
A note in terms unjust and rude,  
Explains 'tis meagre, wild, and crude.

But Jack, that sly and wary spark,  
Had put a certain private mark  
Upon his play, and now could tell,  
Although they criticised so well,  
That they had never read a line,  
Or loosed a knot upon the twine,  
Wherewith his handsome thoughts were tied;  
Thus candid managers decide.

Yet when this gloomy truth he learned,  
Too wise was Jack to be concerned;  
By scenes of life too well he knew  
Man's disappointments are not few;

At Jack the shuttle-cock when sent,  
His battledore was true *content* :  
If fifty times it came in play,  
He knock'd it fifty times away,  
“ Fly, feathered toy !” said Jack, “ for I'll be gay.”

“ Jack,” said my lord, “ I have a thought,  
You'll say with whims my noddle's fraught,  
You'll doubt my talents and my skill,  
You'll twarth my plan, I know you will,  
I see it in your rascal sneer ;  
Jack, don't forget that I'm a peer !  
I'm peerless, too, you saucy fox,  
And now digest that paradox.”

“ My lord,” said Jack, “ some pity take  
Upon your friend, for heaven's sake ;  
Nor stand before me making faces,  
But say your say without grimaces.”

“ In one word, Jack, then, hear my say,  
I am resolved to write a play !  
I knew you'd laugh, Ho ! ho ! He ! he it !  
But you'll not laugh, sir, when you see it.”

Concealing what himself had done,  
Jack let his lordship's tongue run on,  
Yet wondered how the noble wit  
On step so similar had hit !

“ I've precedents, aye, more than two,  
Parnassian high roads to pursue ;  
And so, fool Jack I'll condescend  
To write a play—and now attend :  
First tragedy Lord Buckhurst wrote,  
Yet on his honor he could vote ;  
Duke Buckingham who cudgelled Dryden,  
His smart “ Rehearsal” took much pride in :  
Newcastle's Duchess, dame of note,  
And Duke, wrote plays—plays Sheffield wrote ;  
Dorset, Boyle, Granville, lords a score,  
Wrote plays, yet coronets they wore ;  
I'll write a play at any rate.”  
“ Cloten,” says Jack, “ can't derogate.”

“ A grand result you may depend,  
You doubt my parts—but mark the end :”  
Aye, then, my lord, the curtain drops,  
And then you reap Parnassian crops.”

“ True, Jack, the bay is my ambition ;  
The man steps out ‘ with your permission,’  
This play again to-morrow night.’  
And then twelve other plays I’ll write.  
Such smart effusions come to me  
As easy, Jack, as A, B, C !  
My profits all their coffers filling,  
Of those I’ll never touch a shilling ;  
And when my play appears in print,  
If that’s not grand, the devil’s in’t !

Says Jack, “ You’ll then inscribe your book  
To some great beauty, or some duke ? ”

“ Shall I, a nation’s legislator,  
Become a fulsome dedicator !  
Your Helicon is thick and muddy ;  
Goodbye, I’m going to my study :  
'Tis my command when I compose,  
That you’ll not dare to show your nose.  
My dialogue I’ll now begin.”

Says Jack, “ though in the writing pin,

My lord, there's something you've forgot,  
First choose your story, lay your plot,  
And then, like Shakspeare, dash away,  
And write the devil of a play!"

" I thank you Jack—for story what ?  
Goodbye, well, I'll go write my plot."

Now at his play his lordship tries,  
And now to Jack his fool, applies :

" Recess will soon be over, Jack,  
Therefore my brain I must not rack  
With plots of plays :—in Parliament  
They'll not dispense with my ' Content.'  
But I must give them reasons sound,  
And turn my lofty periods round :  
In Lower House the question carried,  
In Upper House it must be parried ;  
And this our party all expect  
To this must I point full, direct,  
And so, friend, Fool, you'll be so kind,  
My plot to turn it in your mind :

Jack, plots of plays are your vocation,  
And tally with your occupation :  
For Heywood, Tarleton, Killlegrew,  
Were fools and jesters, Jack, like you ;  
Fat HAL, old BET, and JEM the Scot \*  
Enjoyed their plays, and joke and plot :  
Chalk out some plan, my Jack Moliere,  
And I'll then write like Tom Voltaire,  
A plot I see you've in your eye,  
Quick, pop it down, and so good bye.”

Jack takes the fancy in his head,  
And from his piece returned, unread,  
Writes out its story—tells the peer,  
“ I've done your plot, my lord, look here.

“ Well,” says my lord, “ this plot may do ;  
Aye, just my thoughts caught up by you :  
I like my plot, you happy dog,  
And now I'll write my dialogue ;  
Yet dialogue is mere chit chat,  
Suppose you try your hand at that ;

\* Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and James I.

You write it out, and tell me, then,  
For Jack, I hate to touch a pen ;  
My characters I can bring on,  
Yet then but half the work is done ;  
To bring them off, aye, there's the puzzle,  
Now you've a grin behind your muzzle.

Cries Jack, “ I mean nor laugh nor scoff,  
*You* bring them on, they'll soon be *off*.”

“ Well, off or on, just as it may,  
Jack, you write down what they must say.”

Jack takes his play, and word for word  
He copies fair, and shows my lord.

“ Ha ! said the Peer, “ my play will do,  
But are you sure all this is new ;  
I scorn to steal and plagiarize,  
Such tricks all men of sense despise ;  
To rob another of his Bays !  
This play's my own—my own the praise ;  
But opera suits the reigning taste,  
In writing songs my time I'd waste ;

A Metastasio, and Goldoni,  
Their songs well set, are sweet as honey.  
A song might here and there come in,  
Quartettes and trios sprinkled thin,  
And here and there a smart duet,  
An act to end with a quintette :  
Finale then—my opera's finished,  
Nor is my consequence diminished ;  
You, Jack, write down my songs, my boy,  
And of my opera give me joy."

It should have been premised in time,  
Our Fool's facility at rhyme ;  
Some songs he wrote and copied fair,  
And bade his lordship read with care.

" Of character you're no great judg  
To fancy, Jack, a peer can trudge  
Through ' wreathed smile, and quip, and crank,'  
A peer with privilege to frank ;  
To whom the minister looks up—  
Why surely, Jack, you've had a cup !  
The hand is good, but Jack, indeed  
I must not think to sit and read :—

I'll give my play a name—let's see—  
Aye, for its name, leave that to me.”  
Said Jack—“ Your title, write it there.”—  
“ Aye, page the first is blank and bare,”  
Replies his lordship, pen in hand,  
“ My title's mine at free command,  
The Earl of Z.”

“ Hold, hold !” cries Jack,  
By paper white, and ink so black,  
Odds fish ! you must not call your piece  
By your *own* Title ! Prince of Geese !  
Upon the House of Peers no slander,  
To swear that you're a perfect gander.”

“ Call *me* a gander ! here's a thief !  
Such insolence is past belief ;  
Of privilege why here's a breach,  
I thought I was above your reach !  
The Usher with his wand so black,  
For this shall trounce you, Mr. Jack :  
Your saucy head he'd lay it hard on.”

“ My lord,” said Jack, “ I ask your pardon,

This cause of strife—if you desire,  
I'll thrust your opera in the fire."—

" What ! burn my play ! hold, stop, you villain,  
I would not lose it for a million,  
You saucy rogue ! consume my fame !  
And of a noble make your game !  
My privilege, although you break it,  
You've ask'd my pardon, Johnny, take it ;  
Now to the manager I'll send  
My play—and so shake hands, my friend."

Our Lord and Fool so neatly match'd,  
The opera off is straight dispatch'd ;  
At first thrown by, the usual way ;  
Soon more attention they must pay :  
A letter with it from *my Lord* !  
And though expecting to be bored  
With some dull, flimsy, vapid stuff,  
So great a man they must not huff.

The manuscript snatch'd up in haste,  
With cold contempt the eye is cast,

But most unwilling to begin,  
A transient look the page takes in ;  
The sparkles from the diamonds fly !  
Wit glitters in the reader's eye !  
From prejudice to approbation,  
Contempt gives place to admiration ;  
Delights flow on from page to page,  
And sixty overflows presage.

“ Who could expect such treasured pearls  
From oyster shells, and brains of Earls ? ”  
Now rumour went the town about,  
“ His lordship's piece will soon come out.”  
The fashionable circles all  
His lordship's talents high extol ;  
And envy, foe and test of merit,  
Begins to stir herself with spirit ;  
And curiosity's agog,  
And penned are Pro. and Epilogue ;  
My lord hears all with modest grace,  
And blushes spread his meaning face.

Rehearsal comes, the players' rapture  
At sure applause—their praises capture ;

Each part is capitally cast,  
The awful night is fixed at last ;  
Malice of all its hopes forsaken !  
For twenty nights the boxes taken !

“ My face I dare not, will not show,  
But, Jack, you to the play-house go,  
And bring me word how I succeed,  
Of clap and laugh, my boy, take heed :  
In Poet’s Corner here I’ll sit,  
You take your station in the pit ;  
The curtain dropp’d—with loud huzza  
You wave your hat, and come away ;  
Run home, you’ll make my heart so glad,  
You’ll bring me such good news, my lad.”

Said Jack, “ You clap your wings and crow,  
They’ll clip your pinions, that I know.”

“ By chattering here you’ll be too late,  
Set out, for no one wants your prate ;  
Jack Fool, you let my fame alone,  
For good or ill, ‘tis all my own”

The unread play—so ' flat and crude,'  
Returned to Jack, with note so rude,  
Though judged by rigid critic laws,  
Is now received with warm applause ;  
Opinion stamps, withone accord,  
The sterling genius of my lord.

Now slowly to his lordship back,  
With real modesty comes Jack,  
But, in his mischief-making way,  
Calls out—“ My lord, they've damn'd your play.”

“ Eh, what, damn'd !” my lord exclaims,  
“ And throw on me your shams and shames !  
Your stupid nonsense palm on me !  
No, no, friend Jack, this must not be,  
Effusions of a petty jester,  
Your balderdash, not worth a tester ;  
A tester ! no, not worth a groat,  
But I'll disclaim it as I ought.  
The public shall not stigmatize,  
The papers brand me with their lies :  
The play is yours you Pasquin Pascal,  
You know 'tis yours, you ugly rascal !

To lay a plot you must pretend,  
And scribble to the very end :  
I'll tell them with my thrush's bill,  
I disavow it—that I will ;  
You called me goose, I was aware  
Fine hissings for me you'd prepare.  
And now whatever may come of it,  
Take you the merits and the profit,  
And with them fill your pocket book,  
And buy in stock, you laughing rook."

The manager receives a card,  
That last night's play, so maul'd and marr'd,  
Was not my Lord's—nor knows he how  
They fling such honours on his brow ;  
That he was not Apollo's tool,  
'Twas written all by Jack his Fool !

The third, sixth, ninth, and twentieth night,  
With handsome price for copy-right,  
Caused Jack's bank-note book full to swell,  
And gladdened all who wish'd him well.

## INTRODUCTION.

Of the preceding “Delightful Stories,” as the Author was pleased to call them, two only were written on well-known anecdotes, viz. “The Eclipse put off,” and the “Elephant and Equivalent;” and for this reason neither was much valued by him: he very recently tore the “Eclipse” out of the MS. Book, and threw it in the fire; and the “Elephant” would have shared the same fate, had not the Editor, with whom it was a favorite, requested him to spare it.

These stories were the last poems written in the reign of George III. Previous to giving those since composed, that period is closed with the Author’s once much-admired song in his piece of one Act, called the LOYAL BANDEAU, to celebrate the Recovery of his Majesty, April, 1789. He wrote plot, dialogue, and songs, in two days, and it was acted with great success at Covent Garden Theatre.

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## SONG,

SUNG BY MR. CHARLES BANNISTER.

The Tune is forgotten.

---

The true Royal Oak was of Windsor the pride,  
The forest its dictates obeyed;  
Protection to offer, its shelter spread wide,  
And happy we sung in its shade:

A loud storm arises, and fierce is the blast,  
For our monarch we're chilled with dismay ;  
The skies now clear up, and the danger is past,  
And triumph shall crown the bright day.

Where our King is our Friend, we in sympathy mourn,  
Each ill that his peace might annoy,  
So in sweet gratulation we hail health's return,  
With loyal affection and joy.

Rejoice, O ye Britons ! you're favoured above,  
Since Heaven your petition has heard,  
How great is the mercy, celestial the love,  
Which the life of your sovereign has spared.

The husband and father, the mother and wife,  
For example look up to the throne ;  
May comforts domestic illumine each life  
That makes those bright virtues their own.

A PROCLAMATION,  
ON THE ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE IV.  
29th Jan. 1820.

Written the same Day of hearing the News.

---

Ye nations east, west, south, and north,  
Republican or king-land,

Take notice all that George the Fourth  
Is now the King of England!

Ye nations east, west, south, and north,  
Or temperate, cold, or hot-land,  
Take notice all that George the Fourth  
Is King of bonny Scotland.

More beauteous, east, west, south, or north,  
What mortal can desire land,  
Take notice all that George the Fourth  
Is King of darling Ireland.

Of Continent, east, west, south, north,  
He claims nor short nor tall bit,  
But Hanover, as George the Fourth,  
His patrimonial small-bit.

Ye conquerors, east, west, south, north,  
Whose deeds with robbers place ye,  
No ruthless sword of George the Fourth  
Gains empires vast in Asia.

Of Carib Isles, east, west, south, north,  
Our King is now a lone king,  
And just and honest George the Fourth  
Says, ‘ *Hayti*, keep thy own king.’

No catching Time east, west, south, north,  
Behind, where there is no lock ;  
But out of doors King George the Fourth  
Will drive the devil, Moloch.

Ye churchmen, east, west, south, and north,  
Or chosen, or by purchase,  
Take notice all that George the Fourth  
Is King of all your churches.

Ye subjects east, west, south, and north,  
Or protestants, or Romans,  
Take notice all that George the Fourth  
Is King of Lords and Commons.

Ye labourers, east, west, south, and north,  
Or fixed, or heaths ye wander,

Take notice all that George the Fourth  
Is King of goose and gander.

To liberal arts, east, west, south, north,  
And heaven-sent agriculture,  
A cheering ray is George the Fourth  
To pencil, pen, and sculpture.  
For commerce, east, west, south, and north,  
To traders, merchants, bankers,  
Of house and ships, King George the Fourth  
Is firm, sail, compass, anchors.

A mirror bright, east, west, south, north,  
The drama, life's director ;  
Of Covent Garden, George the Fourth  
Was Mason, Prince, Protector.  
Off roaming east, west, south, and north,  
By destiny 'tis fated,  
The hapless wife of George the Fourth  
Must not be cor-ro-nated.

Ye radicals, east, west, south, north,  
In street or road who mob it,

Obey the laws of George the Fourth,  
And laugh at Hunt and Cobbett !  
Ye loyal, east, west, south, and north,  
Not led astray by blindness,  
Be loyal still to George the Fourth,  
In peace and Christian kindness.

Through black'ning clouds, east, west, south, north,  
No raging billows fearing,  
No shipwreck waits King George the Fourth,  
By grace and kindness steering.  
By mercy swayed, east, west, south, north,  
While justice shall direct him,  
Our prayers for Good King George the Fourth,  
The King of Kings protect him.

---

#### LINES TO THE EARL OF EGREMONT,

Intended to accompany a two-pound note, which I sent him towards erecting, by subscription, a statue of George IV. at Brighton ; which said forty shillings were, to sculpture the nail of the little finger on the royal right hand.

---

My pounds, please your lordship, are not over plenty,  
But farthings one thousand nine hundred and twenty

I send, towards erecting the statue at Brighton,  
Which all who love good kings, must take great  
delight in ;  
As many gold sovereigns I'd send if I could ;  
So take what I can, and suppose what I would,  
Tho' narrow my offering, my wish is capacious,  
Long life to its Patron, our Sovereign most gracious.

---

#### ON MACREADY, THE TRAGEDIAN,

At Birmingham, saving an Infant from a house in Flames, by rushing into the fire, and bringing it out. He had played Hamlet that night. August, 1823.

“ I have a work for thee,” an angel said,  
*Make Ready!*—with a smile the man obeyed :  
Full armed with grace he rushed into the flame,  
Performed the work, and out uninjured came.

Heaven’s work it was ! an innocent to save,  
His salary extends beyond the grave ;  
“ Farewell, sweet prince !” he may be thus address’d,  
And “ Choirs of angels sing him to his rest.”

His Author’s words he had so well by *heart*,  
Performer good, he well performed his part.

## GOOD HUMOUR.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

Equipped for the Archery Ground.

---

To conquest when the softer sex aspires,  
Three weapons bright the noble task requires ;  
Good humour is the first to take the field,  
Good humour is the second they must wield ;  
Good humour is the third ;—those weapons three,  
Give maiden, wife, and widow victory !

Let man with cannon storm his forts and towns,  
'Tis woman's glory to subdue her frowns ;  
Sweet condescension soon secures her sway,  
She conquers most when deigning to obey ;  
Olive and Rose her guiltless laurels are,  
The Graces wait on her triumphal Car.

Rich are the spoils, when women victors prove,  
*Joy, Friendship, Peace, and all-commanding Love.*

## YOUNG TERENCE.

## INTRODUCTION.

The following verses were literally dashed from the Author's mind on paper, and in his own hand-writing, at the very instant of hearing, through the medium of the newspapers, of Mr. Colman's appointment, by his late Majesty. He (the author,) had no privy purse at that time, nor until five years later.

Whilst the Editor was copying them, a few words of remonstrance took place, which, as these parleys show character, are here given, verbatim.

ED. Mon tres chere pere, the king could not make you a Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard.

AU. No, but he might have made me a Knight of Windsor. \*

ED. As a Catholic, how could you take the oaths which are, perhaps, required? Even George the Fourth might object to you on that account alone.

AU. Why neither Edward the Fourth, nor Henry the Fourth would have made any objection on THAT ACCOUNT. Colman has too much wit and good humour himself to feel offended, so copy Young Terence for me, and throw him in the desk.

---

\* He never used the abject word POOR Knight, observing, it ought to be abolished, as the Order was instituted for the permanent support of gentlemen of the army and navy.

## YOUNG TERENCE.

On hearing of the Appointment of **GEORGE**, the son of my old and valued friend, **GEORGE COLMAN, sen.** (Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, and the translator of Terence,) to the Lieutenancy of the Yeomen of the Guard. July, 1821.

'Tis not as it has been, now poets are fed,

Ye writers of prose and of metre !

Though Otway could scarce get a bit of new bread,

Young Terence is made a beef-eater.

A beggar was Homer, his book was gold leaf,

For booksellers, Pope was gold-beater :

Our poets live now like Commander-in-chief,

Small Terence is made a beef-eater !

Who earned his poor morsel by turning a wheel ?

Great Plautus—and who could write neater ?

*Our* poets sans labour can compass their meal—

Fine Terence is now a beef-eater.

Southampton was kind to the 'Sweet Willy O,' \*

Else penury for him might cater ;

Now poets are jolly boys all of a row !

Gay Terence is now a beef-eater !

\* Lord Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare.

When Sydney \* his patron, in Flanders was kill'd,

(And who of Arcadia sang neater ?)

Prince Spenser might dine with a cow in a field,

Young Terence is made a beef-eater.

In want was Dick Savage, though sprang from a lord,

So cruelly used by his mater, †

The poet sits now at a plentiful board,

Since Terence is made a beef-eater.

Short Commons had Dryden, of poets the best,

His " White Hind" the church of St. Peter,

We now have good dinners, and very well dress'd—

Young Terence is now a beef-eater.

Who dined in the Park with old Humphrey the duke ?

John Milton, sublime grand narrator,

He taught A, B, C, or no need of a cook,—

Young Terence is now a beef-eater.

Half-starved was young Chatterton, treated so-so,

A Horace I've read was the treater,

Yet now of good cheer all our poets may crow—

For Terence is made a beef-eater.

\* Sir Philip Sydney, Author of " Pembroke's Arcadia."

† Countess of Macclesfield.

At Regicide-Roundheads Sam Butler struck plump,  
Of Hudibras, Charles was repeater ;  
No sirloin had Sam, though he roasted the *Rump*,  
Small Terence is made a beef-eater !

Poor Murphy work'd hard, and he ask'd and besought,  
Of arts of the scene none completer,  
Three-score and fifteen ere his morsel he caught,—  
Gay Terence is now a beef-eater !  
Not *Beef* with old Macklin, 'twas *Love à-la-mode*,  
No play had attraction much greater,  
A century seeking, he found not the road,  
Yet Terence is now a beef-eater.

Midst poverty's brambles well Collins could sing,  
“ The Passions,”—Dan Phœbus dictator :  
Yet *he* seldom tasted of ox the roast wing,—  
Young Terence is now a beef-eater.  
Oh King ! do not add to the number O'Keeffe,  
Who pleased both yourself and your pater ;  
Your Majesty make him an eater of beef,  
Unfit though he be for beef-eater.

Since old famous poets had short commons oft,  
Nor dined before six, perhaps later ;

Though hard is my fate, I might think it quite soft—

Young Terence is now a beef-eater !

My early good friend was his excellent dad,

Who managed sock, buskin, and gaiter,

By Pegasus' hoof I am heartily glad

That Colman is made a beef-eater !

Besides lucky George, there's South Bob,\* and North

Wat,\*

Thalia cries, “ Pan and his satyrs !

My favorite, my darling, neglected, forgot,

Write JACK in your list of beef-eaters.”

---

From July 1821, to January 1826, I seemed to be forgotten by the world ; but, on the 22nd of that month, I had reason to thank three high personages, † and sing thus, as a sequel to “ Young Terence.” Feb. 1826.

#### ERIN TO HER SON.

“ My Shamrock,” Erin says, “ O’Keeffe,

Betokens good to thee ;

For though ’tis but a single leaf,

That *one* consists of *three*.

\* Robert Southey, esq. Poet Laureat; and Sir Walter Scott.

† His late Majesty, the Bishop of Chichester (now of Worcester) and Sir William Knighton, bart, Privy Purse.

“ Thus with my word the fact accords,  
My shamrock green the sign,  
To work thy weal three noble lords \*  
In one good work combine.

“ Nor chills thy gratitude should warp :  
Soft touch the golden string,  
To cheerful notes attune thy harp,  
Sing, merry minstrel, sing !”  
Aye, whilst voice, thought, life remain,  
In praise I’ll sing my best ;  
My evening sun shall hear my strain,  
And light me to my west.

---

The Author had thus concluded his Sequel, when the Editor left him to go to the Bank, and receive his Treasury quarter’s money. On her return, in less than half an hour, she found him writing at the table, with an expression of great anxiety : his face, which, from want of perfect sight, was sometimes unguardedly agitated, appeared full of emotion. He said, rather hastily, “ Adelaide, when you go

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\* Ed. (Whilst writing as he dictated,) Lords !

Au. Yes, it suits my rhyme ; besides, one is Lord Supreme, the second Lord Spiritual, and the third may put his hand in his pocket for his patent of nobility when he pleases, I suppose.

out, why don't you leave me plenty of writing paper? I found this scrap in the drawer, and was forced to write on both sides of it."

The answer was a remark, that she thought "Erin" was silent, and if not thus disposed, why not wait for the return of the Editor, and dictate as usual.

No, replied her father, this must be in my own hand-writing;—take it with God's blessing, my child, and only comfort. Never part with it; a day may come when it will, perhaps, be of service to you.

He went into his own room, leaving her alone. From the locket in which the paper was at that moment deposited, and never since looked at but once, she now takes the following token of affection, this "Legacy" and his other MSS. being the only bequest on earth he had to leave her.

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#### SEQUEL TO ERIN AND HER SON.

I sing and I pipe, it is true,  
I roll my smooth numbers with ease,  
They're pleasing to all but the few,  
Whom Phœbus himself could not please.  
Down pillow I press with my cheek—  
The angel of slumber takes flight;  
Sad dreams my short slumbers now break,  
I pass but a wearisome night.

Quite sure of my breakfast I rise,  
I'm sure of my dinner and tea;

Our damsel at door tells no lies,  
No duns ever call upon me.  
With competence ! state O divine !  
And pretty good health for my years,  
As on my green bank I recline,  
Full onward a rough road appears.

That road must my Adelaide tread,  
No refuge, no shelter in view ;  
No straw-roof to shield her fair head,  
From noon-beam, or night-chilling dew.  
O God who the lily arrays !  
Who gives to the sparrow its meal,  
Your will if to lengthen her days,  
Sharp penury let her not feel.

Her virtues, her genius \* obtain,  
Protection, peace, comfort, support ;  
My hope—may I hope not in vain,  
No harm if they come from a COURT.

\* The Editor takes this occasion to give a correct list of her own works, some having been attributed to her, of which she knows nothing ; amongst others, one called “ Llewellyn, or the Vale of

## LINES ON PRINCE LEOPOLD'S SUPPOSED QUESTION TO HIMSELF.

“ Shall I accept the throne of Greece?—No.  
I've Claremont, and Marlborough House in Pall Mall,  
A loved sister, and niece, I do very well.”

---

The joys of kings ! they're all a bam,  
I think I'm happier as I am ;  
Were I a king I must not budge,  
But every one must be a judge,  
On every careless step I take,  
On every trite remark I make.

Plinlimmon.” The similarity of the first title has led to the error even in printed catalogues. Her own are the following :—

Llewellyn, 3 vols. an Historical Tale in the reign of Edward II., dedicated to the infant Princess Charlotte of Wales.—Cawthorn.

Patriarchal Times, or the Land of Canaan, 2 vols.—Rivington and Co.—Excellently translated into French, by Madame Belloc, of Paris.

Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, 2 vols.—Rivington and Co.

Dudley, or the Isle of Teneriffe, 3 vols.—Longman and Co.—Freely, and too freely translated into French, by the Baroness de Montolieu, author of Caroline of Lichfield.

National Characters ; in verse ; 2 vol. A Trip to the Coast ; verse ; Original Poems for Infant Minds ; 2 vols.—Darton and Harvey.

The Guardian Angel, and The Five Suitors, 1 vol. To be published shortly.

The Editor has led no idle life ; for, besides the above productions, she was her father's amanuensis from the age of twelve to twenty-four, with very short intermissions.

I could not take my easy stroll,  
Hear zephyr breathe, see billows roll :  
O'er daisied mead, o'er pebbled strand,  
To walk, or stop, or musing stand,  
Enjoy the soothing thought alone,  
Which we can only call our own.

Surrounded by the courtly set,  
Plagued by that teazer, Etiquette,  
The brilliant, studied, formal scene,  
The hacknied levee's dull routine !

Perhaps, if pride-diseased the heart,  
No friend to act the friendly part ;  
Where none dare wholesome truth apply,  
The noblest moral virtues die.  
Soft Adulations's honied tongue  
Might say I'm right, when I am wrong ;  
The verdant leaf may screen the toad,  
To kingly errors smooth's the road ;  
Rather than Grecian king to be,  
Oh give me safe obscurity !

And though distinguished from the crowd  
By birth and fortune—be not proud ;

A friend to shake my friendly hand,  
Is worth an emperor's command !  
To walk, or sit in converse kind,  
In social intercourse of mind,  
To live encircled by my friends,  
And all devoid of selfish ends ;  
Although a joy possessed by few,  
Is what a monarch seldom knew !

Then kingly power ! important weight !  
A vast concern, a charge most great ,  
For when by heaven a king is made,  
His sceptre's by commission swayed :  
He merely holds his crown in trust ;  
Were I a king not good and just—  
A throne is not to be desired,  
Much given, there is much required ;  
A king when called to his account  
Of errors, when a great amount,  
Rather than have such debts to pay,  
Lord ! keep from me that judgment day ?

As king I never wish to reign,  
A loyal subject I'll remain.

## KING LEO.

ON PRINCE LEOPOLD'S SUPPOSED QUESTION  
TO HIMSELF.

“ Shall I accept this crown of Belgium ? Yes.  
When Belgium’s monarch, I’m crown’d, throned, and styled,  
A wife will come next, and a Flemish boy-child.”

To be a king ! Oh happy state !  
A throne to mount is sure’ my fate ;  
A sovereign, to have the power  
To make the most of every hour,  
By acts munificent and grand,  
The best, the greatest in the land !

When weeping suitors on me wait,  
To send them smiling from my gate.

When awful justice lifts the sword,  
Her stroke suspended at my word,  
Which could a forfeit life restore,  
And bid Repentance sin no more.  
When once a king, to power born,  
No rogue shall thrive by hoarding corn ;  
For thriving fraud I’d have a cure,  
The miller should not grind the poor :

The widow's meal should have its weight,  
Tho' foes should of my meanness prate ;  
Tho' pride should call me royal oaf,  
This hand should weigh the orphan's loaf.

I'd welcome Pallas ! but for Mars,  
I'd bid begone with all his wars ;  
I'd never prop a foreign throne,  
While love at home supports my own ;  
My people's love, as they have mine,  
A hero let me never shine.

On pillow when my head I lay,  
And think the good I've done that day,  
Such comfort such repose might give,  
As seem to say, " O king, revive,  
Awake ! and act those deeds again,  
As make a monarch fit to reign."

To give the merit all to Thee,  
Almighty ! King of Kings, a king I wish to be.

## THE GENEROUS BEAR :

## A FABLE.

The idea was suggested by some Ukase of the Emperor Paul, the purport of which I forget ; but it was something a-kin to promoting BURNS the poet to be an exciseman.—I. O'K.

A pious fit possessed a generous bear,  
And to Olympus he put up this prayer :—

“ Hear, sire of gods and men ! Jove, hear with grace,  
The humblest, roughest, of the shaggy race !  
For others’ woes my tender bowels yearn,  
For others’ woes I’m struck with deep concern.  
Were all distressed, relief I’d give to all,  
My will is ample, but my means are small ;  
Not for myself I ask, or hoarded store,  
Yet grant me much, that I may give the more ;  
Grant me but means a bounteous heart to show,  
Thy *Almoner* Oh make me here below !  
On struggling merit great rewards I’d pour,  
A face of sorrow ne’er should quit my door ;  
Like virgin-honey Charity I love,  
I’d hug the gift, and thank thee, mighty Jove.”

Our pious Bear had scarce got off his knees,  
When round him piles on piles of wealth he sees,

Of use, and ornament, of every kind,  
The body to adorn, or charm the mind ;  
Juice of the Gallic grape, delicious fare,  
Domestic plenty, and exotics rare ;  
Sirloins of beef lay here—there silken coats,  
Here strings of pearls, and there a sack of oats ;  
Rich fruits, and roses never known to fade,  
Carpets of Turkey, bales of tartan plaid ;  
Mitre and chains of gold, and ricks of hay,  
Bright founts of water clear, dark groves of bay ;  
Soft summer's gauze, bleak winter's sable muff,  
The fragrant hyson, and the pungent snuff ;  
The canvass that could all but speak and move,  
Song that might charm to rest, or wake to love ;  
Behold what's choice, or good, or sweet, or fair,  
In the possession of our Generous Bear !

He look'd, but wonder'd not, then smiling, said,  
“ Aye, this is going to the fountain head !  
Aye, this the skill is, of a master-god,  
Who knows for whom the wreath, for whom the rod :  
Thy bounties, patron, let me not abuse,  
No, far and wide thy favors I'll diffuse :

Munificence should give or ere they ask,  
Nor leave to modesty that painful task :  
Since 'tis well known, and so has ever been,  
He that can ask is impudent and mean."

" Bruin, a favorite of the thundering god!"  
Was now the cry—and all attend his nod :  
Inhabitants of water, earth, and air,  
And their imperial master, MAN, was there ;  
They sang, mewed, whistled, grunted, brayed, and  
bow'd,  
And thus their bounteous friend address'd the crowd :  
" First, then, poor horse, here, take for thy relief,  
This gold repeater, and that knight of beef.

" Oh, pretty lap-dog ! pray accept these oats,  
And beauteous zebra, wear these silken coats.

" Do have this Claude Lorrain, judicious bat :  
Honour my old Cremona, skilful cat.

" This pot of rouge, my blooming country lass :  
Accept this set of Shakespeare, learned ass,  
You'll find his meanings, where he gets obscure,  
Meanings himself ne'er thought of—that I'm sure.

“ Command my purse, dear friend, to any sum.”  
This friend a stranger was, and worth a *plum*.

“ Poor man with broken shoes, and bursting heart,  
I'll frank thee to thy parish in a cart.

“ These violets delicate, this damask rose,  
Pray take, neat Hottentot, to charm thy nose.

“ Accept this speaking-trumpet—grant my wish,  
You'll much oblige me ;”—this was to a fish.

“ Gay butterfly, here's nuts for you to crack,  
And squirrel, with thy tail upon thy back,  
I have a present, darling thing, for thee,  
A primrose ! that might feast a dainty bee !

“ This snuff, wise elephant, thy trunk may suit,  
All simple leaf,—the native Lundy Foot.  
And thou ! sweet nightingale ! of song loved queen !  
Have this fine bagpipe, made in Aberdeen.

“ Take, PRINCE, this noble heart, tho' I've but few,  
Accepting *one*, the Prince would then have *two*.” \*  
Profuse in offers—yet thus mis-applied,  
Our *Bear* of bounty's mark shot wond'rous wide.

\* The Grand Duke Alexander, afterwards emporor.

## REVOLUTIONS IN EUROPE IN 1830-31-32.

## INTRODUCTION.

This was the Author's last composition either in prose or verse ; though short, it commemorates the leading public events both at home and abroad, that occurred during a period of above two years. After hearing the newspapers read to him, his next amusement was to condense the substance of a whole column into a few lines of verse ; by which habit he in a manner had the politics of the day by heart (as the phrase is,) and was, when referred to by the heedless reader of the news, able to explain the names, time, place, and circumstance of each event.

The Editor, however, thought it her duty to put some limit to this practice, which latterly was indulged at the expense of his rest at night and tranquillity of mind by day. He understood her motive, and acquiesced ; but it was with regret. A very few mornings previous to his death, he observed, " I am perfectly well, now, and I think I'll go on Revolutionizing Europe."

EDI. I think, Caro Padre, that as Europe and you are now at peace, you had better remain so.

AUTH. Odds bobs ! but I must continue to add to your portion !

What was nearly thirty years ago intended by a fond parent for part of his daughter's PORTION, is now her LEGACY.

## REVOLUTIONS IN EUROPE.

Arouse, my Muse, and in quaint numbers tell,  
What Hopes to Dan O'Connel since befel :  
By Clare elected, Daniel franks M. P.  
And Freeling says, his franks may all go free ;

Pursuing my subject to rhyme I go on,  
Show honor how lost, and how honor was won.\*

IRELAND.

For Waterford, Beresford member would be,  
And said to O'Connel, " You'll manage for me ;  
And, Counsellor, pocket this purse full of gold ;"  
Quoth Dan, " I will never breathe hot, and blow  
cold."

Then Beresford whispered Dan's rival, small Shiel,  
Who seemed from high patriot purpose to reel ;  
" Good friend, since as counsellor thus you are paid,  
You pocket your fee, so you follow your trade.

" With sovereigns in gold, shining bribe in your poke,  
The lawyer is earnest, the patriot all joke ;  
With hope of the woolsack, silk gown, or the bench,  
Most lawyers are Sheils, whether Irish or French."

A lofty, bold character, though, is Sir Shiel,  
Home-truths he'll slap-dash, and his hearers make  
feel ;

\* The Poem called the " Clare Election," is omitted by the Editor.

His speech all persuading, and bold elocution,  
Points out a small man of confirmed resolution.

So eager is each in his wish to be righted,  
The Union to break, they become all united ;  
“ Endeavour all firm must soon loosen our chain,  
We Irish were once, will be Irish again.

The Catholic, Protestant, Presbyter, Quaker,  
Cry, No foreign nation shall be our law maker,  
True friends all shake hands, in the cause great and  
glorious,  
And say, who desert us are scoundrels notorious.

Our Isle to call IRE-LAND, misnomer unfair,  
Of ire, spite or anger, no children we are ;  
Our Island no longer by sorrow enthrall'd,  
Not IRELAND, but ERIN in future be call'd !”

Now died George the Fourth ! 'twas a grievous event,  
To subjects and kindred a cause of lament ;  
Great Clarence is king, who to Codrington said,  
“ Go, thresh the Great Turk ! Hoy ! go it, friend  
Ned.”

Cried Arthur, " The Turk is our ancient ally,  
Then why should we thresh him ? Duke William,  
Oh, fie !

My Lord Castlereagh help'd the Turk in his wars,  
And mann'd in our Thames the Turk-ships with our  
tars."

New reign, and the Commons dissolved, hey, ding  
dong,

" Your votes, your kind votes !" is the candidates'  
song ;

Last session of Catholics there was a brace, \*  
But now they will pour in with much better grace.

Said Dan, " With the two that we have, please kind  
heaven,

I'm able to add—aye, let's see, I'll bring seven ;  
Be Waterford mine, Wyse take Tipperary,  
The rich golden vale for the cow and the dairy.

To two worthy members I leave my kind Clare,  
To oust them I think that no Orangeman dare ;  
Brave Gorman O'Mahon, Namara, styled Mac,  
For Union's Repeal my grand motion, they'll back.

\* O'Connel and Lord Surrey.

## FRANCE.

Fell Anarchy's swoop now new-rallied advance,  
By Jacobin club-law would desolate France ;  
Tenth Charles then roared out his red-hot proclama-  
tion,

The cry is—" Down king-ship ! our king is the nation !"

Marmont called Ragusa, in war-tricks a tartar,  
Who play'd double game left in charge at Montmartre,  
The people quick slaughter'd by trigger and hack,  
Then pleaded his orders from Prince Polignac.

The boys Polytechnic, how could they stand cool,  
Their College a Frenchified Westminster School ?  
Those lads join the people, out Carlo they shove  
From France, throne, and sceptre, for aye doom'd to  
rove.

The loss of a head suits not Polignac's palate,  
So he'd carry it off in disguise of a valet ;  
But thus to escape by sad fortune denied,  
In tower of Vincennes he must stay 'till he's tried.

By Lutheran prejudice Berri was shot,  
His widow the Duchess, avoiding his lot,

Safe guards her dear children in masculine dress,  
A laudable motive her martial finesse.

The youth who once earn'd his poor morsel of bread,  
Sits now as a king ! yet no crown on his head !  
“ A safer, a better no mortal can get,  
Philip's throne is the People,” said bold Lafayette.

#### HANOVER.

Two brave dukes of Brunswick in battle were slain,  
And now from the third his dominions are ta'en ;  
In London CHARLES rides in his proud hackney coach,  
To office colonial he makes his approach.

Tho' Ireland, ah, me ! is a kingdom no more,  
Yet Hanover has not such loss to deplore ;  
Tho' Hanover ruled but as German Elector,  
A kingdom 'tis made by its gracious director !

When shoved by his son-in-law out of his royalty,  
Poor Jemmy fore-knowing his Erin's staunch loyalty,  
Ever hoped 'mongst her shamrocks he might reign in  
clover,  
Ungrateful usurper quick followed him over !

Let's hope British loyalty ne'er gets so scant,  
Compelling its king a safe shelter to want ;  
No, still may he reign in goodwill, peace and love,  
And Hanover kingdom asylum ne'er prove.

“ If we are a kingdom,” said Hanover, stout,  
“ Our king must live here, or we’ll kick up a rout ;  
First George, that great Guelph, would at Zell make  
abode,  
But munching a melon he died on the road.

Tho’ once we were ruled by a German Elector,  
And since by Napoleon the Rhinish Protector,  
A monarch we’ll have with his sceptre and crown,  
Refuse us, we’ll here make a king of our own.

Call Hanover kingdom ! kind, sir, no such thing,  
A Vice-roy you gave us ! Sir, give us a King ;  
Our CAMBRIDGE we love, tho’ a viceroy so nice,  
A good Roy pray crown him, take from us bad VICE.”

To Hanover, Cambridge its ruler return’d,  
With joy he’s received, and disloyalty spurn’d ;  
At England’s good king no more pouting nor snarling,  
And William is henceforth proud Hanover’s darling.

## HOLLAND AND FLANDERS.

At Antwerp Napoleon was building a fleet,  
To sail down the Scheldt in grand maritime heat ;  
And once in the Channel, his hopes were full fed,  
To match English fleets lying proud at Spithead.

Then England set Dutch king and Orange commanders  
To muzzle and yoke the all-Catholic Flanders ;  
To free herself Erin has Brussels' example,  
That England no more on her birthright shall trample.

“ You Dutchman ! fudge king ! from our Flanders get  
out !”

To the Hague he then rode in most wonderful pout ;  
“ For this plaguy change I've Duke Arthur to thank,  
His curst Waterloo !—welcome Amsterdam Bank.”

The loss of his Flanders not Dutch William's point,  
Yet there Flemish loyalty's quite out of joint ;  
He sent his son Billy to pack up a truce,  
And rivet the fetters that now hang so loose.

And Billy took with him a strong body guard,  
But found Brussels' portals against him well barr'd ;

Said Potter, “ The prince may walk in, there’s no  
doubt,

But every Dutch trooper he brought, must keep out.”

So Orange stepp’d in, and De Potter he talk’d,  
His terms were rejected, he out again walk’d ;  
Himself and his troops to the Hague he trots back,  
And says to his father—“ Your sceptre will crack.”

Now treaty on treaty are sent to and fro,  
The Flemings still cry, “ Every Dutchman’s our foe ! ”  
Our freedom is glory, we’ll not be enthralld,  
Whilst we have one cannon, and Brussels is wall’d.”

And trees barricado—strong ramparts of stones,  
Proud joy’s acclamations take place of sad groans ;  
Tho’ Dutch red-hot balls did full mischief enough,  
Yet Frederick proved Flemings all stout, brave and  
tough.

But Flanders requested of France its kind aid ;  
“ To help you,” said Philip, “ good friend, I’m afraid ;  
Our holy religion with yours is all one,  
But what can protect me from bluff English John ? ”

Young Orange, the prince, with his haws and his  
hemmings,

From Antwerp chuck'd out by the patriot Flemings,  
Some hundreds he kill'd, and some houses he batter'd,  
To England then fled, and their fame he bespatter'd.

Cries he—" Half our kingdom they from us purloin,  
John Bull gave it to us, so with us pray join ;  
Says William, our sovereign, " I cannot help you,  
To keep my *own* kingdom, enough I've to do."

Quoth Orange to Leopold, " You're a sly varlet,  
You stept between me and my dear Princess Charlotte ;  
But pray sir don't listen to these English ganders,  
Who wish you to thrust me from reigning in Flanders."

Cries Leopold, " I am no gambler at E. O.  
A flat I should be if they crown me King Leo ;  
I've Claremont and Marlborough House in Pall Mall,  
A dear niece and sister—I do very well."

" My prince," said Duke Arthur, " I'll make it appear,  
Of Greece you will king it in less than a year."  
Quoth Leo, " Not so, for sir, truly I see,  
To snap at such oats stalking-horse I should be.

“ Napoleon in Egypt left Kleber, his friend,  
From smooth Turkish policy what was *his* end ?  
The tool of ambition with sceptre may swagger,  
I like not mute, bow-string, nor dervise, nor dagger.

“ To famed Malvern Hills I now spank it away,  
Victoria is waiting ! bold Arthur, good day.”  
Cried Arthur, “ If Frederick of Prussia fights shy,  
To king-making trade I must bid the good bye.”

#### PORtUGAL.

And what pretty child is that royally drest ?  
With Portuguese courtiers arrayed in their best,  
Maria de Gloria is that pretty thing,  
To Windsor she’s come to see Georgy the King.

Altho’ she is clad in strict splendid regalia,  
Received she’s in slovenly paraphernalia :  
Yet George, who goodnatured he ever has been,  
Kiss’d little Maria as Portugal’s queen.

Young Colman to joy of gay Windsor beholders,  
Arrayed in costume his proud battle-axe shoulders,  
But from beef-eating John, and bold Arthur the paddy,  
She crosses Atlantic to Pedro her daddy.

Her uncle Miguel at England tongue wags,  
As tho' our ship's sails were mere pasteboard and rags !  
He treats us as pirates and base buccaneers,  
And Terceira holds with a long pair of shears.

At Terceira all for Maria declare,  
As none to Miguel allegiance will swear ;  
And thus in that island Miguel is styled  
The *Infant-Miguel*, the devil's own child !

Cries ENGLAND, “ How dare you my ships thus attack ?  
Sir, sir, I command you to send them all back.”  
“ Oh King,” says Miguel, “ 'Twas only in sport,  
Your ships I release, as you buy up my *Port*.”

Sir John Milley Doyle calls Miguel a knave ;  
“ In dungeon he puts me, because I'm so brave ;  
He steals a queen's crown, so it is my belief,  
As *Claret* I drink, that Miguel's a thief.”

#### HUSKISSON.

Cries Liverpool, \* “ Let us give Arthur a dinner,  
Altho', if we do not, he'll not grow much thinner ;

\* The town of Liverpool.

But yet as our Rail-road we bring to the proof,  
To cherish our project he'll not stand aloof."

On Manchester road never carriage ran faster,  
To one man its speed proved a fatal disaster !  
A statesman profound our late monarch esteemed him,  
Good member of Parliament most people deenned him.

Famed Liverpool Huskisson now represented,  
Of choice not one voter has ever repented :  
As Canning's friend, Arthur from power would shut  
him,  
And like Bull of Basan from Cabinet butt him.

But human resentment—it lasts not for ever,  
Sweet peace from good hearts will fierce anger dis-  
sever ;  
The steam-coaches meet, and then short is decision,  
The eye meets the eye with a kind recognition !

They now are on foot to see rail-road's effect,  
Foreseeing no danger—unhappy neglect !  
In amity Arthur took Huskisson's hand ;  
But loud sounds the bugle ! no longer they stand.

“ They come !” was the cry, and quick fearing a crush,  
All hastily into their carriages rush ;  
To save himself one of them grasp'd the coach door,  
But missing his hold left a scene to deplore !

“ They come !” 'cross the rail-road prone helpless he  
fell,  
And gave news-reporters sad story to tell :  
Now historic truth is the key to unlock it,  
That Huskisson died, not by *squib*, but a *Rocket*. \*

Not *upwards* this *Rocket*, but merely for whim,  
A good man to kill, horizontal its skim !  
When *Rockets* thus blunder with high and with low,  
“ We're safe in our skies,” say the lark and the crow.

Stage-coachmen for feelings not over notorious,  
Think rail-roads' sad accident not quite inglorious ;  
They cry, “ With steam-engines they make such a  
fuss,

This whim-wham of steam's half-starvation to us.

“ 'Tis true we run races, and overset gigs,  
Make beaux in the dust dance their gallopade jigs :

\* The name of the steam-coach which caused the accident.

What's stanhope, or dennet, or saucy barouche,  
To the musical crash of a lovely stage-coach ?"

For waggon and plough though his toil is of use,  
Too much has the horse of what acres produce :  
From cow, sheep, and man takes the hay, grass and  
grain,

And yet his poor life is but labour and pain !

Now funeral honours mark Liverpool's grief ;  
His widow's keen sorrows—no hope of relief !  
With monument, dirge and grand solemn procession,  
Their Huskisson's worth leaves the lasting impression.

#### POLAND AND RUSSIA.

A blessing to Europe was Poland's rich field,  
Prime wheat in abundance its granaries yield ;  
Then Russia, why not be content with your share,  
Nor over stretch paw like a ravening bear ?

Tho' justice oft cries that this bear should be tamed,  
Yet truth says that Constantine should not be blamed.  
Three monarchs successive \* with autocrat crown,  
From throne and from life were pluck'd hastily down ;

\* Peter, Paul, and Alexander.

Said Constantine, “ Sirs, as I wish long to live,  
All right to the throne to my brother I give ;  
Besides, with my wife is lodg'd all my affection,  
We'll live at Warsaw free from coil or dejection.”

Next heir after Paul was the kind Alexander ;  
Wars frowned on the Turk—and says he, “ I'm by-  
stander.

In Pulteney Hotel I was told—'twas no lie,  
That Mahomet's chief was old England's ally.”

Russian serfs cry—“ Take money, Oh let us be free !”  
But Aristocrats say, “ This thing must not be ;”  
The Czar said, “ *I'll* free them !”—on shipboard he  
fell,

His manner of death—all a doubt—who can tell ?”

“ As Flemings could rescue their towns from the  
Dutch,”

Cries Poland, “ Let's spring from this Bruin's rude  
clutch ;”

Boys rush from that school which well train'd them to  
arms,

And women wield swords 'stead of personal charms.

While war that dread serpent flies biting and hissing,  
Prince Constantine, viceroy, from palace is missing ;  
But still to preserve some protecting good law,  
Provisional power is framed at Warsaw.

Thinks Poland, “ My liberty ! hope all so bright,  
Oh grant it kind heaven ! Lord, avert the fell blight ! ”  
But Heaven in its wisdom best knows its own time  
To free—and to punish an autocrat’s crime !

#### ALGIERS AND MARSHAL BOURMONT.

Quoth Army-Bourmont, “ As I’ve finish’d my task,  
From Afric to take me, a ship I now ask ;  
The Corsair I’ve humbled, I’ve freed the poor slave.”  
Said Navy-Duperré, “ No ship shall you have. \*

“ Of slave and corsair tho’ so glibly you brag,  
The Devil take you and your lily-white rag ;  
*I* triple my colours, Bourmont, I tell *you*,  
And glory in patriot, red, white, and blue !

“ I deal not like pirate in trade contraband,  
My ships shall not jerk you to some foreign land ;

\* The dispute in Algiers, between Marshal Bourmont and Admiral Duperré.

So plainly I tell you, proud Bourbon-lands-man,  
To take you from hence get a ship where you can."

America vessel by Bourmont was hired,  
To waft him to any one spot he desired ;  
Determined his loyal heart never should falter,  
From Algiers he sails thro' the straits of Gibraltar.

Let after-time call him a wise man or fool,  
At Plymouth he touch'd, and he landed at Poole ;  
At fair Lulworth Castle gate loud he did ring,  
And welcomed he was by good Charley his king !

But whether the Bourbon was wrong or was right,  
Again to see Charles gave the marshal delight,  
Duke Angoulême safe, and his much revered duchess,  
Who had such escape from fell Robespierre's clutches.\*

The fugitive Royals now tried to be merry,  
To Malvern was gone royal Duchess de Berri ;  
Forlorn was the king, yet resigned he must be,  
In close Merly wood † a brave shooter was he.

\* See the Duchess's own most interesting Memoir of her imprisonment in the Temple at Paris.

† A wood near Lulworth, where the author has often walked.

Yet too much of shooting had Bourbon, alas !  
Which brought him in haste to this terrible pass ;  
They still wish for peace—tho' a cloud may yet burst  
O'er head of La Fayette and Philip the First !

Tho' Charles may be safe on kind Dorsetshire's strand,  
Perhaps not amiss to have gun in his hand,  
As stone walls have ears—and misfortune will talk,  
Wise caution and health point the sweet rural walk.

On Dorset's mild sea-coast long Charles cannot stay,  
Now from it full northward he troops his sad way ;  
Tho' winter approaches, come hail, frost, and snow,  
This king dare not say, “ Ah, mon Dieu ! I'll not go.”

As in his distress Lulworth opened its door,  
Charles' gratitude bids him relieve all its poor ;  
The Catholic, Protestant, sect contraband,  
Had only to bless him, and hold open hand.

He might go by land—but on land there are pits ;  
For steam-ship at Poole, Terra Firma he quits ;  
He skims round the coast without peril or scaith,  
For Holyrood House he casts anchor at Leith.

From Cherbourg so easy the come and the go,  
In Dorset unsafe was the Duke de Bourdeaux ;  
The democrats might make the Channel their ferry,  
To whip off this child of the stabb'd Duc de Berri !

This boy being now the next heir to the crown,  
As careful was Carlo as if 'twere his own ;  
As Bourbon had suffer'd from Jacobin treason,  
Preferring the sea to the land was good reason.

Towards Holyrood palace full onwards he made,  
No staring, no shouting, nor kingly parade ;  
To view dethroned monarch with commiseration,  
This cool British prudence well suits the occasion.

Hired chaise and two horses—his equipage, state,  
With head on his shoulders he stops at the gate ;  
His poor brother Louis had fate most severe !  
From curs'd guillotine Charles is pretty safe here.

#### PRINCE POLIGNAC.

To Vincennes, where Polignac peeps thro' a shutter,  
Mad crowds rush'd from Paris all vengeance and  
flutter,

In fear that to save him was Philip's intent,  
Themselves to demolish him, now are all bent.

And thus to the governor make their demand,  
" We'll have him ! deliver him ! quick ! out of hand !"  
It seems that this governor had but one leg,  
Yet firm to his trust he was wound up a peg.

And though the crowd's aspect look'd dusky and  
cloudy,  
He walk'd out and talk'd to them all alone proudy ;  
Said he, " I have muskets, and store of gun-powder,  
Aye, aye, you may roar, but my cannon roars louder."

Cried they, then " Goodbye, sir, we'll not make a  
brawl,  
But call on King Orleans at Palais Royal"—  
At Palais Royal they seem'd quite cool and steady,  
As mischief enough they had done there already.

"Twas dead of the night, and their task was too hard,  
Besides—they're afraid of the National Guard !  
French ministers soon by the people are tried,  
Acquitted or guilty, 'tis they must decide.

Alas ! on them all, a fell sentence decrees  
(Which could not be changed though they begg'd on  
their knees,)  
In Ham's prison walls they shou'd sleep, walk, and  
breathe,  
'Till call'd to the skies by the Angel of Death !

The people all greedy for what may betide,  
Round court held at Luxembourgh waited outside ;  
In hopes to disperse them the captain on guard  
Said, “ *Death* is their sentence—your hopes are not  
marr'd.”

Such trick, tho' from fury to peace they were caught,  
Yet prudence must say, that with danger 'twas fraught ;  
At the word they burst into one loud acclamation,  
Sing Marsellois Hymn, and cry, “ Long live the  
Nation !”

#### ENGLISH MILITIA.

Near forty years back their bold colonel would hurry  
Militia of Middlesex over to Surrey ;  
They lounge on Thames' banks, nor in ranks would  
they muster,  
Denied marching guinea, they're all in a fluster.

When this to the young royal Clarence was told,  
Said he, “ ‘Tis a mutiny cursed and bold ;”  
From Bushy Park Lodge he in anger rush’d out,  
And ask’d what they meant by such mutinous rout.

To cross Kingston Bridge they still boldly refuse,  
For some by this time had got valiant with booze ;  
The Duke in command, which he thought was of force,  
Said, “ March !” and with whip slightly touch’d a  
man’s horse.

“ Again strike my horse, sir ! you’d better take care ;  
Again strike my horse, I’ll forget who you are ;”  
In mind of King’s son this then planted a root,  
Now he himself king, let us see what’s the fruit.

“ Militia of nation no longer shall be,  
To brother kind Egremont, say this from me, \*  
Hence, Royal Light Infantry all shall be named,  
And thus to allegiance wild soldiers be tamed.”

The message is taken by Baronet Peel,  
So off, marching soldier, about you must wheel ;

\* Called brother, from the intermarriage of their children, the Earl and Countess of Munster.

As Royal Light Infantry now is the issue,  
Disposable force hence the sword of militia.

Above-mentioned circumstance fresh in his thought,  
Militia and such like, with mischief so fraught,  
Of NATIONAL GUARDS as no KINGS are commanders,  
Such recent bold doings in France and in Flanders.

#### SWAN RIVER.

A friend says to that friend, pray whither now sail  
you?

That friend answers this friend, I go to Australia;  
Tho' hopes of Swan River, now white, may turn black,  
I know 'tis not easy so soon to come back.

In this our Swan River, rock cod-fish are plenty,  
At Billingsgate never were any so dainty!  
'Tis true that the natives we first quell'd with fear,  
They're kill'd, and we're wounded with waddie and  
spear.

For our own amusement we'll act private plays,  
The poets may perish who won the bright bays;  
We'll here have a Crockford, we'll have an Almack,  
Altho' we're called pigeons, the rooks we'll attack.

We soon shall have horse-race, and dance gallopade,  
Young ladies turn archers,—if *Bows* can be had.  
A candidate buying M. P. from Elector,  
A fifty pound curate, six thousand pound Rector.

And Parliament orators, sleepers or praters,  
And poets, or filchers, or bungling translators,  
And men of high honour, who deal in low jobs,  
And heros who shuffle thro' lanes from the mobs.

Here on our Swan River regattas we'll have,  
Our sailors we hire all so knowing and brave ;  
On the shore we sit snug, thence see our yachts sail—  
To win at such races we seldom can fail.

And here we'll have slave-trade, both tawny and  
black,  
And nostrums we'll take from a medical quack ;  
And vestries of parish our poor rates chalk out,  
Starve paupers whilst they feast in banquet and rout.

New buildings of comforts our residents balk,  
Our paths give no room for our walkers to walk ;  
We'll soon measure out our wide commons by inches,  
The populace only know where the shoe pinches.

We're Lord Baltimore and we're Lord Delaware,  
For what comes in future the devil may care ;  
Some years hence, not many, let tale of strict verity  
Say Washington's switch cudgell'd out your posterity.

## LONDON.

'Twixt monarch and subject all Europe's one brangle,  
King William takes care to keep out of the wrangle ;  
On *King's Road* before him 'tis awful and dark,  
He looks back to peace and his dear Bushy Park !

From Parliament House as he stately return'd,  
(A butter-milk speech had Duke Arthur well churn'd,)  
A vile mob surrounds him with hiss, shout, and yell,  
As if just dispatch'd from red Satan's worst hell.

In Commons O'Connel, aware of a storm,  
Now ventured to touch at the Boroughs' Reform ;  
The Counsellor talk'd on those subjects a deal,  
But never one glance at the Union's Repeal !

Sir Robert ! yes, yes, he will soon be a peer,  
As speech of O'Connel he treats with a sneer ;  
And this gives a hint to the Union's proud friends :  
Their hatred to Erin keeps working its ends.

They wish, for Repeal Dan would shove on the motion,  
Dan's wisdom is not at their knavish devotion ;  
He knows his own time, and to that keeps his point,  
Brought forward too soon, 'tis soon put out of joint.

Dan's pace to the *end* of his journey he suits,  
He then will dismount, and he'll kick off his boots ;  
With fervour he works without breach of the laws,  
And therefore e'en England may grant him applause.

“ Here comes ARTHUR's coach ! he's of freedom the  
foe ; ”

The mob roars—“ Let's tear him from nose to the toe ! ”  
To open the coach door the footman took care,  
To show them that none but fair ladies were there.

Those mobs to disperse, on them starts arm'd police,  
Like good trusty dogs on some flock of wild geese ;  
In riot some fall, and some wounded, none droop'd,  
But scores of those geese in the watch-house are coop'd.

’Gainst power ran the cry—“ We'll have no martial  
law ! ”

Let ignorance once fang its barbarous claw,

What soon the effects of such mischievous works,  
The best is, it turns royal logs into storks.

At palace St. James's, see London's Lord Mayor  
Inviting our sovereign to choice city fare ;  
The ninth of November—aye, that's the great day,  
When London is deck'd in its proudest array.

Our King said in usual manner so frank,  
“ Yes, great mayor of London, thou man of high  
rank ;  
You need not, my Lord, on Queen Adelaïde call,  
We'll each soil a plate with you, sir, at Guildhall.  
“ But yet, my good Lord, I would have you remember,  
Escape of my person one ninth of November ;  
I beg to remind you the where and the when,  
Of tars of old England the first I was then. \*

“ Your crown and your anchor were hung up so loose,  
That while I was eating a bit of wild goose,  
They both on my head in a bustle came down,  
And gave me, while Georgy was living—the crown !

\* Lord High Admiral.

“ Ill omen ! the anchor since slipp’d from my hand,  
The cause one Duke Arthur was high in command, \*  
Tho’ snapping at crowns was Napoleon’s perdition,  
For crowns to crack *my* head I have no ambition.

“ The grandeur I like of your city regalia,  
Your sturgeon, your chickens, and ham of Westphalia,  
I’ll go if sun shines, or it rains, or it hails,  
So carpenters use well their hammer and nails.”

November of days now had reckon’d just nine,  
The King and the Queen in the city must dine  
With Lord Mayor elect, and on this they were bent ;  
Their visit the Premier thought fit to prevent.

A letter, of personal danger apprised him,  
(And from city dinner most warmly advised him,)  
That form’d were cabals on the Cato Street plan,  
To kill the whole government all to a man.

From Lord Mayor so cautious came *that* saving letter,  
Tho’ some thought not writing such might be much  
better :

\* Prime Minister.

Of anarchy those seemed to gape for full potion,  
That whole night in London was knock-down com-  
motion.

The ministers cried, " My friends, let us beware,  
"Tis fit of our sovereign we take special care."  
" Not dine in your city! if this cannot be,"  
The king said, " My Lord Mayor, come dine here  
with me."

At speeeth from the throne all is grumble and curse,  
French king's proclamation ! why this is much worse ;  
Our Rex to tell Englishmen manners he'd teach us !  
That royal displeasure in rigors should reach us !

" But then, the king's speech, which our manners  
would mend,  
Tho' spoke' by the Rex, by Duke Arthur 'twas penn'd,  
Of soldierly bouncing our London shall cure him,  
We'll hoot him, and pelt him, and caricature him."

In effigy Wellington's burnt at Carlisle,  
They compliment Peel in a similar style ;  
Says Peel, " I resign sirs, for that's my expedient,"  
Says Arthur, " I follow—my Lords, your obedient.—

“ As minister-chief, tho’ I quit the command,  
Stern truncheon of soldier remains in my hand ;  
Should democrat fury blaze out to much length,  
I’ll make London’s Tower a bulwark of strength !

“ Its cannons I’ll stock with a store of new thunder,  
No BLOOD to steal crowns, Traitor’s Bridge shall slip  
under ;

So William our king, and fair Queen Adelaide,  
Both safe on their throne, say with joy, “ Who’s  
afraid ? ”

Of ministers Arthur no longer is prime,  
Some hundreds now say he resigned in good time ;  
While thousands roar loud, with a horrible din,  
So bad he was *out*, he should not have come *in*.

#### CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

But let’s take a peep at how all this was done,  
The cry is, we into extravagance run ;  
Such, Chancellor Goulburn most flatly denies,  
And thus runs response—“ We’ll not grant the sup-  
plies.”

“ To say in a lump we must fling down our millions,  
For pensions and places, for jobs and pavilions !  
We'll have it specific, for nation, and city,  
To know it by items we'll name a committee.”

When Bolingbroke sat for Queen Anne at the helm,  
George Guelph was invited to rule this fair realm ;  
Dean Swift ask'd Tom Parnell, a deacon quite *Arch*,  
Some verses to fling in the way of his march.\*

Wise St. John, to keep on his shoulders his head,  
Hopp'd over to France—for Queen Anna lay dead ;  
All's up with the Stuarts ! first George fills the  
throne,  
And hopes of a mitre for Parnell are gone !

George's foe was Tom Parnell—a fact of strict verity,  
And Parnell's wise offspring now plagues his posterity.  
Fourth William, our sovereign, had ministers stout,  
And by *Henry* Parnell they're all badger'd out.

When Parnell proposed it, by votes 'twas obtained,  
And victory thus over ministry gained ;

\* Archdeacon Parnell's Ode to Queen Anne.

Quoth Robert, “ Adieu, sirs, you’ve now my expedient ; ”

Quoth Arthur, “ I follow—my Lords, your obedient.”

“ You’re fishing for place, learned sir, I presume ? ”

Peel said with a smile to the Barrister Brougham ;

“ You’re out there,” said Brougham, “ tho’ I talk in  
the house,

For place or for pension I’d not give a souse.

“ I fishing for place, sir ! the thought is absurd,

No place I’d accept of ’pon honour and word :

The queen that’s since dead was a client of mine ;

The queen that I mean was the queen CAROLINE.

“ The woolsack ! what, empty ! Lord Lyndhurst re-  
tired !

True, that’s the high home-stall by lawyers desired ;

*Mister* Brougham ! Lord of Cinque Ports ! read briefs  
for a fee !

Oh no, my Lord Chancellor, that I will be ! ”

No more for Reform will he waste his choice clack,

To prove *black* cat is white, or that *white* cat is black ;

Now in the state cabin’ state-rudder he grapples,

For all golden pippins are chancellor’s apples !

## THE RIOTS IN ENGLAND.

Gaunt mischief now swarms in its rags and its errors,  
Approaching in silence increased are its terrors ;  
Dire threats and demands, words and letters convey,  
Grim poverty lords it with absolute sway.

“ I hear a curst noise ! 'tis a threshing machine !  
As sure as the wheat is not thresh'd when 'tis green,  
Machines render useless our bread-giving flail ;  
Let's burn them, tho' that crams us into a gaol.

“ By these damn'd machines we're kept out of employ,  
To make our loaf cheaper, their corn we'll destroy.”  
Thro' life's awful pilgrimage bread is the staff—  
Destroy blessed corn !— are you worthy of chaff ?

“ The mills to saw timber, the mills to grind bones,  
Tho' strongly they're built up with bricks and with  
stones ;  
Aye, aye, they shall hear from our great Captain  
SWING,  
And then with our handsaw tight work we'll begin.”

Rule, order, dash'd down by rude clowns, are now  
stamp'd on,  
All this in the gay pretty town of Southampton !

“ Oh, ho !” cry the gentry, “ this, sirs, must not be ;  
How stop these fine doings, come quick, let us see.

And straight was establish’d a nightly patrol,  
To snap up disturbers of body and soul ;  
Lock’d safe in the prison all such must abide,  
’Till sent to old Winchester, there to be tried.

Canute once his flatterers wisely reproved  
On our Southton beach—and we must not be shoved  
From peace, from our commerce, good manners, rich  
farming,  
By anarchy’s plots and intrigues all alarming. \*

Said Hoy, “ Mr. Speaker, this truth may be said,  
Applause of constituents—that is my bread ;  
To hand in petition from Hampton the South,  
The Middlesex member takes bread from my mouth.

“ Hume might, to look round, have seen Hamptons in  
plenty,  
Mine here in the south is a morsel too dainty ;

\* As it is agreed by all historians that Southampton was the scene of this anecdote, and yet the exact spot not ascertained, why not fix upon that most likely, and erect an obelisk, or something useful ? Better to commemorate the piety of a Christian king, than frighten people and horses at their Bar-gate with their ugly pagan Sir Bevois.—AUTHOR’S NOTE.

Nor hopp'd over Tweed with north appetite keen,  
Deserting his voters in old Aberdeen.

“ Pat Cunningham took from his pastoral pate  
His song of “ May Eve” on fair Aberdeen Kate ; \*  
Yet Hume says, poor Ireland’s last hope to destroy,  
No need there of sending an English viceroy ! †

“ He talks and he prates for newspaper report,  
And in his own county he has Hampton Court ;  
A tongue he wags nimbly with suppliant knee,  
To Hampshire then jumps here to circumvent me.

“ Those harp on Retrenchment their bugle Reform,  
Their music brays out a rude Parliament storm ;  
But when we’re too proud for their laughs and their  
sneers,  
Rich Commoners best be transform’d into Peers.”

\* The beautiful song of Kate of Aberdeen, which the author often sung.

† The feelings of the author respecting Ireland were so acute, that the Editor often omitted reading any adverse speech in Parliament; especially after this exclamation, “ What! does Hume say, what need of a Lord Lieutenant! I’ll never forgive that.” The above verses were written the same day.

“ Hey, boys!” cries St. Stephen, “ what’s all this about ?

This sawing and grubbing, and radical rout ;  
My chapel will fall—cut its main props asunder,  
On heads like New Brunswick in ruin and thunder.”\*

“ Dear Saint,” said young Althorp, “ a cobweb I see,  
And spiders and webs are unsightly to me.”

“ Your saintship,” said Russel, “ a mousehole I spy,  
A surveyor he, and a carpenter I.

“ He points out the faults, and I flourish my saw,  
An exercise good as our playing at taw.

The worm-eaten blocks we soon mean to turn out,  
And renovate all with oak, British and stout.”

“ Good youths,” said St. Stephen, “ I’d have you take care,

The consequence calculate, pr’ithee beware !  
My timbers are healthy, walls, roof, safe and sound,  
Foundation most perfect—firm rock is the ground.

“ If cobwebs and dust, and such trifles have room,  
A delicate brush you may use—but no broom ;

\* The Brunswick Theatre.

Oh touch not my exquisite tracery, boys !  
What's styled Reformation its beauty destroys.

“ Your ancestors built it, preserve it entire,  
Nor yield it a prey to wild anarchy dire ;  
Young patricians are you—your tools fling away,  
To learn well to GOVERN, first learn to OBEY.

S. R. LUSHINGTON, M. P. FOR CANTERBURY.

To feign'd Chiltern *hundreds* some members walk  
out,  
But thro' India *thousands* is Lushington's rout ;  
“ From Kentish white cliffs off from Britain I sail,  
Did Chaucer e'er pen a more whimsical tale ?

“ Adieu, my kind voters, of old Canterbury,  
With Becket devout, and with Chaucer be merry ;  
Rupees of Madras will agree with me rarely,  
So with your *Arch* mufti sing Howley and fairly. \*

“ With gold of rich Ophir I'll fill up my sack,  
A peerage to purchase, if e'er I come back ;

\* Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury.

My own representative then I shall be,  
The ayes and the noes all bamboozle to me.

“ And when a true English patrician am I,  
Gadzooks ! the grand Turk is my faithful ally ;  
In Parliament tho’ my great rhetoric fails,  
I’m in the Divan a Bashaw of three tails.”

So Lushington’s off to Madras in a canter !  
My Treasury pension, pray quicken your saunter ;  
Of galloping payments I’m grown mighty jealous,  
That PLANTA called JOE is my prince of good fellows.\*

#### BRIGHTON.

Most grateful to memory, *George* you’ve to thank,  
Else *Brighton* were still a poor fisherman’s bank ;  
Remembrance of favours should ne’er have an end ;  
Great Cambria’s Prince was your all gracious friend.

When Chancery Court to its treasures immense,  
Had claw’d up my pounds and my shillings and pence,

\* Joseph Planta, Esq. late Secretary to the Treasury. On the Quarter Day the author used to observe, “ We’re sure of a letter this morning ;” and at dinner he toasted his round of worthies.

One good hundred pounds did his privy purse give,  
And promise as much every year I should live.

Right welcome to me this blest annual gift,  
Which gave to my then drooping spirits a lift ;  
In matins, in vespers remember'd is HE,  
Whose bounty bestow'd such glad comforts on me !

He said to a prelate (I *now* speak with grief)  
“ Pray how is my friend, my good old friend O'Keeffe ? ”  
His heart felt for me, so the kind bishop told me, \*  
For ever he's gone who 'mongst friends had enroll'd  
me !

And Lancaster Danvers, † St. James's good Bott, ‡  
Lord Cowley, § fair Bathurst, || and Archdeacon Pott, ¶

\* 22nd January, 1826. Bishop Carr.

† Frederick Dawes Danvers, Esq. of the duchy of Lancaster Office.

‡ John Bott, Esq. St. James's Palace.

§ Lord Cowley, when Sir Henry Wellesley, paid me the first quarter of my Treasury Pension, with a very pretty compliment on my plays.

|| The Countess of Bathurst, who procured it for me.

¶ Archdeacon of London, already mentioned.—Author's Note.

Sir Knighton,\* Sir Wheatley,† Sir Herbert the  
scribe,‡

And half a score more of that excellent tribe.

And Eldon and Wellington § both I've to thank,  
Executors they, and their answer was frank :  
Whilst time I have left, be full credit thus given,  
For some are now far on the rail-road to heaven.

Who applauded my works, who honored my age,  
Their names be blazoned on gratitude's page ;  
The blessing light on them of five and four-score,  
And blessings bear fruit when the BARD is no more !

Now William our *Rex*, and a kind heart has *he*,  
And partial he ever has been to the sea,  
Invites his fair *Mate* with her ladies to come  
And visit gay Brighton, his maritime home !

Sea-breeze to inhale, behold sovereign and queen,  
Now walk on the beach, on the pier, on the steine ;

\* Sir William Knighton, late Privy Purse.

† Sir Henry Wheatley, present ditto.

‡ Sir Herbert Taylor, Military Secretary to his present Majesty.

§ The Duke and the Earl were executors to his late Majesty, and paid me half a year's arrears, without saying " wherefore ?"

Tho' pride is unbent, and much freedom allow'd,  
Beware of annoyance, joy-pressing on croud.

At Brighton they'll not meet the Dey of Algiers,  
Or luckless discarded late King of Mounseers ;  
Nor dread awkward meeting Duke Brunswick the  
Silly,  
With, " Ha ! cousin Clarence ! true, bless me ! King  
Billy !

Gay striplings at Brighton with ball and with bat,  
And favourite skill, game at cricket were at ;  
Prince Cambridge, Prince Cumberland, join'd in the  
play,  
The Queen looking on, seem'd as happy as they.

'Tis *William's* birth morn ! not him nick-named the  
*Third*,  
'Tis not the birth-day of that ill-omen'd bird ;  
The natal day 'tis of good TERTIO our king, \*  
Less ready to *say*, than to *do* a good thing.

\* As the Author persisted in never allowing William of Nassau the title of King, he invariably called our present sovereign TERTIO, saying, the last king of England of that name was William Rufus.

Of August that morning three weeks had been gone,  
And of that bright month it was day twenty-one ;  
Three thousand fine children, young girls and stout  
boys,

There sat on the steine to rich plum-feasting joys.

The younkers are view'd with goodnatured delight,  
*Regina* says, " Look ! what a beautiful sight !  
Society keep to its rank and its station,  
A lesson is here for birth-day celebration.

Prepared with great pomp in the palace grand hall,  
Their Majesties give a fine juvenile ball ;  
Young nobles gay foot it, and youthful gentility,  
Who yet may foot up, and be future nobility.

Our fields be all golden ! our meadows be green,  
Long life to ourselves, and our good king and queen !  
Come *Sherry-my-glass* ! brain and heart to enlighten,  
Success to St. James's, old Windsor, and Brighton !

THE COLLEGE GREEN STATUE, DUBLIN,  
A MASQUE:

Of which this Fragment of the Conclusion alone remains. The foregoing part was destroyed by the Author himself, who remarked, "The thousand Friends of the Union may probably observe, no harm had I destroyed the whole, Millions however, may be of a contrary opinion."

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EXORDIUM.

Somewhere!—I hear him!—a prophetic Bard  
Divinely sings!  
The LION plays upon the HARP too hard,—  
He'll break the strings:”\*

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What's William or his steed?—sirocco, wind,  
Vanish'd, dispersed, but yet they've left behind  
Their mischievous effects, then why pursue  
Those means that light fresh fires, past griefs renew?  
Is William's pedestal an idle space?  
A beauteous form now fills grim William's place,  
With Dian's dignity of mien, and Maïai's smiling face.

HIBERNIA 'tis now standing there,  
Her tresses flowing on the air;

\* These four lines, borrowed by the Editor, in two of her works, are now restored to the Author.

Her loose robes of celestial sheen,  
And clasp'd with emeralds so green ;  
Nor casque, nor spear, nor shield has she,  
Her ivory harp has golden strings,  
And as she touches them she sings  
In richest grace of full Cecilian harmony !

And “ Candhu-deelish” is her tune  
Which seraph ear would think a boon,  
Attending Leprecorns, \* thro’ complaisance,  
Are silent, yet with motion slow they dance,  
Nor jig like fairy sprite  
In pleasant mood on summer’s night,  
When on their revels gaily looks the moon.

A band complete her song, and thus she adds  
“ My Leprecorns ! my nice ethereal lads  
Of my loved Island native !  
My faithful agents three,  
Since you have thus for me  
Destroyed that Orange caitiff,  
No more the Red-Cap shall you wear,  
For Bonnet rouge, henceforth mount Bonnet vert !”

\* Fairies in little red caps.

When sweetly play'd " Ellen a Roon,"  
A change is made to sprightly tune,  
    'Tis " Carolans's Receipt"—  
With skilful, nimble feet,  
The Leprecorns, their joy so great,  
    Dance Rigadoon !  
    And now off music breaks,  
    The sprites stop dance— she speaks.

## HIBERNIA.

" Guardian of this blessed land,  
Now on Wicklow stone I stand  
    'Till some one help me down,  
Whom Heaven approves, and better loves,  
Hibernia's Gramachree ! her handsome Dublin town.

To drink at Science' fount, why cross the seas,  
Whilst academic honours and degrees  
At HOME await the youth, with wreath as fair  
As those on banks of Cam or Isis wear ?  
Child of my children, when in England born,  
No patriot he—but leaves this isle forlorn :  
To delve plantations like a purchased slave,  
Is now thy fate !—my beautiful, my brave !

The MAIDEN once of Death a false machine,  
The UNION now tells what that death has been ;  
Or hand-in-hand, beside, or face to face,  
Britannia stabs me by a close embrace.

No want of earthly blessings Erin knows,  
But to kind heaven she owes, if aught she owes :  
Whilst to her KING her loyal hand supplies,  
All right of foreign dictates she denies.

Our Mansions desolate ! our comforts fled !  
In hearts now alien, patriot spark is dead.  
Lords of our flowery Isle, to their disgrace,  
Barter'd my rights for title and for place.  
William our King ! thou'rt good, we thee implore,  
To College Green our Parliament restore !”

REPEAL THE UNION ! golden be thy reign,  
Favour of *Thee*, *I* never ask'd in vain.

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

## LIGHTNING.

Written immediately after a thunder-storm, in which an old oak, close to the Author's lodgings, was struck and shivered. When these lines first appeared, many years ago, they were greatly admired.

From birth to prime of growth, and to decay,  
A century in passing, or a day,  
Whilst the Creator gives the sap and nerve,  
O'er ruling power he holds—his dread reserve,  
To bid the healthful flower not dare to blow,  
To bid the heart's warm current cease to flow ;  
To bid, like flax, the wide-stretch'd forest burn,  
The farmer's golden hopes to ashes turn ;  
To stop the traveller at any stage,  
To stop the reader at the title-page.

For tho' the lord of life its course ordain,  
He parts not from his hand the checking rein ;  
To make divine omnipotence appear,  
He in a twinkling stops the full career ;  
Of life and motion snaps the master-spring,  
And lays the grand machine a dormant thing.  
Plant, bloom, rise, flourish, th' ALMIGHTY at a stroke  
Cuts down proud youth, and rives the aged oak !

## A FAREWELL TO THE READER.

OUR aged oak was not RIVEN; but, time-spared and honoured, sank under gradual decay, its root most sound, its top still perfect,\* but the trunk, alas! yielding its strength and vigour to the natural infirmities attendant on old age. To carry on the simile, the innumerable ACORNS produced by this noble tree have long since taken root in a genial soil, and (as with the Greek and Roman dramatic poets,) the plays of O'Keeffe, unexampled for genuine wit, original humour, and morality, may be the admiration of centuries to come, as they most certainly have been for above fifty-five years in England, Scotland, Ireland, America, and British India.

This volume, one of his choice and long-hoarded acorns, is now bequeathed to the world, in the hope that it may also strike root and prosper, whilst the venerable remains of the parent tree repose in the New Burial Ground of All Saints' Church, Southampton, beneath a flat monumental stone, with an inscription, surmounted by a raised white cross, and illustrated after the name with a white branch of BAY, within a black horizontal oval, perfectly well executed. We will close with his own beautiful lines, which we have adopted as a Motto.

“ He dying bequeathed to his son a good name,  
Which unsullied descended to me,  
For *my child* I've preserved it unblemish'd with shame,  
And it still from a spot shall go free.”

\* Heart and intellects.

Within this Grave  
Are deposited  
The Mortal Remains of  
JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.  
A pious Member  
Of the holy Roman Catholic Church,  
Who departed this Life  
In the 86th year of his Age.  
He was born in Dublin,  
The 24th of June, 1747,  
And died at Southampton,  
the 4th of February, 1833.  
Blessed be his Spirit in the Name of  
Our Lord and Saviour  
Jesus Christ !

The above inscription was written,  
And this stone placed  
To his beloved memory,  
By his only daughter and surviving child,  
ADELAIDE O'KEEFFE.

FINIS.

T. H. SKELTON CO. PRINTERS, SOUTHAMPTON.



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